

ARMENIAN REVIEW

AUTUMN, 1951

SPECIAL

HISTORY OF THE NATION OF
THE ARCHERS

by

GRIGOR OF AKANC

(The First English Translation)

also

Hamasdegh

Reuben Darbinian

Hovhanness Toumanian

Haikaz Marcar

E. Aghayan

Garabed Eksoozian

Derenik Demirjian

H. Zavrian

Vaughn Hekimian

Anahid Thomasian

“Armenian Life Abroad”

Poetry, Harbord Mission, Book Reviews

Volume Four, Number Three — 15

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

<i>The Pigeons</i> , by Hamasdegh	3
<i>History of the Nation of the Archers</i> , by Grigor of Akanc (Translated by the late Prof. Robert P. Blake and Richard Frye; with commentary by Bishop Lorenz Kogy)	21
<i>About the Present World Crisis</i> , by Reuben Darbinian	49
<i>Aunt Sooltan</i> , by Garabed Eksoozian	59
<i>The Polish Armenian Colony (Part III)</i> , by H. Zavrian	66
<i>Twenty Five Years of Armenian Linguistics</i> , by E. Aghayan	77
<i>"Daddy Will Be Coming Back"</i> , by Haikaz Marcar	86
<i>American Military Mission to Armenia (Part XI)</i> , by James H. Tashjian	92
<i>The Talking Fish (A Legend)</i> , by Hovhaness Toumanian	107
<i>Libo</i> , by Derenik Demirjian	110
<i>Find the Motive</i> , by Vaughn Hekimian	118
<i>November (Poem)</i> , by Diana Der Hovanessian Dalley	125
<i>Paulician Protestantism and Basil I of Byzantium</i> , by Vahe A. Sarafian	126
<i>The Language Lesson (Poem)</i> , by Anahid Thomasian	132
<i>The Purges in Soviet Armenia</i> , by Armen Haroot	133
<i>Janet</i> , by Dikran Akillian	140
ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD	142
CLASSIC BOOKS IN SERIAL FORM:	
<i>"SAMUEL," (Book III, Chapter IV)</i> , by Raffi	146
BOOKS AND AUTHORS: H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor	153

THE ARMENIAN REVIEW

Editor-in-chief

REUBEN DARBINIAN

Editor

JAMES G. MANDALIAN

Associate Editor

JAMES H. TASHJIAN

Contributing Editors

William Saroyan

Dr. A. O. Sarkissian

H. Kurdian

Lawrence Terzian

Rouben Gavoort

THE ARMENIAN REVIEW, a QUARTERLY through 1950 is published by the Hairenik Association, Inc. 212 Stuart St., Boston, Mass. \$5.00 a year, \$1.50 per copy in the United States of America. Canadian and Foreign \$6.00 a year, \$1.75 per copy. Address all communications to the ARMENIAN REVIEW, 212 Stuart St., Boston 16 Mass. Republication or any use of any material in this publication is contingent on the permission of the editors of THE ARMENIAN REVIEW.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT BOSTON, MASS.

The ARMENIAN REVIEW

VOL

The
villag
Ev
the l
ed, t
loose
the v
in m
to a
ing

M
ent
was
foot
wind
the
some
nor
ly v
tuck

E
unct
their
'coul

The ARMENIAN REVIEW

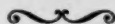
VOLUME FOUR, NUMBER THREE—15

• AUTUMN: SEPTEMBER, 1951

THE PIGEONS

By HAMASDEGH

(Translated by James G. Mandalian)



There were two pigeon keepers in the village — Mano, and Aghajan.

Everyone in the village knew Mano — the lousy Mano who, every time he coughed, the tattered belt around his waist burst loose in seven places. Mano had no wife; the villagers would not give him a daughter in marriage. Who would give his daughter to a man whose sole occupation was playing with pigeons?

Mano would put on his old fashioned *entary* — a loose, long-tailed shirt — which was worn to the lining and often barefooted, would stalk the streets like the wind, the tails of his *entary* flapping like the sails of a ship. Mano was a quarrelsome fellow; he had neither relatives nor friends. Many feared him, especially when they saw the little knife neatly tucked in the folds of his tattered belt.

Each morning as the villagers, their faces unctious by the sun's first rays, turned to their prayers or their toil in the fields, they could not help noticing Mano, standing

there on the rooftop at full height, throwing open the windows of the pigeon coop and straightening the perching planks as the pigeons fluttered their wings and circled around him.

Mano would stand there in the center of the rooftop motionless as a statue. Presently, Tziran, the first of the pigeons, would perch on his shoulder, followed by Chutchut, Thoron, Kapootik—the blue one, and Boombool, after which hundreds of wings would shoot out of the coop and would perch on his shoulders, his arms and hands. Many would circle around him and, unable to find a perching place, all of a sudden they would shoot off in the air, and sailing by the dome of the church, over the pigeon coop of Aghajan, they would fly over the tops of the poplars, and swift as the wind, and gentle as the breeze, circling around the village, they would return to their coop where Mano would feed them, scattering the seeds with outstretched hands.

The sun gradually would become whiter and the shadows shorter, and one could see the tall figure of Aghajan, standing on the roof of his pigeon home. This time the flock of pigeons which sailed near the dome of the church was Aghajan's. When Mano saw Aghajan's pigeons, he would hastily release his blue Kapootik.

Kapootik would make a straight swoop, would execute a loop three times, and three times one would hear the flapping of his wings. Again he would soar on high, again he would swoop downward, then he would straighten himself toward Aghajan's flock. Kapootik would execute a few circles in company with the flock, then, suddenly, he would separate himself taking along with him another pigeon, and the two finally would come to rest in Mano's coop pantingly.

Aghajan, on the other hand, standing there on his rooftop, his hands shading his sight, would keep gazing at the sky with his bloodshot eyes, following closely the circlings of his flock. There, against the blue of the sky, he would see the wings of Kapootik and his heart would start pounding. He would curse everytime he saw Kapootik make his solitary entry into his flock and emerged with a companion. How many times Aghajan had wanted to drop Kapootik with a shot of his rifle! On several occasions Mano had pulled a knife on Aghajan and had wounded him. He could not cross swords with Mano, especially now that he was quite old. He could hardly follow the flight of the pigeons.

Aghajan had a wife and a trade — he was a spinner. At certain hours of the day he would come down and start working on his spinning wheel. Aghajan would set his wheel exactly near the pigeon coop. He would feed the raw hemp and the wheel kept turning, turning and turning. Aghajan would step backwards, pulling, pulling, while the wheel kept turning *chakhr choo-*

chr, and the thread stretched longer and longer. Opposite him the windows of the pigeon coop looked eastward.

Porik bounced on the perching plank, and so did Nashkhoun who had just left her eggs. Porik and Nashkhoun locked their bills in a kiss.

Aghajan was watching all this when Mano's pigeons were passing over his pigeon coop, when he heard the flapping of a pigeon's wings, just as his thread was pulling with the squeak of *chakhr chookhr*.

Aghajan Aghbar,* although he had a wife and a trade, was always poor. The villagers had never seen him set foot in the church nor his praying.

II

Early in the morning while it was still dusk, Thorik Ovan's wife Noonik Badji — Sister Noonik—, climbed to the rooftop in order to open the chimney where she overheard a conversation between two men standing on the rooftop, right behind the apiary.

"The very best of my pigeons, you might say, is Tziran, Khatchik old boy. I would not exchange it for Hoghtar's field. Did you notice him yesterday when he was flying? He can execute such a loop that, you would say, he turns into a veritable pin-wheel hanging from the sky."

"Come, Mano, you give me that Tziran and I will give you as many bushels of wheat you want. He is a lovely pigeon and I want him badly."

"Are you crazy, Khachik? What on earth will I do with your grain? That pair of pigeons, Tziran and Kapootik, are my

*Aghbar means brother. In the old country people are not accosted by their last name as in western countries. They are accosted, or referred to, by their first name which generally is accompanied by some epithet designating his social rank, such as Effendi, Agha, and in the case of the common people, plain brother. By the same token, women are accosted by their first name, accompanied by some such adjective as aunt, mother, or plain sister.

very soul. I would not part with them even if you gave me a caravan load of the finest silk in Hindustan. I could let you have Chutchut and Taron. Yesterday that very same Chutchut had seduced one of Aghajan's pigeons. In the evening Aghajan met me at the Rock of Dzeth. He knows that his pigeon is with me and he gave me such a look as if he would like to tear at my liver. Had he dared open his mouth you know what would happen; I know my business. Aghajan fears only Kapootik, but this time it was Chutchut who abducted his pigeon. Am I to blame, Khachik, if his pigeon has fallen in love with my Kapootik and has come to my home?"

"In that case, if you'll give me Chutchut and six pairs of pigeons, male and female, I promise to deliver to you six bushels of grain when it is threshing time."

. . .

Noonik Badji was listening to this conversation from behind the bee hives. One of them was Khachik, her son, and the other was Mano whose hobby was pigeons.

While the neighbors indulged in their tale telling, Noonik Badji always took the side of her son. She would not believe that her Khachik had become intimate with Mano. But that day she heard it with her own ears; her son was offering grain in return for Mano's pigeons.

What was this? Could it be that her son would become a second Mano, a lover of pigeons? My God! It were time that the world came down with a crash!

"So then, it's settled, Chutchut and six pairs of pigeons, male and female."

There could be no doubt that these were her son's words.

Noonik Badji climbed down the stairs. In the courtyard her elder son Sarkis was busy at work, getting ready to go to the field early in the morning. He was putting the yoke on the oxen, straightening the plough.

He finished his preparations by dangling from his belt his lunch box and the shining rod of the plough. The two young wives and their mother-in-law were going to the field of Karktotz to cast the *Merjefeh* that day — an operation of deepening the furrows.

"Tell Khachik to go to Markhons field this afternoon and attend to the irrigation," Thorik Ovan ordered his wife Noonik and hastily filling his tobacco pouch stepped out of the house to join his daughters-in-law to the field.

"The day is so short after all. In a little while the sun will be hanging from the wall of the courtyard and it will already be noon. The cows must be milked, the baby will soon wake up, and the calves must be herded to the field for grazing. I've got to take lunch for the workers in the field, must do the sweeping inside and outside, must churn the milk, congeal the butter and strain the *matzoon*", Noonik muttered to herself.

Noonik Badji had plenty to do in the house. Each day the young wives went to work in the field leaving her behind as the housekeeper who, inspite of her bent back and her advanced age, kept her house spic and span. And if her older daughter-in-law were a little less arrogant and put a check on her tongue, Noonik Badji wouldn't have a worry in the world.

But that day Noonik Badji was not sure of herself. She kept talking and nagging, and holding the lid of the kettle in one hand and the ladle in the other, she would raise her arms to God and would pray:

"May I be a sacrifice unto thee, O God; knock some sense into the head of my Khachik."

It was noon but Khachik was still on the roof. Noonik Badji started to climb to the rooftop to tell him that it was time to tend to the irrigation in the field. As she reached the rooftop she saw that, from behind

the beehive, Khachik and Mano, having shaded their eyes with their hands against the sun, were watching the flight of the pigeons.

Then they stepped aside, a few feet away from the beehive.

"Huh, this is a good place for it, Khachik, it shouldn't be too close to the beehive."

The speaker was Mano. And the two started to measure the rooftop and to partition the rooftop with chalk lines. Standing near the beehives Noonik Badji was watching them but she could not catch a thing until Mano spoke up again.

"This much space for the pigeon coop is enough, Khachik. This is the place for the door, here you will post the perching planks, on this front you will open six windows, and you will stretch two poles from the eaves to the opposite tree."

"It seems to me this space is too small, Mano," Khachik spoke.

"How come, it's too small, Khachik? It looks small, but once you build it you will see that there is plenty of room for it. It's just about as big as my pigeon coop. This place will easily take care of one hundred pair of pigeon wings."

"In that case I'll go bring the boards and the two of us will build the coop right away."

Once again they started to watch the pigeons.

"Khachik, Khachik", it was Noonik Badji calling.

"What's the matter now?"

"The matter is this, *yavroos* — my child —, the pigeons won't do you any good; you are a grown up man now, you are married, your brother Sarkis has gone to work ever since the morning call to prayer. Everyone in the village, old or young, is busy at work, *yavroos*. Look around you and see if you can find another like you. You and Mano are the only ones who are loafing."

Mano's eyes were glued to the sky, watching the pigeon which was soaring very high, and Khachik followed Mano's gaze with fascination, without paying any attention to the words of his mother. The pigeon which was soaring on high was Kapootik. Khachik would not drop his gaze. Aghajan's pigeons gradually crowded the sky. One could hear the loud flapping of Kapootik's wings.

"Khachik, Khachik, what has come over you? This is your mother talking, Khachik, come pick up your spade and hurry to the field. Your Dad wants you to go to Markhon's field and attend the furrows. Tomorrow is the day for the irrigation."

"A plague on Dad and you. Stop cackling like a hen," Khachik blurted, and shading his eyes with his hand, with Mano he followed the flight of Kapootik who was darting upwards and downwards in the blue and spreading his wings in the lavender expanse of the sun.

Kapootik now soared over Murto's willows, now came near Aghajan's pigeons, again shot upwards, executed two spirals and finally came to perch on the dome of the church where two of Mano's pigeons, Dziran and Thoron had long since come to perch.

Noonik Badji in vain pleaded; Khachik was changed. How could anyone not change who had become a pal of Mano?

• • •

In the evening the young wives returned from the field earlier than usual. Immediately after, they were followed by the grandson with the calves. The grandson came in and sitting on the steps was busy extracting a thorn from his foot. Although they were quite tired, the young wives immediately set to work. The younger shouldered the pitcher and hastened to the fountain, the older was busy fixing up the beds. At the gate, Sarkis was busy herding in the

oxen. After feeding them, now quite tired, Sarkis reclined on a pillow to relax.

"Where is Dad?" Sarkis asked of his wife Yeghso.

"He separated from us at Arto's field. He said he was going to attend to Markhon's furrows," Yeghso replied brushing off the while a blade of grass from her husband's shoulder.

After the supper the farmhand headed for his home. The grandson retired early while the two young wives, together with the neighboring girls and young wives assembled on the low rooftop to indulge in the customary conversation. Sarkis himself left for the men's rendezvous of Dset Kar where he was to meet Kourghik because lately father and son had decided to purchase his field.

Noonik Badji was still busy with her chores. She kept going out and coming in, and she was still washing the dishes when her husband Thorik Ovan made his belated entrance.

"Greetings, my man," Noonik Badji spoke with a smile which held a suppressed pain. "What's the matter now? Did you exchange the sun for the moon? Have you gone so far as to forget your hunger?"

"Forget it for a moment and eat your dinner, I myself haven't had a bite since noon," Noonik Badji said.

"The heck with the dinner, woman. The way it is, they won't let you sit down and enjoy your meal. Tomorrow is the day for irrigation. Today I noticed that the furrows had not been attended to. What is the matter with the boy? How long is this going to keep on!"

"As long as I keep it down, the thing presses on my mind. The fact of the matter is that the boy did not come to dinner today."

"Where has he gone?"

"Where should he go? He is with Mano of Tulgantz from morning till eve."

"With Mano?"

"Yes, with Mano. The neighbors would tell me about it but I would not believe them. Today I saw it with my own eyes. I saw them whispering to each other while seated behind the beehives."

"What were they talking about, Noonik?"

"In the buzzing of the bees I could not get much of their talk. But I heard Khachik saying to Mano that if he gave him Chutchut and six pairs of pigeons he would pay in return three bushels of wheat."

"What? Pigeons?" Thorik Ovan exclaimed with a frown.

"Yes, pigeon, man alive, pigeon. Khachik will become a tender of pigeons."

"You mean to tell me the son of Thorik Ovan will become a tender of pigeons?"

"At noon I told him to go attend the furrows for the irrigation but he would not listen to be; he would not even look at me."

"No good will come out of companionship with Mano, Noonik. Of course he will not look at you; it's got so he does not even recognize his mother."

"I saw that Mano was making an estimate of the expense. He was measuring the flat with his feet. Our son will build a pigeon coop next to the half wall."

"What are you saying, Noonik?"

"I saw it with my own eyes, man alive, with my own eyes. Once I caught them sticking their noses into the sky, never lowering their gaze. It turned up that they were watching the pigeons."

"This boy is going to bring a curse on my head. I am frightened, Noonik, the wing of the pigeon is a curse on the house, a curse. After this, what is the sense of our toil? In this our advanced age we haven't a moment's rest. For whom shall we toil, Noonik? We can't take it with us after all. It is for their sakes that I have done all these things, it is for their sake that I plant the trees, buy the field, increase the cattle.

It is for their sake, Noonik, for their sake. If it were not for Sarkis this house would collapse, Noonik, there is the scent of incense on the hem of his clothes. Whether it is watering the fields, whether it is the mill, whether the ploughing or the harvest, it is Sarkis who attends to it all. That boy Khachik will not even dip his hand in the ashpile. He is a married man and yet he wants to play with the pigeons. What will the villagers say, what will the neighbors say, Noonik? They will say the son of Thorik Ovan plays with the pigeons. That is death for me, death," Thorik Ovan complained painfully as he flung the spade on his shoulder.

"Sit down and have a bite, where are you going?"

"I am going to fix up the furrows for the watering."

III

It was a moonlit night. The lamps were closing their eyes one by one like the weary toilers. That night Sarkis had gone to water the field. The inmates of the house were asleep long since and in the courtyard the silence was stirred only by the wheezing of the calves. In the moonlit courtyard, leaning there against a pillow, Thorik Ovan kept puffing on his pipe restlessly.

Kirz, kirz, tuk tuk . . .

It seemed as if it was his bones which were being sawed asunder as, intermittently, he heard the sound of the hammer and the saw coming from the direction of the rooftop which broke the silence of the night. That evening Thorik Ovan had decided to have a talk with Khachik before the pigeon coop was completed. And now he could hear the sound of the boards being piled and the reverberations of the pounding hammer which spread in the darkness.

The pounding of the hammer stopped. Khachik was coming down the steps.

"Khachik!" It was Thorik Ovan calling.

Khachik was surprised that his father was still up.

"What is it, Dad?"

"Listen, son. I am worried about you. You no longer sit at our meals, no longer you are the boy of our home. I hear you have become the pal of Mano of Tulgantz and are spending your time with the pigeons. Come a little closer, let me see your face, my sight is no longer strong as before. Woe is me that I should see this thing in my advanced age. What is this you are building, Khachik?"

"I am building a pigeon coop."

"Bravo, my boy, bravo. You are not even ashamed to tell me. Here we are, working, toiling and sweating, while you lose your sleep building pigeon coops. You see that, even at this advanced age, I keep the spade on my shoulder. When I return home from my work I cannot straighten my waist. Sarkis too is at it day and night. And yet you spend your time building pigeon coops. You no longer are a little child, you are a grown up man now, you are a married man, Khachik. Was it for nothing that we interceded with a strange family and brought their daughter to become your wife? Abgar Ago gave his daughter to you in marriage because you are the son of Thorik Ovan. If Khachik becomes a tender of pigeons, what is his wife going to do? Forget it, Khachik, my son, do not build that coop. Drop that hammer, break those boards, do not build that pigeon coop. Do not unfold the wings of pigeons on the rooftop of Thorik Ovan. Do not ruin the shrine of Thorik Ovan. The wing of a pigeon on a house is a curse, my son, a curse. Tell me, what did you see in Mano which you would want to emulate? Mano is discredited in the village, he is a derelict, he has no nest to lay his head in, he has smeared his face with his blood and he just flounders along. It was Mano who last year destroyed the stripling in our garden.

"Mano knows nothing about it," Khachik spoke with emotion, in extenuation of his friend.

"Is there anything of which Mano is uninformed that he should be ignorant of this thing, Khachik? Was it not Mano who tore up the vegetables of Ekoug's daughter-in-law? Was it not Mano who was the incendiary of Aghaian's home? How much more shall I tell you? He has become a byword in the village."

Mano had told Khachik all this in detail, it's true, and yet Mano had not ceased being a good friend of Khachik. Khachik firmly believed that Mano was the type of a man who was willing to sacrifice his very life, as well as his pigeons for a friend, and his promise of Kapootik was the greatest sacrifice which he could make. Mano was a good boy. What matter if he was discredited by the villagers, what matter even if his father was opposed to him.

"And then there is Aghajan, Khachik," continued Thorik Ovan. "He is shamless, his beard has turned grey and still he plays with pigeons. His wife knocks around from house to house doing chores and menial work to support the home. He himself grinds his spinning wheel with its perpetual *djur-djur* to spin his thread and still he is hungry as before. There is neither prosperity nor blessing in his home. What blessing can you expect to find in the home of a pigeon tender? The thing called pigeon lives in monasteries, it perches on the stones of the shrines. It is a holy bird, it is a colorful bird; but to keep it in a house is a curse, my son, a curse."

Thorik Ovan changed the tobacco in his pipe and continued with the sincere intention of converting his son.

"Do you know that drilled rock near the village fountain, Khachik? Once upon a time it was the pigeon coop of Gulgul Zakar. Formerly the fountain meandered beside this church. These things happened in

my day and in the days of my father. My father, may God have mercy on his soul, used to tell us that one year these pigeons multiplied, I will say one thousand, you will say two thousand wings of pigeons, who clouded the sun casting their shadow over the village. That year not a drop of rain fell on the fields. If the villagers saw a cloud of the size of kerchief, they would raise their heads to the sky. That shred of cloud would float over the village and would vanish over the mountain of Hazar Baba. There was not a vigilance or a sacrificial offerings to heaven which the villagers would overlook. That year the vineyards dried up and the fields cracked. I still remember it like a dream when they used to say that it was the abundance of Gulgul Zakar's pigeons which caused the famine in the village. Who knows? I saw Gulgul Zakar. I have never seen a man like him in all my life. The hair on his head was like the camel's hair, he was a tall man, and his eyes, you would say those pupils were like hanging lamps, and they shone like the eyes of a cat. There were no blue eyes in the village, only Gulgul Zakar's eyes were blue. They used to say he could see in the dark; who knows? But once he saw a pigeon flying over the mountain of St. Sarkis, at one glance he could tell whether he was a male or female, whether colorful or gray. There was not a pigeon-tender like him in all the world. Woe unto the cat which approached the coop. He would seize it, would put a ring around his neck and would hang him from the eave. In the end, there was a plague among the pigeons. These birds withered wing over wing. And one morning we woke up and saw that Gulgul Zakar had hanged himself from the rooftop of his pigeon coop. Do you see, Khachik, that is the end of the man who tends the pigeons. I tell you these things so you will understand well, and renounce your passion for pigeons. Do not

fall in line with Mano, he has neither a father or mother, nor a wife. But you have both parents and a wife. Thank God, the home of Thorik Ovan is prosperous, with its ploughs and its spacious stable. If we did not toil, how else could we have these forty beehives, this storehouse of grain, and these flocks of sheep? Your mother and I have grown old. Today we are here, tomorrow we are gone. You are the one who will take over, tomorrow I shall be a handful of earth, but I want to see Thorik Ovan's home prosper, that you and your brother liver together in fraternal love, and like your forefathers, dedicate yourselves to your labor. But if you follow the course you have chosen, if you become a pigeon tender, if you become a pal of Mano, if you don't stand with your brother Sarkis, head to head and back to back, this house will not prosper, Khachik. One day the lamp of this house will be extinguished, and the land of Agha will be lost to us. When that happens, woe unto my head, woe unto my grave."

Suddenly the hen in the chicken coop let out a cackle. In the street a dog cried in a light restless wail then was silent. It was an unknown wind which suddenly passed through the silence of the night. A little later the red rooster filled the air with his loud cock-a-doodle-doo.

Thorik Ovan turned his eyes to the three stars in heaven — the Libra; it was midnight and he was just finishing his advice to his son.

"Khachik, my son, throw out your hammer and saw. Tomorrow pick up your spade, go to the field of Karmoudj, and dig out the mice. Today I noticed that they have ruined the field."

While his father was pouring his advice, Khachik was silent. It was this deep silence which had tied his heart to the pigeons, just as the heart of the minstrel goes out for the maiden and the heart of

the poet for the stars. Who can comprehend that silence, so mysterious and powerful! Naturally, if Khachik was without a slight feeling of respect toward his father he would not have sat down and listened to all this. Akh! Why, why would they not understand him? How could he desist from finishing the pigeon coop which was the home of his soul? How could he leave those beautiful blond and colorful good birds and go to the field to dig up mice, mice. . . . Let them have the field, the flocks, the herds, the land and the money if only they would not separate him from Mano and his pigeons. Akh, why, why would they not understand him?

* * *

Tuk, tuk, tuk . . . Khachik had finished the pigeon coop and was setting the last perching planks. For the eggs, on all four sides of the coop he had set up the necks of broken jars filled with soft brush. Likewise, he used the broken red jar for the receptacle of water. The sun's rays, pouring inside the little open windows, played on the water, scintillating with the colors of the pigeons on the ceiling.

Loaded with pigeons in his bosom, his hands and arms, Mano, ascended the steps. Khachik opened the door of the coop and the two entered inside. Mano let loose the pigeons in his hands and arms, then threw open his bosom. The pigeons fluttered, made several circles in the coop, and despite the several extended poles, they returned to the coop as if unable to find a perching place.

Ah, how sweet was the sound of their wings. Khachik was fascinated with the flapping of their wings and the riotous colors which filled the coop he had built. It seemed as if these colorful wings were dancing in his very heart.

Finally, one of them came to perch, followed by six pairs who settled on the pole. The one on the extreme end was Chutchut.

The little lovely birds knew that they were in a strange place and were restless. As Khachik fed them, they came down one after another, then they helped themselves to the water. All these were reassuring that they were getting used to their new home.

And Khachik was happy, happy. And yet Kapootik was not among them. Mano told him that Kapootik had not come down from the sky all day, that he had flown too high to be seen. But he promised to bring him over the next day. He also ordered that the doors of the coop should be closed for several days until the female pigeons laid their eggs. After that, Khachik was free to open the windows, let the pigeons loose, and wait for their return.

By now, Khachik had thrown the doors of the coop open, and standing there on the rooftop, was watching their flight. Chutchut returned and perched on the eave; Thoron was on the rooftop, pecking at his feathers in the sunlight. Thoron saw the return of Chutchut, and with a light flapping of his wings came close to her.

Rrowoo, rrowoo. . . Thoron cooed, splashing the colorful dawn of his neck. Chutchut almost avoided Thoron every time he approached her and kept herself aloof.

Rrowoo, rrowoo . . . It was Kapootik coming from the distance. Thoron withdrew from the scene. Chutchut and Kapootik locked their bills in a kiss.

Rrowoo, rrowoo . . .

Having relaxed his wings, Kapootik was calling from his heart with knightly sublimity, until Chutchut opened her wings and snuggled under Kapootik's wings. That was the technique of Kapootik among the pigeons.

Kapootik was not a beautiful pigeon, his feathers were uniform blue. He had no colorful down on his neck. His red legs were folded as it were, and bare. If it were not for his red legs, if it were not for the

color and the bill of the pigeon, one would confuse him with a magpie. Yet despite his ugliness all the female pigeons made love to him because he was the knight of village pigeons when he stretched his wings in the expanse of the sky — even as a bold beardless knight sits on an Arabian steed and launches on his adventures.

Mano knew well Kapootik's value. It was Kapootik who increased the number of his pigeons; he rallied tens of pigeons not only from Aghajan's flock, but from the neighboring villages. He also knew that it was difficult to keep Kapootik in a strange coop, because Tziran, the Cleopatra of the pigeons, was always with him.

Everytime Khachik let Kapootik loose, in vain he waited for his return. The next day Mano would pick him up and return him to Khachik.

"Yesterday he again was among my pigeons, Khachik. Have no fear, he won't be lost. If he does not return, you will know that he is with my pigeons. I will bring him back until he gets used to this house," Mano would reassure Khachik.

Mano knew that, sooner or later, Kapootik would be his again. For Kapootik alone, Khachik would pay him two bushels of wheat, and three bushels for the six pairs, altogether five bushels. Mano was impatient for the harvest. After that it was not difficult to settle Kapootik's account.

Thorik Ovan's back seemed even more bent. He could not look a man straight in the face. It seemed to him all men turned away from him because his son had become a pigeon tender like Mano and Aghajan, especially when he was with Mano day and night. How could he avoid growing old? The other day someone had pulled the vines of Karook's vineyard. There was talk that Mano was the culprit. Gossip had made his son Khachik Mano's accomplice. The day before he had met Agop, the father of his daughter-in-law, near the Rock

of Dzet. Other times when they met, they were accustomed to offer each other cigarettes, they would inquire into the health of their families, they would invite each other to drink wine. But yesterday Agop's attitude had been cold. There was something in the back of his mind which he was loath to speak out.

"He is right, he is right", Thorik Ovan said to himself. He had been the cause of the plight of Agop's daughter in marrying his son. The poor girl has no sunlight in the home. Perpetual quarrels. The tongue of his elder daughter-in-law had grown long, she constantly quarreled with her mother-in-law and her sister-in-law. How could Thorik Ovan avoid growing old? Every night, snuggling in the bed, poor Noonik Badji told her husband everything which had happened in the home.

"Why should I conceal my sin, man alive, the attitude of that elder daughter-in-law is no attitude," Noonik Badji would whisper to her husband.

"This is a whole week she hasn't put in a lick of work. I still regret having asked our grandchild to take the calves to the vineyard. The minute I asked him she flew upon me like a wasp. What do you think she said to me? 'I don't want you to say anything to my child. My husband works, isn't that enough? Does my child too have to work? Here's your son Khachik, he is in the home, tell him to take the calves to the vineyard. Enough is enough. My husband works day and night while Khachik spends his time playing with the pigeons together with Mano'."

"Eh, what can I say, Noonik? I cannot look a man straight in the face. It is no wonder that our elder daughter-in-law is sore. God grant our son Sarkis long patience. If he should turn away from us, the house of Thorik Ovan will collapse, Noonik. I am no longer the old Ovan. I had a hard time today watering the field. What can I

do, Noonik? I am tired of giving him advice. It is no use, the fellow is carried away by Mano. God grant Sarkis patience."

"As long as that woman is here . . . Every-time Sarkis returns from the fields she starts her whisperings. I am distracted, man alive, distracted."

Noonik and Ovan scarcely slept the sleep of a hen. Before they knew it it was day-break. And this time, as always, Noonik Badji told her pre-dawn dream. In her dream she had seen that Khrik Gevo was drunk and was making a dance around the fireplace.

"May God turn it unto good, Noonik, that is not a good dream."

"May good come from God."

The melodious sounds of pigeons' wings floated from the rooftop. Early in the morning the pigeons were dinning the air with their ascent and descent into the courtyard. It was Sarkis who opened the door of the barn. Each morning Sarkis headed for his work silently. The elder daughter-in-law was a late riser. It was the younger daughter-in-law who always accompanied her mother-in-law to the field.

Thorik Ovan and Noonik Badji had long since noticed that Sarkis was no longer the former boy, the smile had fled from his face. In the home, the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law were in constant quarrel. The elder daughter-in-law never ceased upbraiding Khachik before his wife and her mother-in-law. They never sat at the dinner table with an easy heart. The younger daughter-in-law was always crestfallen. The relatives no longer called at the house. It seemed even the grandson was estranged, he followed the advice of her mother and never approached his grandmother.

"Eh, woman, Sarkis is all in, he is changed, changed," Thorik Ovan would sigh.

"How can he help but change, man alive? That daughter-in-law is a caution, you

would
snake.
Sunda
Gevo
ents
our w
weeks
house
"It
was
tired
some
separ
tion.
"T
straig
you,
ter o
able
us, t
"T
the
hap
sepa
the
T
tren
"
I
T
fiel
ing
Sar
sav
wi
Th
th
we
w
st
—
sh
in
bi
bu
ta

would think she had bitten the head of a snake. Today she was all dolled up in her Sunday dress and had gone to see Khrik Gevo. Nowadays she is always at her parents' home, she is stuffing Khrik Gevo with our wine and *Raki*. Thank God, it is three weeks now since Khrik Gevo set foot in our house."

"It is not a good sign, Noonik, Khrik Gevo was not the type of man who would get tired of our table and our wine. It seems something is brewing. I am afraid of a separation, woman, I am afraid of a separation."

"The other day that women told me straight that she wants to separate. I told you, man alive, I told you that the daughter of the drunk Khrik Gevo is not a suitable wife for our Sarkis. Today she is with us, tomorrow she will leave us."

"The girl is not to blame, Noonik, she is the daughter of a stranger no matter what happens in the house. The cause of the separation is that boy, the pigeons, Noonik the pigeons."

Thorik Ovan pronounced the last words tremblingly.

"The pigeons, Noonik, the pigeons."

V

It was harvest time.

That night Sarkis had gone to water the field. Khachik was guarding the thrashing ground. Early in the morning when Sarkis returned to the thrashing ground he saw that the grain pile had been tampered with. One side of the pile showed a dent. They had tried to smooth over the pile still the traces of the tax collector's stamps still were visible.* It was not known how much was stolen, nevertheless they had stolen, stolen.

* In the old country when the grain has been threshed and piled a government tax collector inspects the pile and stamps it with a wooden block all over to prevent tampering with the harvest before the government has collected the tax.

"Hey, Khachik," Sarkis exclaimed angrily.

"What's the matter, brother?" Khachik drawled lazily, pretending just to awaken from his sleep.

"Someone has tampered with this wheat." "Huh?"

"I say this pile has been tampered with, they have stolen, they have stolen the wheat."

"I was here all the time. I closed my eyes only a little while ago. Who would do such a thing?"

"I don't know but the pile has been tampered with."

"Perhaps it was the wind."

"This is not the doing of a wind, Khachik."

Presently the neighboring thrashers hastened to the scene, and the news was spread in the village.

There has been a theft at Thorik Ovan's thrashing floor.

The neighboring thrashers also admitted that the wheat was stolen. Some said ten bushels, others, seven or five. Among these only the neighboring thrasher Bambak Marsoop was silent. Hanging his head, his hands locked behind him, he kept looking at Khachik intermittently.

When the thrashers returned to their work, the pigeons increased on the sky and Khachik left the field, Bambak Marsoop slowly approached Sarkis.

"Eh, don't worry, Sarkis, what is done is done."

"Why should I worry, Marsoop. He slept on the thrashing floor one night and they stole the wheat. It was not he who sweat for it that he should know the value and preserve what had been produced. There is a limit to all things after all. And now he is gone, God knows where? He has no thought that there is thrashing to do, loosening the sheafs, piling the wheat. He has hurried back to Mano and his pigeons. You do not know what all I have put with on

account of this boy, Marsoop, I am fed up with it. Of course, once the blessing of the home has fled, the thief and the wind pitch in for their share of the loot. I shall be a happy man when we take this harvest home."

"Shall I tell you something, Sarkis?" Bambak Marsoop spoke in a low voice. "It was Khachik and Mano who stole that wheat."

Although Sarkis was a taciturn and cool-headed man, he suddenly paled at these words.

"What is that, Marsoop?"

"Yes, wait until I tell you. When you left here," Marsoop continued, he pulled out his tobacco pouch and filled his pipe, "when you left here I was awake." He tucked the tobacco pouch in his belt, and ran his hand over the belt to make sure the tobacco was there.

"When you left here . . ."

"Come, come, Marsoop, quit torturing me, tell me what happened," Sarkis blurted.

"Wait, wait, until I tell you. When you left here I was awake. I could not go to sleep. I was thinking how tightly these stars were tied that not one of them fell to the ground. Next thing, I heard a whisper from your side. I said to myself, who is this man with Khachik this time of the night? I came near and saw that Mano and Khachik, huh, just here, near the pile, were squatted like foxes. Mano was asking him, 'When will he come?' And Khachik said, 'He does not show up until morning.' They kept filling the sacks while talking. This Mano filled his sack three times, went to the village and came back. I calculate he carried away five bushels. I wanted to shout, but how could I do it when Khachik, the owner of the harvest was there?"

"Marsoop, did you see all this?"

"I saw it Sarkis, I saw it with these eyes. I saw it very clearly under the moonlight. It was Mano and Khachik."

Bambak Barsoop picked up his pitchfork and returned to his work. Sarkis was almost confounded, not knowing what to do. Toward noon his father came to the field hurriedly.

"What has happened, Sarkis? Is it true that they have stolen from the pile? I was weeding in the vineyard when our neighbor Soorpik told me about it."

"Of course they have stolen, Why should they not steal? Once you let the fox into the chicken coop.

Thorik Ovan inspected the pile. It was true, they had stolen, they had stolen.

"What fox and what chicken coop, Sarkis?"

"Who else should it be? Mano and Khachik."

"In his own thrashing ground, in his own home. Bambak Marsoop saw it with his own eyes. Is there anything else this boy has not done? That is the end of the man who pals with Mano and plays with pigeons."

"May you go to perdition, you prodigal son!"

This was the first time that Sarkis had opened his lips before his father. He always had held a tight lip, always tight.

There was a lively and tumultuous air about the thrashing grounds. The toilers were singing, thrashing, winnowing, and piling the wheat. There was the squeaking and the grinding of the carts. The oxen kept turning, turning in a circle, burying their snouts in the wheat, and chasing away the flies by splashing their saliva on their backs.

Throughout this labor and tumult, father and son were silent for a moment as they kept throwing the sheafs on the thrashing floor.

"Dad," Sarkis spoke, finally breaking the silence, "such a home is impossible, Dad. Because of this boy what we eat and what we drink is lighted. You know very well

that our home has become a nest of quarrels. Once upon a time Thorik Ovan's home was a prosperous home, there was love in the home, there was talk of old and young, there was order and labor. The inmate of that home who steals the grain, such a home can no longer hold any blessing, Dad, no longer."

"What can I do, my son? I have talked to him so many times but it is no use. I could not break him away from that Mano and his pigeons."

"I want to separate, Dad, I want to separate," Sarkis persisted, dropping the sheaf of grain to the ground. "I want to go with my children, and I want to eat my honest bread with my honest labor. Do you see what has happened? Eghso never leaves her parents' home. This is no home, this is hell, hell."

Sarkis' words came from the heart. He wanted to separate, separate. Eh, who would have thought that all this would come upon the head of Thorik Ovan? It would have been merciful if they had separated after he and Noonik had been put to rest in their graves. Thorik Ovan had spent a lifetime to build up that home. He had purchased a field, he had planted a vineyard, he had made friends and relatives. For long years he had made Agha's land a part of his home.

When in the evening Thorik Ovan returned home he saw that Noonik still was at work.

"Eh, home-builder, up until now we toiled and sweat. Can you tell me what we gained by it all? Your back is touching the ground and still you work."

"What is the matter, my good man, why have you paled so? Are you sick?"

"A handful of earth, Noonik, a handful of earth. Is it come to this? Why is God delaying us a handful of earth? Is there another one like us among all the people? God have mercy on Thorik Ovan. Cares,

toil, sweating, bleeding, growing up children, what for? . . ."

"Today that boy did not come home, what has happened to him, my good man?"

"What do you suppose? He went with Mano and stole our wheat."

There was no recollection left in Noonik Badji's old little head, wrapped in her peasant's kerchief, but she instantly remembered the words which Khachik had exchanged with Mano behind the beehives: "In that case, if you will give me six pairs of pigeons, male and female, I will give you six bushels of grain after the harvest."

With almost bleeding eyes Thorik Ovan told his wife that Sarkis wants to separate. He had put it to him straight. Noonik Badji dropped her work and took the hem of her apron to her eyes.

The old couple sat side by side silently. There was nothing more they could say.

Holding his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on the pigeons in the courtyard, Thorik Ovan was in deep meditation. Akh, why did these lovely birds look like demons in the eyes of Thorik Ovan?

"May I be a sacrifice unto thee, a handful of earth, O God", spoke Noonik Badji, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"A handful of earth, a handful of earth," added Thorik Ovan, and the two again were silent.

VI

The harvests almost were in. That Sunday was the Festival of *Astvatzatzin* — The Mother of God —, the day of blessing of the first grapes.

Ah, what days! Each, year, on that day, laughter and abundance used to flow from the home of Thorik Ovan. Early in the morning the family used to go to church. After the holy mass, the officiating priest, surrounded by his deacons and the members of the choir, would step down to a large copper platter filled with colorful grapes, to perform the ceremony of bless-

ing. After the services, the villagers would repair to their vineyards. Each year Thorik Ovan would invite his relatives to his home to eat and drink, and together to go to the vineyard. On the way he would tell them his plans to buy a new vineyard. On their return home, they would bring vine leaves which they stuck to the horns of the cows. It was the Festival of the grapes.

That day, however, there was no one from the home of Thorik Ovan who went to church, there was not even the customary smoke curling up from the chimney. That day Sarkis had told a number of understanding villagers to come to his home on the next day. The next day was the day of separation.

The next day the invited persons made their appearance one after another: Tzaator, a member of the Village Council, the Khodjabashi—the chief of the Council, Astoor, a member of the trustees of the church, the priest, his assistant, and the school-teacher. In the courtyard lay the pile of furniture, pillows, farming tools, sickles, spades, pitchers, jars, psalm books, etc.

His hands tucked in his belt, Thorik Ovan was standing in the courtyard a confused man.

"Don't worry, Ovan, God is great. Eh, you are an old man now, you have lived your life as I have. May God grant you and Noonik a good end."

"That was well said, Father, a good end that I might not have seen these things, that I might not have seen the ruin of this home, Father Thadik, that I might not have seen it."

"Eh, what can you do, blessed? This is your fate from God. May God's will be done. Without the Lord's command not a leaf moves. What do you say, teacher?"

"It is true," the teacher replied.

"There must be a blessing in everything," added the Khodjabashi.

"I heard that Matho Ghookas is going to

lease your Agha's land, is it true?" asked Astoor the trustee.

Thorik Ovan did not know this, but he had expected that Agha would take away his land, the same land which had been his on lease for thirty long years.

"Eh, who is going to work, Astoor; there is no longer a Thorik Ovan, no longer a Thorik Ovan's home. Thorik Ovan's home has become a pigeon home," said Thorik Ovan sadly, as the pigeons cluttered the courtyard, cooed from the rooftop, or brushed against the feet of the guests.

"I will tell you something," said Father Thadik, "it is not a good thing to keep pigeons in the home. We mortals are unworthy of touching these birds. They are the blessed birds of heaven, my blessed. The Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove. What do you say, teacher?"

In addition to the invited guests, there was a crowd of curious and sympathetic friends who had come to see the final act of separation. In a corner near the pillar there stood all by himself Khrik Gevo, the father of the elder daughter-in-law, half drunk. Formerly, there was not a day when Khrik Gevo would not enter the home of Thorik Ovan, to drink the wine or the Raki, and come out drunk. But for a long time he had not stepped inside Thorik Ovan's home. Why should he go there when his daughter brought him his wine and Raki concealed under her apron? Khrik Gevo had nothing against Thorik Ovan, it was his daughter's doing that he did not go to his house. He had made an exception one day to quench this thirst, but Noonik Badji had told him that she did not have the key to the chest.

Khrik Gevo had showed up that day because it was the day of separation. The man who divided the household articles was the priest's assistant. The guests only interposed their observations. The division of the articles was almost completed, and for

the last time, the assistant priest picked up a large bottle of *racki* and put it in Khachik's share. All the guests agreed to this.

"No, it is not just," it was the voice of a drunk man from behind.

The guests turned around and laughed. The man was Khrik Gevo. He demanded that the bottle should go to his daughter's, namely Sarkis' share, because it was full of Raki.

In spite of the fact that the division of the articles was fair, the fields, the herds and the flocks, yet Khrik Gevo was discontented to the end.

No, it would not do, it was not just.

VII

Sarkis took his father and mother with him, but scarcely a month had passed when his mother, Noonik Badji, came to her younger son Khachik to complain that it was difficult to live with her elder daughter-in-law.

Thorik Ovan and Noonik Badji who had grown old on one pillow were now separated. It was now that they needed each other, to warm each other back to back in bed, and comfort each other. But now they lived apart and met each other only on the way to church.

"You did not come to church yesterday, my man," Noonik Badji said, "I kept waiting for you, waiting, waiting, but you did not show up."

"I had a slight headache yesterday. The least you could do you could call on me once in a while to see if I still am alive or dead."

"Why should I hide my sin? I don't want to see the face of Khrik Gevo's daughter anymore."

"How is our Khachik and his wife?"

"Our daughter-in-law is about to bring forth a child, Khachik too is doing nicely. Now that he has charge of the house he has started to work a little. I hear he has fallen off with Mano, he does not speak

to him any more."

"Really, Noonik?" Thorik Ovan exclaimed, delighted.

"After our separation Mano has never set foot in our house."

"Thank God. If that's the case Khachik has come to his senses. He is the son of Thorik Ovan after all, Noonik."

As a matter of fact relations between Khachik and Mano were not good. After collecting the grain Mano had been trying to keep Kapootik for himself. Khachik had noticed it. Each time he let Kapootik loose from the coop he followed his flight with his eyes and soul, and each time Mano followed by letting loose his Dziran.

Tziran was the queen of the pigeons, proud, her neck erect, and coy in her gait. When flying she was like a chip of light which has taken wings. The dawn of her neck was colorful just like the sunrays which shower the little waterfall. Her wings were of many colors, painted by the hand of the Great Master — God. That Great Master had many colors on his easel, borrowed from the lilly, from the dew of the morn, from the sky and from the twilight with which he had painted the colorful, red-legged Dziran of Mano.

Mano would not exchange his Tziran for the world. How many, many pigeons circled around Tziran. Few were the pigeons to whom Tziran extended her bill or displayed her colorful wings. Kapootik was one of these few. Tziran and Kapootik flew together in the sky and perched together on the dome of the church or the tall rooftops. If Kapootik was the knight of the pigeons, Tziran was the Princess of the blue castle of the skies.

That day Khachik let loose his Kapootik from the rooftop while Mano, who was watching him, instantly released his Tziran. Kapootik soared very, very high. Tziran took a short flight and came to rest on the church belfry. Up above one could hear

the flapping of Kapootik's wings. He executed loops and with ringing *shrap shrap*s, fluttered near the clouds like a blue flame. Then suddenly he lowered his wings, and making a straight dash, perched on the belfry.

Rrowoo, rrowoo. . . .

It was the outpouring of Kapootik's heart. He circled around Tziran several times then the two, wing to wing, together flew toward the gray rocks of Mount St Sarkis.

Khachik was watching them from his rooftop, he also was watching Mano. In the afternoon Tziran and Kapootik came to perch on the top of Mano's pigeon house. Mano was determined not to return Kapootik to Khachik that day. As was his custom, in the evening Khachik went to see him and bring back Kapootik.

"Mano."

"What is the matter, Khachik?"

"Enough is enough, Mano. I have told you over and over again not to release Tziran when Kapootik is flying."

"What do you mean, Khachik?" Mano retorted with a stern note in his voice. "If the whole world opposed me, I still will release Tziran. Kapootik is mine, Khachik, mine."

"What are you saying, Mano? I have given you three bushels of wheat for that Kapootik besides the others," Khachik said, surprised.

"The heck with the wheat, Khachik, Kapootik is mine, he will never give up my pigeons. If you like, I will give you another pigeon for him."

In the evening the village was abustle. The toilers in the field had returned home, churchgoers were streaming out of the church, while Mano standing on his rooftop and Khachik in the street were exchanging sharp words.

"Hey Mano, I am not Aghajan, mark well, they call me Khachik. Are you going to return Kapootik or not?"

"And they call me Mano, Mano of Tul-gantz. Kapootik is mine, do what you will."

Khachik thought about his next step and returned home in bad temper.

VIII

After that, each day Khachik watched Kapootik and kept waiting for the day when he should perch on his coop. Each time he saw Kapootik and Tziran in the sky he released all his pigeons in the hope of luring them. Who knows? Perhaps this was the only means of recapturing Kapootik, especially since he was not unfamiliar with his pigeons and his coop. Mano understood well Khachik's infantile attempts and laughed at him.

Monday morning Khachik went to his work. He was accompanied by his mother. His wife and child stayed in the house. Khachik kept pacing the length of the garden wall, marking the poles with red and white strings. Just then he noticed the shadows of two birds. He looked up and saw that they were Kapootik and Tziran. Khachik dropped the spindles from his hand.

"Where are you going, Khachik?" his mother called after him. "It's going to rain soon, you takes these spindles home. Where are you going? You go home."

"I'll be back right away," Khachik said and disappeared.

Noonik Badji said no more and resumed the work until Khachik returned. Khachik at once rose to the rooftop and released all his pigeons. The pigeons made a circle then joined Kapootik and Tziran. This time Khachik had succeeded. Next thing, Kapootik and Tziran came to perch on his coop, together with his pigeons.

In the evening Khachik returned home from the field. Noonik Badji was busy building the fire, her daughter-in-law, hugging her baby, set to work straightening the bundle of thread. Just then Mano entered in a bad temper.

"Hey, Khachik, you cannot trick me let, me have my pigeons, otherwise . . ."

"What pigeons?"

"Kapootik and Tziran."

"Kapootik is mine, Mano, mine. I know nothing about Tziran. Aghajan too released his pigeons today. She might have joined his flock. Go, ask him," Khachik said calmly.

"I know what I am saying, Khachik. Tziran and Kapootik are in your flock. You can't play tricks on me, I will burn your house, do you understand?"

"You are talking to Khachik, Mano. The man who burns my house I will send him to perdition."

That night Khachik heard the sound of footsteps on the roof, and instantly he climbed to the roof. Suddenly someone jumped down. It was Mano.

Thereafter, Khachik could not sleep at nights until he was obliged to hide Kapootik and Tziran in a basket of willow leaves near his bed. Finally one night Mano sneaked in Khachik's coop. He searched all the corners but could not find either Kapootik or Tziran. Could it be that Khachik had slaughtered them? He visualized the blood-stained feathers of the birds he loved so much. He shuddered especially at the thought of his Tziran with the colors moon.

Mano started to massacre the pigeons of Khachik's coop right and left. The poor little birds fluttered and fell on their bills, some fled from the open doors with broken wings and limping legs. Only two of them managed to slip out and in their confusion struck out in the infinite darkness of the night.

Awakened by the tumult, Khachik sprang to his feet. He was horrified at sight of the massacre of his pigeons. The nests were ruined. He saw his pigeons fluttering on the dry hay with broken wings. Upstairs, in the dark, he heard the rustle of wings.

It was true, you could not joke with Mano. Mano was cruel, cruel. How could he have massacred those innocent lovely birds, Khachik thought, and he decided to return Kapootik and Tziran the very next day, as well as to rebuild his ruined coop. He also decided to beware of Mano. Mano was cruel, so very cruel. He had a wife and child, he was so fond of that little child as if he had come to life in order to reconcile him with his home.

In the midst of these contritions, Khachik was busy salvaging his pigeons when suddenly, from under the overturned beehives, he saw Mano pitted against him, knife in hand.

"Stop, Mano," Khachik shouted with horror.

This was no time either to understand or to make understand. To prevent the blow of the knife Khachik clutched Mano's arms.

"Stop, Mano, the pigeons, Mano, Mano."

Mano would not give him time. By this time he had released one of his hands. In a last supreme effort Khachik again fell into a clinch in order to gain time and tell him what was on his mind.

"Stop, Mano, stop, Kapootik, Tziran."

Like lightning, Mano raised his released hand, and plunged the knife into Khachik's breast.

IX

The first man to waken was Mikeal Aghbar the neighbor. He had distinctly heard the words: "Stop, Mano, stop."

"Uncle Ovan, Uncle Ovan," someone was shouting, knocking at Sarkis' door.

When Thorick Ovan came out, it was not yet time for morning prayers.

"What is the matter, Mardik, are you going to town? Hah, good, bring me a kidney plaster."

"No, Uncle Ovan, I am not going to town. Noonik Badji said you should see her right away."

"What is the matter, Mardik?"

"I don't know."

"Is someone sick?"

"I don't know."

Thorik Ovan, trembling from hand to foot, accompanied Mardik to Noonik's home. Both were silent. Thorik Ovan knew that there was something which Mardik would not tell him. On their way he noticed that he was being watched by the women who called to each other from their windows. When he entered the home he saw a general confusion of weeping and wailing.

"Khachik, my son, raise your head just for this once and look at your pigeons. Akh Mano, Mano, would that your hands were broken, Mano."

It was Noonik Badji, wailing in a loud voice who, having hugged her son, was kissing his wounds.

His brother Sarkis and his wife were the next to come in. After their separation this was the first time they were setting foot inside Khachik's home. In the general wailing one could hear the voice of Thorik Ovan, sobbing inconsolately.

"The pigeons, the pigeons."

The neighboring women took charge of the house that day. They moved the household objects from one part to another, they prepared the funeral feast. Some had words of comfort for the stricken family. In the course of their service one of the women picked up the basket of willow leaves in which Khachik had hidden the prince and princess of the pigeons — Kapootik and Tziran. The two birds suddenly flew away. No one paid any attention to them. Kapootik shot out of the open door while Tziran, quite confused, flew to the fireplace, and perched on an empty wheat sack, where, from the dark corners, one often sees the flash of cat's eyes.

In the courtyard the women had turned the heat on the water when they saw a

black cat was making his getaway, holding in his teeth a colorful lovely pigeon. One of the pigeon's wings was broken and hanging, the other was in his teeth. The pigeon was still was alive, vainly trying to escape from the clutches of her captor. The pigeon was Tziran.

X

A few years passed. Thorik Ovan and Noonik Badji had long since turned into a handful of earth.

On top of Thorik Ovan's house there still stood the ruined pigeon coop like a curse, there were the long wooden poles covered with the dirt of pigeons. There also stood the beehives, shattered and ruined, just like the pigeon coop.

In this house lived the widow Yughaber, Khachik's wife who had never seen the sunlight, together with her child. The little child was scarcely seven. He had just started to go to school. Yughaber baked bread for others, did washing, weeding and other chores in order to bring up her child.

One day when Yughaber came home from the field she saw that her little son, just back from school, holding a hammer in his hand, was nailing some boards on the low rooftop.

Yughaber was happy that her son was busy with some constructive work. Perhaps he would become a bricklayer or a carpenter, who knows?

She approached her son with a light heart and asked:

"What are you building, my son?"

"I am building a pigeon coop," the little boy said innocently.

The mother suddenly turned pale, her lips trembled. It was a scream which shot out of her breast involuntarily. She embraced her child with tearful eyes, kissed him and said:

"No, no, you will not build a pigeon coop, you will not build. Promise me you will not, yes?"

HISTORY OF THE NATION OF THE ARCHERS

By GRIGOR OF AKANC

Hisberto Ascribed to MAGHAKIA THE MONK

English translation by the late Prof. Robert Pierpont Blake and Richard N. Frye

(Originally printed in "Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies," Dec., 1949 Vol. 12, Nos. 3 and 4)

WITH A COMMENTARY BY BISHOP LORENZ KOGY



The History of the Mongols, who in the text are termed "the race of the archers," is one of the shortest, but also one of the most interesting, of the many historical works which the Armenian clergy have left to posterity. It contains the record of a pious observer, even though much of what he relates is hearsay and is not derived from personal impressions, of the coming of the Mongols to the "lower countries"; as such it forms a valuable pendant to the more immediate personal experiences which were set down by Kirakos of Gandzak. Yet as a historian, the writer had one advantage over his more gifted contemporary; he was not immediately exposed to the impact of the invaders, and, brief though his statements are, as he himself says, they are none the less quite valuable, and have figured prominently in the studies of Mongolian history by modern scholars.

CHAPTER I

History of the nation of the archers; whence or from what stock they sprang, and how they dominated many countries and provinces.

After the departure of the God-created man Adam from paradise, *it was* the command of the Lord God *that he* by the sweat of toil eat *his* bread for the *rest* of his days, because of the deceit of his wife and the betrayal of the foul serpent; for he forgot the sublime command of God, and after that time the race was lacking in pleasure and carnal occupation. But calumniating Satan, in his evil spite, was continually teaching mankind to do base things, such as Cain's fratricide, and the law-breaking giants to grow proud in sin, and to eat carrion.

Seeing this the Creator waxed wroth at the sinful deeds of mankind. He exterminated everyone by a deluge, saving the seed of our humanity the blessed, righteous Noah. So after ten generations from Noah the righteous, there was born the father of Faith, the son of Taray, the great Abraham, who was called "the exalted father," for from him there sprang many nations and tribes, because of the blessing of (the great) God, Who told him (Abraham), "He would increase his progeny as the stars in the heavens and as the sands on the strand of the sea"; whence it came to pass.

From the free-born wife of Abraham was born Isaac, and from him Esau and Jacob, and from Jacob the twelve patriarchs and the great prophet David. There also appeared from the house and lineage of David the Word of God, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now from the hand maidens of Abraham, whose names were Hagar and the other, Kendura (i. e., Ketura); Kendura bore Imran who became *the ancestor of the Parthians*, from whom came the brave Arshak and St. Gregory the Illuminator of Armenia. From Hagar, however, came Ishmael, which interpreted is "the hearing of God," whence the Ishmaelites. God commanded Abraham, at the birth of Ishmael, to give him (and his race) the fatness of the land, and to make of him a mighty tribe, his hands upon his enemies, and superior over all nations with sword and bow.

But from Esau son of Isaac were descended the Esavites, that is the Scythians, black, fierce, and ugly. From them were descended the Boramick and the Lekzik, who abide in holes and dens and commit many evil deeds.

It is said that the Edomites again, who are the Franks, are descended from him. Thus also from the mixture of these three races, Hagar, Kendura, and Esau, was there produced the ugly progeny, engendered in sin, and called Tatar, which means sharp and swift.

St. Nerses, however, said they are the descendants of Hagar mixed with the stock of Gog, which is the Torgom who rule the part of the Scythian land which extends from the river At'l to Mt. Emawon, as far as the Caspian Sea, where thirty-three nations dwell, which are called by the barbarous names of Xux and Duz. These are separate nations. The chief of all of them is called Buxx, and of these nations one is called T'u'yark', which we believe are those called Tat'ars.

CHAPTER II

Regarding the revivification of their faith, their precepts, and of their chieftain.

And as we heard from some of them, this race went forth from Turkestan, their own country, and moved to a region somewhere

upon us, because of our many and varied in the east. They abode as robbers and savages, and were very poor for a long time. They had no kind of religion save idols of felt, needed for sorcery, which they always carried with them, but they paid reverence to the sun, as a manifestation of divine power.

When they unexpectedly came to realize their position, being much oppressed by their miserable and poor life, they invoked the aid of God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and they made a great covenant with him to abide by his commands.

An angel appeared to them by the command of God in the guise of an eagle with golden feathers, and spoke in their own speech and tongue to their chief, who was named C'ankez. The latter went and stood before the angel in the guise of an eagle, at a distance — the length of a bow shot. Then the eagle told them all the commandments of God.

These are the precepts of God which he imposed on them, and which they themselves call yasax. The first is (this): that ye love one another; second, do not commit adultery; do not steal; do not bear false witness; do not betray anyone. Respect the aged and poor. If a transgressor of *such* be found among them, the lawbreakers are to be put to death.

When the angel had imparted this, he named their chief Tayan, whom they called C'ankez Xan. The angel bade them rule over many countries and districts, and to multiply without limit and in countless numbers, which also came to pass.

That which the Lord had said was fulfilled. Thus was accomplished what God had threatened, speaking through the prophet. "Nabulgodonosor is a cup of gold in my hand, and to whomsoever I wish I shall give to drink of it. Thus this wild (and bestial) folk not only once brought the cup, but also the dregs of bitterness

sins, which continually roused the anger of the Creator our God at our deeds. Wherefore the Lord roused them in his anger as a lesson to us, because we had not kept his commandments.

CHAPTER III

The first war of the Tat'ars with the Persians, then with the Albanians and Georgians, and their long resistance. The subjection of the Armenians and Georgians.

When this wild (and bestial) folk learned that it was the will of God to rule us upon the earth, thereupon they gathered their troops and attacked the Persians. They took one of their small towns, but the Persians gathered their strength and retook their own and some of theirs.

Then again the Tat'ars sent out a message (lit., voice) throughout their tribes wherever the nation of archers were encamped, and once again they attacked the Persians. They (the Tat'ars) secured the victory, took some cities and all of their possessions.

Thereupon after all this they again took an order from their Tan, who was called C'ankez Xan, and they attacked the countries of the Albanians and Georgians.

The King of the Georgians, hearing this news of the coming of the Tat'ars, went out against them with 60,000 cavalry to the great plain which is called Kotman, which is situated over against the castle of Ter-unakan. When the battle was joined, at this instant, by the scheming of Satan who was always against the truth, the chief of the Manasa stable, Hamidawla, by name, because of some rancor, hamstringed the horse of At'abak Iwvane. For at that time Lasen the king of the Georgians had died, and had left one son, Dawit' by name, and a daughter named Uruzuk'an (Rusudan). Dawit' had fallen into the hands of the Sultan of Rum. He remained in prison and his sister Uruzuk'an held the kingdom un-

der the guardianship of Iwvane, who was surnamed At'abak.

When the rumor of the invasion of the Tat'ars came, as told above, Iwvane took the cavalry of the kingdom of the Georgians and came to Gag, to the great and wise prince Varham, son of Plu Zak'are. Taking his own army with him the latter advanced against the Tat'ars. The mighty and great prince Varham took the right wing and Iwvane the left. When they attacked each other this crime, which was written about, was perpetrated by the hand of the accursed Hamidawla.

Then when the nation of the archers saw such confusion amongst them, taking courage they charged the Georgian cavalry and slew them without mercy.

But the great prince Varham, the lord of Gag, who commanded the right wing, attacked and killed the Tat'ars till evening with merciless slaughter until the plain of Sagam was completely filled with the Tat'ar slain. (When) Varham, the lord Gag, heard of the defeat of the King's (forces), then sorrowing greatly he left the field of battle and returned to his fortified castle, which is called K'arherdz. This occurred in the year 663 (1214) of the Armenian era.

After three years time the Tat'ars came again and took the city of Gandzak. They slaughtered mercilessly and took captives and returned to their country with much booty and wealth.

Now, however, we shall also tell what these first Tat'ars resembled, for the first who came to the upper country were not like men. They were terrible to look at and indescribable, with large heads like a buffalo's, narrow eyes like a fledgling's, a snub nose like a cat's, projecting snouts like a dog's, narrow loins like an ant's, short legs like a hog's, and by nature with no beards at all. With a lion's strength they have voices more shrill than an eagle. They

appear where least expected. Their women wear beautiful hats covered at the top with a head shawl of brocade. Their broad faces were plastered with a poisonous mixture of gum. They give birth to children like snakes and eat like wolves. Death does not appear among them, for they survive for three hundred years. They do not eat bread at all. Such were the first people who came to the upper countries.

Once again they received an order from the Khan, and three captains invaded Albania and Georgia and conquered many towns and castles. Their names were, the first C'awrman, the second Benal, and the third Mular. They besieged the castles with countless horsemen. They first took Samk'or near Gandzak, which had previously been conquered. They took Sagam, K'arherdz, and Terewen. They took the great royal fortress of Gardman, Erk'ew-ank', and the citadel of Nisibis. They took by siege the stronghold of Tawus, which was the seat of the Sultan. They took Ter-unakan and the new fortress, also the (rock caves) of the great vardapet, all of his riches to the full, and they led away into captivity our glorious vardapet himself, Vanakan, with all of his followers.

Then all of the country showed compassion and gave much treasure and gold and ransomed our vardapet and his disciples.

Thereafter when the wise princes of Armenia and Georgia realized that God was giving power and victory to them (the Tat'ars), to take our countries, then they became reconciled and became obedient to the Tat'ars, and agreed to give the tribute known as mal and t'agar and to come out to them with their cavalry wherever they (the Tat'ars) led them. The Tat'ars, agreeing to this, ceased their killing and destroying the country and themselves returned to their place, the land of Muhan. But they left a captain, Chara Bugha (Qara

Buqa) by name, to demolish all of the strongholds which had been conquered. They destroyed even to the foundations the impregnable forts built by the Arabs at a great cost. This *all* came to pass.

CHAPTER IV

The comet. The renewed invasion of the Tat'ars, the abandonment of the plundering of the conquered countries, and the division of the countries among the chieftains.

At that time a comet appeared for several days and then vanished. At the same time the sun was eclipsed from the sixth hour of the day to the ninth hour.

Then the three captains, whom we have mentioned as having conquered the countries of Georgia and Albania, returned to the land of Mughan, where the grass is always green in summer and winter from the fertility of the soil and the sweetness of the air. They remained there some time and decided again to attack the Christians considering the slaughter and the capture of the Christians of Georgia and Albania as naught. They also took the famous crag of Smegha. They killed myriads upon myriads in it, so the slain were countless. They took the children captive from all countries in countless multitudes. Still they were not satisfied, but again decided to attack the countries and completely to kill all the population.

But the providence of the omnipotent God did not overlook those who had faith in Him, and He thwarted their unworthy and unjust design. Of the three chieftains whom we have mentioned, two of them He killed.

We shall tell briefly what they had planned. In the evening they convened a xuru-t'ay (quriltai) which is called an assembly, and they resolved a second time to come back upon the conquered countries and to kill off all. All three did not counsel this,

but only two. For C'awrman gave good counsel, by the command of the providence of God; "There has been enough plundering and killing in the country; let cultivation remain," said he. "They *can* cultivate it and one half *can* be given to us to live off, of vineyard and field, and one half they keep for themselves."

While they were thus taking counsel, the day passed into evening and the xurut'ay was dissolved, and they went to sleep. When it dawned two of the captains were found dead—those who had counseled evil. The other, who had desired an ordered and peaceful country, whose name was C'awrman, remained alive.

Then C'awrman departed with witnesses of the event and came to their great leader C'ankez Xan. He told him of all his deliberations and of *those* of (his fellow chieftains), of their loss, and how he had remained alive in the selfsame night.

Then the Ghayan, on hearing *this*, was amazed and said to C'awrman, "That which the two chieftains counseled was not pleasing to God; because of this they met sudden death. You, however, because of your good advice, did not die. It is the will of God *that we* take the earth and maintain order, and impose the (y) asax, *that they* abide by our command and give us tzghu, mal, t'aghar, and ghp'c'ur. Those, however, who do not submit to our command or give us tribute, slay them and destroy their place, so that the others who hear and see should fear and not act thus."

Saying this the Chan then ordered C'awrman to go and observe the agreement which he had proposed, and *which had* preserved him from death. He gave C'awrman his kindly wife Ayl'tana Xat'un and dubbed him C'awrmaghan. Then C'awrmaghan, taking the kindly and gracious wife of C'ankez Xan, Ayl'tana Xat'un came and took up residence in Mughan, which was the winter quarters of the Tat'ars,

along with one hundred and ten chieftains.

Then they convened a xurut'ay and a great assembly at the command of C'awrmaghan, and they divided the countries among the one hundred and ten chieftains. *This* territory they divided into three parts. One part went towards the north, one part towards the south, and one part into the inner country, which they still hold even now. But the names of the chieftains who remained in the interior of the country are these: Asut'u Nuin (Noyan), who was the companion of the Khan, C'aghatay, who was surnamed Khan, then Sanitay, still another little C'aghatay, Bac'u Nuin, who they appointed vice-commander of all the armies, Asar Nuin, Xut't'u Nuin, T'u'tu Nuin, Awgawt'ay Nuin, Xojay Nuin, Xurumc'i Nuin, Xunan Nuin, T'enal Nuin, and Angurag Nuin.

These then were the thirteen chieftains who divided the countries of the Armenians and Albanians, highland and lowland, among themselves. They transferred the great house of C'awrmaghan to the city of Gandzak, which had previously been devastated and afterwards restored.

CHAPTER V

The paying of tribute by the Georgian and Albanian chieftains. Vanakan the Armenian vardapet.

Then the great and independent princes of Georgia and Albania became tributary to them, willingly or unwillingly. They gave freely all of the tribute demanded, which we have mentioned above. They themselves, according to their resources and ability, came with their cavalry with them (the Tat'ars) on service and took the unconquered towns and castles, plundering and taking captives. They killed without mercy men and women, priests and monks, making slaves, *taking* the deacons as their slaves, and plundering the churches of the

Christians without fear. Stripping the precious relics of the holy (martyrs) and the crosses and *holy* books of their ornaments, they cast them away as of no value.

What shall I write now, *concerning* the pain and misfortune of this time, of the separation of fathers and mother from their sons; of the severance of affection among loved ones and close relations; how they took their inherited property; how the lovely palaces were consumed by fire, and children were immolated in the arms of their mothers; how lovely and gently raised youths and maidens were led away captives naked and barefoot; Woe to me a transient creature! I think that all this came to pass because of *our* sins, that the Lord and our Creator, He who is benign and long-suffering, visited upon His flock, whom He had ransomed with His precious blood.

At this time in the distress and bitterness of the period there shone like a luminary (lit., eye of the sun) the holy spirit of our teacher Vanakan in the eastern land who was called "the second Sunrise", full of the light and the incomparable knowledge of the omniscient Holy Spirit, who with much toil and labor freely distributed the spiritual food, i.e., the Word of the Holy Spirit. Like to the heavenly teacher Christ in meekness, humility, patience, and long-suffering, loving saints and sanctuaries, the cross and the church, holy places and *their* servants, priests and monks. To the great he struck terror; to the poor and indigent he was sweet. To the sinners he was indulgent, prescribing the light cure of repentance, according to the ability to carry the yoke of repentance, to renew spirit and body from above, and to remain firm in the true faith, as glorifiers and adorers of the most Holy Trinity.

So also his praiseworthy disciples Vardan; Kirakos, Arak'eal, and Joseph, divided like a cross the eastern country; and they illuminated *it* by the life-giving teach-

ing of the Holy Spirit. Thus they led many sons to glory, freely bestowing the Lord's staffs in cross-like form. Like their glorious teacher they fulfilled the commands of the Lord, that they freely take, and freely give, just as the Lord Christ God would give His life to them *for* His church for an eternal time. Amen.

CHAPTER VI

The war and destruction of the city of Karin and of Horom (Rum) by Bac'u Nuin.

In the year 688 (1239) of the Armenian era the chief of the Tat'ars, Bac'u Nuin, gathering the troops, attacked the town of Karin with countless multitudes, laying siege to it for two months. They captured *it* and cruelly slaughtered and plundered the rich and beautiful town. Likewise they depopulated the monasteries of the country and the marvelous churches, taking captives and plundering. Then the Armenian and Georgian princes took *away* many books, heortologia, martyroliga, the Apostolic works, lectionaries, Acts, and the Gospels written in gold, richly adorned beyond comparison for the edification and adornment of the sons of the new Sion. Whence they took and brought them to the eastern country and filled the monasteries with all the adornments of the churches. After one year had passed there was yet another mustering of the people of the archers with the Armenian and Georgian princes, and they attacked the country of Rum with a countless multitude.

The commander of the forces was Bac'u Nuin: he had been successful in battle wherever he met his foe. He gained many victories. But the cause of the victories were the Armenian and Georgian princes who were first in the vanguard, *and* launched themselves with a mighty blow against the enemy. Then after them *came* the Tat'ars with bow and arrow.

Then when they entered the land of Rum, Sultan Xiat'adin (Chiyath al-Din) came against them with one hundred and sixty thousand *troops*. The son of the great Salue had been with the Sultan a long time. When they drew up for battle, *they were* stationed over against the Tat'ar army, with the son of Salue opposing them on the left wing. The victorious Armenian and Georgian princes were opposing the Sultan's army on the right wing of *his* army. When the battle waxed fierce the courageous and renowned son of Salue put to flight the Tat'ars and killed many of them.

Then the Georgian prince, the lord of Gag, son of the great Varham, grandson of Plu Zak'are, Aghbugha by name, bravely fought against the forces of the Sultan, with the other nobles of the forces of the Armenians and Georgians who were with him. They put to flight the right wing of the army of the Sultan, cutting off the heads of many amirs and magnates, *causing* very much grief to the Sultan. As the day turned to evening they ceased the battle and encamped opposite one another on the level plain which lies between the town of Karin and *that* of Erznkayin (Erzinjan).

But when the next day dawned the army of the Tat'ars joined with the Armenians and the Georgians to go forth against the Sultan in battle. They launched themselves in a great force of cavalry against the camp of the Sultan. When they came to the camping ground (of the Sultan) they did not find anything, only the tents filled with much provender. They beheld the tent of the Sultan *with* many treasures, adorned within and without. (Wild) animals, a leopard, a lion, and a panther were tethered to the door of the Sultan's tent. For in the same night the Sultan had fled with all of his army fearing the amirs who wanted to submit to the Tat'ars. The Tat'ars, seeing that the Sultan had fled, set a small force as a guard over the tents, saying that

it was some sort of a trap, and with the greater part of their forces set out after the Sultan, but were unable to catch anyone, for they had reached the fortified places in their land.

When the Tat'ars learned that the Sultan of Rum had really fled, the army of the Tat'ars returned and they took all of the provisions and baggage of *the* Sultan of Rum, with the large and beautifully colored tents which they had left in fear of the Tat'ars, and themselves had fled. Then in the morning with great joy they set out against the country of Rum. They took Erznkayn first of all and left a governor. They took Caesarea and wrought much bloodshed in it, because the town did not surrender, but resisted the Tat'ars in battle. For there was much cavalry stationed in it; *and* it was all filled with goods. They did not surrender the town peacefully, so the wily Tat'ar army, making an onslaught, took it by trickery and killed off all of the great ones, while the lesser people they cruelly carried into captivity with all their possessions. Again they took Konn and Axc'arn with all the large villages and monasteries. Then they advanced on Sewasta and took it by siege. But they did not kill them, rather took their treasures as booty and registered the populace and imposed tribute on them as was their practice, mal and t'aghar. They left a governor and chieftains in the land of Rum. They themselves went with much treasure and captives, which they had taken from the land of Rum, to the eastern country, to their habitats and to their royal tent.

CHAPTER VII

The mission, and the rendering of tribute to the Tat'ars by the pious Armenian King, Het'um.

Then the pious and Christ-crowned King of Armenia, Het'um, with his father endowed with all wisdom and all of his God-fearing brothers and princes, taking counsel,

came to the decision to submit to the Tat'ars and give them tribute and xalan so as not to let them into their own God-created and Christ-formed country. So this they did. Since they had first seen Bacu, the commander of the Tat'ar army, and had confirmed a pact of friendship and submission, then after this they sent the brother of the King, the general of Armenia, Baron Smbat to Sayin Xan, who had been set on the throne of C'ankez Xan. He went with the blessing of God and saw Sayin Xan, who was very pro-Christian and virtue-loving. Because of this his people called him Sayin Xan, which in their language means the good and fine Xan.

On seeing the Armenian general, Sayin Xan rejoiced much because of the Christian faith, *but* even more because of the firm, manly, and wise words which the Armenian general, Smbat spoke before him. He made him a vassal and gave him a great iarlax, a golden tablet, and a real Tat'ar queen with a crown, which for them was a great honor. To whomsoever they honor and esteem they give a wife from their women of station. Thus they were giving great honor to the Armenian general. They sent him to his country, to the Christ-crowned King of Armenia, Het'um. They ordered him to go himself and see him. The pious King Het'um, seeing his brother Baron Smbat thus favored with such an honor, and esteemed by the Khan, rejoiced greatly. *He rejoiced* even more because of the documents regarding the freeing from taxes of our land and our monasteries, and of all Christians.

CHAPTER VIII

The return from prison, and the reign of the Georgian king's son, Dawit', by efforts of Varham, at the command of the great Khan.

The brave and renowned forces of the Georgians, however, did not have a leader and king for a long time. The daughter of

Lasayin (Lasen), Uruzuk'an, had departed in death from the country, and the Georgians remained without a leader, just as a flock which has no shepherd. Then, by the providence of God, they bethought themselves of the son of their king, Dawit' who was in prison in Rum. Seizing *some* men of the chiefs of the forces of Rum, the Georgian princes led them to Bac'u, who was the commander of the Tat'ars. They had them questioned under torture in regard to the king's son, Dawit', and they inflicted questioning and hard blows on them as was the custom of the Tat'ars. They brought them to confess. They admitted that he was in chains in a dungeon in Caesarea. Then, very much rejoicing, the Georgian princes sent the wise prince, Varham, the lord of Gag. By the command of Bac'u Nuin and all of the other Tat'ar chieftains, they sent along with Varham another Tat'ar chief with one hundred cavalymen. They accompanied him with great authority to Caesarea. When they arrived, by the will of God they found the king's son, Dawit', in a large and deep dungeon. The will of God, however, had kept him alive in the deep prison. When the detachment of Tat'ars and the great prince, Varham, saw *him* they were astonished at his having remained alive, *and* they glorified God.

Dawit', son of the Georgian king, was tall of stature and strong, handsome of feature and with a black beard, filled with all of the wisdom and grace of God.

Then they took him out of the dungeon and dressed him in a robe of honor. They took to horse and rode to the land of the Georgians. When they reached the city of Tiflis the princes of the Georgians greatly rejoiced. They took (lit., taking) an order from Bac'u Nuin and from Ayl'tana Xat'un (who was the wife) of C'awrmaghan who had recently died, so his wife was in charge of the Khanate. She gave an order for

cavalry to follow the great Prince Varham. She sent him to the great Khan (who was in the east). Going with the aid of God, and seeing the Khan, they related what had happened concerning the Prince, and received a rescript from the great Khan. They brought and placed Dawit' on his father's throne in Tiflis. The Georgian princes, greatly rejoicing, named him Varhamul King, that is to say, Varham made thee king! For a time the country of the Georgians and Albanians was quiet because of the accession of the new king.

CHAPTER IX

The death of C'awrmaghan. Ter Kostandin, Catholicos of the Armenians. Baron Kostandin, the former king of the Armenians, the father of Het'um. Dawit' King of the Georgians is betrayed by his princes.

The death of Vardapet Vanakan.

The sage C'awrmaghan died and left two sons by his wife Aylt'ana Xat'un, one called Siramun and the second, Bawra. Siramun was kindly and from youth up fond of the Christians and of the church, and by the will of God was victorious in battle, to such an extent that because of great bravery he was called the "golden pillar" by the khans because of his many victories and battles. But his brother, because of his evil character, was put to death by Hulawu (Hulegu) Ghan.

At this time Ter Kostantin, Catholicos of Armenia, brilliant and outstanding in character, pleasing to God and man, became famous. Along with the Christ-crowned King Het'um, he (lit., they) illuminated with his (lit., their) orthodox faith and brilliant ways all of the Armenian land in the east, west, and in all places.

The King's father, Baron Kostandin, however, with the other God-given sons and princes kept flamingly encouraging *every-one* against foreign and enemy forces of the Christian cross to the abiding joy of

the pious and Christ-crowned King of Armenia, Het'um, together with his handsome and noble offspring, Lewon and Toros.

The kindly and handsome king of the Georgians, Dawit', always kept greatly rejoicing, together with his kingdom, in wine-drinking in his royal seat of Tiflis. One day there was a great banquet and merry-making in the King's presence. It is the custom of the Georgians always to speak vain and boastful words.

One of the Georgian princes counted up the other princes in the presence of the King, and said there were a thousand princes, and some of these princes had a thousand horsemen for battle, and there were some who had five hundred. The story spread abroad throughout all the kingdom. When they had become occupied in eating and drinking, then they counted and took stock of the Georgian and Armenian forces and said their forces would defeat those of the Tat'ars. They assigned the captains over themselves.

This was not thought of or spoken straightforwardly, but in jest, for they were at leisure and free from care. There was no enemy in the eastern land save the Tat'ars alone, who constantly came and kept exacting tribute from the Georgian and Armenian princes. From some they sought gold cloth, from some falcons, and from others well-bred dogs and horses. They exacted from them in such wise, over and above the mal, t'aghar, and xalan. Thus *the Georgians* spoke of these matters not straightforwardly but rather in jest and mirth.

But a certain one of those present, like a traitor Judas, went and informed the Tat'ars, representing the false words as true and straight, by so saying that the Georgian king and his princes planned to attack you.

Then they (the Tat'ars) believed the

false words and invaded *our* country, taking as plunder all of the possessions and flocks of *the people*. But they did not kill the population, being without any order from the great Khan. They seized the King and all of the princes of the nation, while they even took also to the court of the Tat'ar chieftain the great Georgian prince, Awag by name, son of At'abak Iwvane, on a litter, because at that time he had fallen ill and was not able to sit on a horse. Although the other princes and the King spoke very much, they (the Tat'ars) did not believe their words, and they did not cease to make captives and to plunder the country. When they brought Awag on a litter to the court of the chieftain of the Tat'ars, then believing his speech, they stopped the killing in the country and gave peace to the terrified and distressed Christians.

In those days there passed away to Christ our great and famous vardapet Vanakan leaving us in great grief, and not only us, his disciples, but the entire country. May his memory be blessed, and his prayers be upon all the land and all Christians!

CHAPTER X

Locusts. The census in the east. Het'um, king of the Armenians, went to Manku Xan and was loaded with honor. The seven sons of the seven khans. The arrogance of Xul. Ter Step'annos, abbot of Geret'i monastery, is martyred. The illness of Xul by reason of his wickedness. Xul is succeeded by Mighan his son.

At that time, however, there came a horde of locusts and *they* ate up all of the eastern country, so that the whole earth, east and west, in terrible fear, took refuge in God with great lamentations. Then the country was freed from the terrible scourge by the compassion of God. They extolled God the Almighty, their savior in such an affliction. This came to pass in the year 700 (1251) of the Armenian era.

After this affliction a Tat'ar chieftain, Arghun by name, came by the command of Manku Xan and took a census of the eastern country for the taxes. From this time on they were wont to tax according to the number of heads of the people, as many as were inscribed on the books, but still more they plundered the country of the east. In one small village they counted from thirty to fifty men all from fifteen to sixty years of age. They took sixty aspers from each person who was counted. When they captured one who had fled or hid, they cruelly tied his hands to his feet behind and beat him with green rods until his body was all cut and caked with blood. Then they pitilessly let lose their ferocious dogs, which they had trained to eat human flesh, and they let them devour the miserable and impoverished Christians.

Then the Christ-crowned and pious King Het'um, when he heard of all this fury, which was being wreaked in the upper districts of the east, out of love for the Christians, but even more because of his own land, went with much treasure to Manku Xan and took care that his country should not be exposed to such outrages. When he came to the Khan, by the will of God he was honored by the Khan, who bestowed upon the King of the Armenians high rank (lit., honor) and fiefs. Everything he asked for according to his desire was granted him. He (the Khan) sent him back to his country in great joy.

After this, when the year 706 (1251) of the Armenian era had come, there arrived from the east, where the great Khan was, seven sons of the khan's, each with a duman of cavalry, and a duman is thirty thousand. They were named as follows: The first and greatest of them was Hulawu, who was a brother of Manku Xan. The second, Xul, called himself the brother of God and was not ashamed. The third was Balaxe, the fourth Tut'ar, the fifth Tagudar, the sixth

Ghataghan, and the seventh Bawraghan. They were in disagreement among themselves but were very fearless and eaters of men. On their journey they all came and traveled about in wagons, while they leveled the mountains and hills of the eastern country to facilitate the movement of their wagons and carts.

Then that chieftain, who called himself the brother of God, came into the interior of the country and mercilessly fell upon the miserable Christians. They burned all the wooden crosses wherever they found them erected on the roads and mountains. But nothing whatever satisfied them. Wherever they found monasteries in the land they plundered and oppressed, eating and drinking. They trussed up the venerable priests and flogged them mercilessly.

A chieftain of the horsemen of Xul came to a cloister which was called Geret'i, and the head of the cloister was a greybeard and very old, outstanding, holy and accomplished in all of his way, performing good deeds, Step'annos by name. When he beheld the chieftain of the Tat'ars, who was coming towards him to the cloister, he took a jar of wine and went towards the Tat'ar and brought salt as is the custom of the Tat'ars. Then afterwards he led them to the cloister and had him sit down with the other horsemen who were following their chief. He slaughtered a sheep and opened other wine and gave them all their fill in eating and drinking so that they could hardly remain on their horses. In the evening drunk, they returned to their camp (lit., houses), which was near the cloister, that is, the camp of the Tat'ars. When they arrived at their quarters they slept through the night. In the morning, on waking, they beheld their chieftain very sick. When they asked him, "What is the cause of thy sickness?" the chieftain said, "The priest poisoned me last evening." The priest was innocent, but it was because of their evil

and insatiable (eating) and drinking it so happened. They at once set out and brought in bonds the splendid ancient, father Step'annos. After much questioning they did not believe *him*. They set four stakes in the ground and they mercilessly bound him who was guiltless in this matter some distance above the ground. Then they lit a fire under him and burned and roasted his entire body till the marvelous Step'annos gave up the ghost. They clearly saw a portent and a pillar of light over the blessed father Step'annos, who thus, innocent and in vain, underwent his passion, and was crowned *along* with the sacred martyrs.

Then that foul and pitiless chieftain, apart from the sickness which he had, was smitten by a demon so that his madness he ate his own unclean body, and perished in much suffering and bitter affliction. So likewise the entire camp fell ill of the evil disease and many of them died of it. Although it happened thus, they did not fear God but ever persisted in doing deeds of rue and bitter tears. Their great chieftain Xul, the one who in pride called himself like to, and the brother of, God, fell ill with the gout. By reason of this sickness he committed an unmentionable evil, and lamentable act. They went *and* found an infidel Jewish doctor and brought him to Xul. When he saw his sickness, this impious and deceitful leech prescribed as a remedy for the sickness that a red-haired boy's belly be slit open while alive and Xul's foot put in the belly of the boy. They at once sent horsemen out into the country. They entered suddenly into the villages of the Christians and seized the children on the streets and fled like wolves. The parents of the children went after them raising screams and wails, with bitter and sorrowful tears. But they were unable to tear them away, rather turned back and went with sorrowful hearts to their homes.

If they, opposing resistance, did tear away the children, then they (the Tat'ars) shot arrows at the parents of the children. Thus this woeful matter came to pass through the infidel Jew. The children whom they disemboweled reached thirty in number, but he did not recover. Rather, when the impious Xul realized how much evil he had done, and it had not availed him, then he became angry because of the harm *done* to the children. He ordered the Jewish doctor brought before him and disemboweled, and *his entrails* thrown to the dogs. They carried out his command at once, but Xul himself afterwards died an evil death, and his son, Mighan by name, ascended his throne in his place.

CHAPTER XI

The capture of Baghdad and the captivity of the Caliph. The surrender of the district and of the city of martyrs. The right hand of the holy apostle Bartholomew

After this they convened a great assembly of old and young horsemen, including prisoners. They loaded all of the cavalry with countless multitudes they moved on the city of Baghdad. When they arrived on the spot they took at once the great and famous city of Baghdad, filled with many people and rare treasures, and countless gold and silver. When they took it they slaughtered mercilessly and made many prisoners. They loaded all of the cavalry with valuable raiment and the Caliphate's gold. They seized the Caliph, the lord of Baghdad, with all of his treasures and brought him, corpulent and pot-bellied, before Hulawu. When Hulawu saw him he asked, "Are you the lord of Baghdad?" He answered, "Yes, I am." Then he ordered him thrown into prison for three days without bread or water. After three days he ordered him brought before him (Hulawu), and Hulawu asked the Caliph, "What

kind of person are you?" He answered angrily as though to frighten Hulawu, and said, "Is this your humanity that I have been living in hunger for three days?" Previously the Caliph had told the citizens: "Be not afraid; even should the Tat'ars come, I shall bear the standard of Mahmet (Muhammad) through the gates so the Tat'ar horsemen shall all flee, and we shall be saved." Hulawu heard this and was very angry. Then he ordered a plate of red gold brought and put before him. When they brought it, the Caliph asked, "What is this?" Hulawu said, "This is gold; eat so thy hunger and thirst shall pass and thou shalt be assuaged." The Caliph retorted, "Man is not saved by gold, but by bread, meat, and wine." Hulawu said to the Caliph, "Since thou knowest that man is not saved by dry gold, but by bread, meat, and wine, why didst thou not send so much gold to me? Then I would not have come to plunder thy city and seize thee. But thou, without care for thyself, satest eating and drinking." Then Hulawu ordered him given to the feet of his troops, and thus to slay the Caliph of the Arabs. They (the Tat'ars) returned with much treasure and plunder to the eastern country.

After a year they attacked Mup'arghain (Mayyafariqin) but were not able to take it, as the holy Marut'a had built the city of martyrs very strongly. He had collected all of the holy relics and put them in it, and he had strongly walled it, and called it the "city of martyrs," which no one had been able to take save by capitulation till the time of the Tat'ars. Then the patient Tat'ar army laid siege till they (the inhabitants) began to eat one another from hunger. They said that the head of a donkey cost thirty dirhems. Thus they straitly besieged it for three years. They took the city of martyrs, where the Armenian forces which were with the Tat'ars found many relics of the

saints and brought them to their country.

Then the great Armenian prince Tagheadin by name, of the family of the Bagratuni, seized a Syrian priest and forced him to confess he found the right *hand* of the holy apostle Bartholomew. Bearing it with great joy to his eastern country he deposited it in his cloister. Afterwards, at the instance of the great prince of Artsruni, Sadun by name, he gave it to him. Sadun, the lord of Haghat, the great and famous holy brotherhood, brought and deposited the right *hand* of the holy apostle Bartholomew in the holy brotherhood's *place* Haghat, and it is still really there.

CHAPTER XII

Hulawu installed as Khan by order of Manku Xan. The disobedience and the punishment of four of the seven sons of the seven khans. The two wrestlers and the contest.

Then the seven sons of khans who had come and taken the city of Baghdad loaded themselves with much treasure of gold and pearls. They did not agree among themselves but each chieftain esteemed himself as the greatest. Without (y) *asax* they plundered and ravaged the eastern country.

Then the great prince, and most noted of them, whose name was Hulawu, and he was the brother of Manku Xan, as we have mentioned above, sent to Manku Xan his brother in the Far East and recounted all that had happened. "We came, these seven chieftains of dumans, with the aid of God and of you. We sent back the old troopers and the *t'emayc'ik'* from here. We went and took the city of Baghdad, and returned with much booty with God's and your aid. Now what else do you command us? If we remain in this manner without (y) *asax*, and without a commander, this country will be wasted and the command of C'angez Xan will not endure. For he ordered us

to subdue and hold the country through affection, and to build rather than destroy. The other commands are for you. Whatever you command we shall do." With such words the ambassadors went to Manku Xan from Hulawu.

When the ambassadors came to the place, Manku Xan asked about his brother. They told him what Hulawu Xan had ordered them. When Manku Xan heard the message then he bade his messengers, that is, his judges: "Go and install Hulawu my brother, (Xan) of that land. Whosoever does not submit to him, impose this *yasax* by our command.

Then the messengers came by the order of Manku Xan and convened a great *xur-ut'ay*. They invited all the chieftains who were in the train of Hulawu. They invited the Georgian king with his horsemen and they summoned Bac'u and his horsemen, and gave them secret instructions for their *private* ears. Thereupon the messengers of Manku Xan, through ambassadors of high rank, invited the khans' sons—Balaxe, Tut'ar, Chataghan, Bawraghan, Tagudar and Mighan, who was the son of Xul. When all of them had gathered together, then the messengers told them the command of Manku Xan. When, however, the khans' sons heard that it was his will that Hulawu become Khan, four became angry and refused to submit to Hulawu. Tagudar and Bawraghan submitted to Hulawu. Balaxay, Tut'ar, Chataghan, and Mighan did not submit. When the messengers of Manku Xan learned that these four would not submit, but even wanted to fight Hulawu, then they ordered the *yasax* imposed upon Balaxe, Tut'ar, and Chataghan, to be strangled by a bowstring, for it was their custom to kill khans in such a manner. But Mighan, who was the son of Xul, and young in years, they seized and put him in prison in the middle of the salt lake which lies between the districts of Her and Zarawand.

Again the messengers of Manku Ghan ordered the Armenian and Georgian forces, as well as the forces of Hulawu, to go and attack their armies and to slay them mercilessly. So they did. They killed so many that the mountains and plains stank from the bodies of the slain Tat'ars. But two chieftains, one called Nuxak'awun, and the other Aradamur, having been forewarned, took twelve thousand horsemen and much treasure and gold and fine horses, as much as they could. They escaped and went across the great river called the Kur. They did not rest, until they came to their own country, and from their own country they secured Berk'e as their helper, who was the brother of Sayin Ghan, and they wreaked much evil for ten years.

Then the messengers of Manku Ghan, who had come with a great (y) asax, showed Hulawu Ghan great honor. There was peace for a time. Hulawu Khan was very good, loving Christians, the church, and priests. Likewise his blessed wife Tawvus Xat'un, who was good in every way, and was compassionate to the poor and the needy. She very much loved all Christians, Armenians and Syrians, so that *her* tent was a church, and a sounder traveled with her, and many Armenian and Syrian priests.

The pious King of the Armenians, Het'um heard that Hulawu Ghan had been enthroned, and that he was so friendly and pro-Christian; then the Armenian King also went to the east with many gifts. He saw Hulawu Khan, and when the Khan saw the King of Armenia he liked him very much and honored him. He wrote a second charter (lit., freedom) for his kingdom, but more especially for the churches and ecclesiastics, and for all the Christians of the country. With such wealth he dispatched the King of the Armenians to his country. But also many kings and sultans came to him (Hulawu) in submission with many gifts. Hulawu became very great and so

powerful that his cavalry and forces were countless. So also was it with all of his possessions. Precious stones and pearls were like the sand of the sea before him. Apart from other things *were* riches and a vast amount of gold, silver, horses, and herds without measure or number.

When Hulawu Ghan realized that God had given him the Khanate, riches, a multitude of foot and horse soldiers and of all possessions, then he ordered a palace erected for himself at great expense on the plain of Darn, which place in their own language they called Alatagh, which had previously been the place of the summer residence of the great Armenian kings, i. e., the Arshakids. Hulawu Ghan himself was of a great mind and great soul, just, and quite learned. He was a great shedder of blood, but he slew only the wicked and his enemies, and not the good or righteous. He loved the Christian folk more than the infidels. He liked the Christians so much that he took pigs for the one yearly tribute from the Armenians — 100,000 shoats, and he sent two thousand pigs to every Arab city, and ordered Arab swineherds appointed to wash them every Saturday with a piece of soap, and in addition to *give them* fodder every morning, and at evening to give the pigs almonds and dates to eat. Every Arab man, were he great or small, who did not eat the flesh of swine was decapitated. So he honored the Arabs. This was an object lesson for the Armenian and Georgian forces, that Hulawu Ghan liked the Armenian and Georgian forces greatly because of their extreme bravery which they evidenced before him in every battle. Because of this he called them bahaturs. He chose the handsome and youthful sons of the great Armenian and Georgian princes and appointed them his guards. He called them *k'esikt'oyk'* which are the palace guards with sword and bow.

He began to rebuild the devastated

places
select
and t
and
all o
build
gave
veler
the t
sat, c

Do
from
race.
who
shou
His
ever
with
a pr
ten
is c
ther
dres
mar
this
amb
mor
ask
mer
him
Tat
fear
the
"W
a s
der
wa
one
fet
Th
gia
of
K'
bu
pe

places, and from each inhabited village he selected householders, one from the small, and two or three from the large *villages*, and he called them *iam*, and sent them to all of the destroyed places to undertake rebuilding. They paid no taxes at all, but *gave* only bread and broth for *Tat'ar* travelers. He established by such ordinances the throne of his *Khanate*, and he himself sat, eating and drinking with great cheer.

During these days there came a man from *Manku Ghan*, a *Mughal* (*Mongol*) by race. This man was very appalling to those who saw him. He was tall of stature, broad-shouldered, and with a neck like a buffalo. His hands were enormous like a bear's, and every day he devoured one sheep. He had with him a letter from *Manku Khan* and a priceless robe. The following was written in the letter: "This famous strong man is come to my brother *Hulawu Ghan*. If there be a man strong enough to throw him, dress him in this robe, but if my strong man overcomes thine, then clothe him in this robe and send him to me with the great ambassadors." Then *Hulawu Khan* summoned all of the chieftains of his army and asked, "Do you know a man — *Tat'ar*, *Armenian*, or *Georgian* — who might throw him?" They searched but did not find a *Tat'ar*, for whoever saw this man everyone feared his terrible size and aspect. Then the *Armenian* and *Georgian* princes said, "We know a man through whom perchance a solution might be found." The *Khan* ordered him brought quickly. They said he was not here but at home. The *Khan* at once ordered the messengers quickly to fetch him, not by horse but by carriage. This man, whom the *Armenian* and *Georgian* princes mentioned, was of the family of the great *Artsruni*, grandson of *Amir K'erd*, *Sadun* by name. He was tall, well built, and very strong from childhood, experienced and well versed in this matter,

but no one had ever entered on a contest in the presence of the *Khan*.

When the messengers came and told the commands of the *Khan*, *Sadun* was disturbed, (first) because none had ever grappled with a man in the presence of the *Khan*, and also because of what he had heard of the fearsomeness and strength of his opponent. Then he commended himself to the monks to pray for him. He betook himself to the *monastery* of *Gag*, to the holy intercessors *Sargis* who had been blessed by the blessed and holy *vardapet Mesrop*. Taking there a vow, he made an offering to the holy symbol (the cross). Then, joining the messengers, he went to *Hulawu Ghan*.

But when *Hulawu Ghan* saw *Sadun*, his strength and tall stature, he was much pleased. He ordered the strong men to remain together for nine days, and every day they were to eat a sheep and a skin of wine. When those nine days had ended, he ordered all of his chieftains to assemble before him. He summoned the two strong men and bade them to clinch with each other. When they grappled with each other it was the third hour of the day. For three hours, till the sixth hour of the day, they remained grappling with each other. One was not able to overcome the other. Then *Sadun*, strengthened by the name of God, with a sudden effort threw down the strong man of *Manku Ghan* before *Hulawu Ghan*. *Sadun* was greatly honored before the *Khan*. No one like him was found in all the land with such gifts, great honor, and strength in the time of the *Tat'ars*. *Hulawu Ghan* ordered a *iarlax* written allowing him nine exemptions from crimes.

CHAPTER XIII

The conquest of Aleppo, Damascus, and Jerusalem by Hulawu Ghan, and his death.

After this the *Khan* called out two from every ten of the assembled army. He made

K'it'bugha their commander. He sent them against Aleppo and Damascus. They came and took Aleppo, killed mercilessly, made captives, and gorged themselves with many treasures. Hulawu Khan himself followed the horsemen in secret. When the people of Damascus learned that they had taken Aleppo, then they themselves, of their own will, gave over the city and the key of the city into the hands of Hulawu Khan.

The city of Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre of Christ our God had remained in the hands of the Arabs from the time of Sultan Salahatin (Saladin) onward. Hulawu Khan hearing this went against the city of Jerusalem and took it. He himself entered the church of the Holy Resurrection and prostrated himself before the Holy Sepulchre. Leaving a force on the spot he himself returned in peace to the eastern country.

Then K'it'bugha, who was the commander of the Tat'ar force, becoming overweening, went out to a place ten days journey from Jerusalem. Then the (doglike) and lawless Egyptians, learning that the army of the Tat'ars was living in unpreparedness, gathered their forces and with countless multitudes fell upon the Tat'ars, killed many of them, put many to flight, and captured many. Again they took Jerusalem, Aleppo, and Damascus. This was with the aid of the P'rang (Frankish) knights, who had not become friendly with the Tat'ars. So this came to pass.

During these days a comet appeared. It first rose in the morning of the Sabbath day of the Feast of the Tabernacle. From day to day the star's rays and beams increased. At first it appeared in the morning, then a little later it came in the hour of the noon meal and then rose. As the days went on, it appeared in the evening, and at the eleventh hour of the day its rays like hair reached from the east into the center of our country. It increased its hairlike

rays till it seemed very terrible to all the country, because they never had seen such a terrible portent on the earth. Thus increasing its broad and huge rays it remained until the beginning of the winter months. Then just as it increased so little by little, it decreased, day by day, till all of the rays of its tail were shortened and it appeared no more.

Then Hulawu Khan, when he saw it, knew at once that this star appeared in regard to him (lit., me). He cast himself on his face and prostrated himself before God, for he was very much frightened when the rays of the star began to lessen. All the world knew that the star's rays extended as far as the horse of Hulawu Khan had gone and as far as he had conquered the earth. Then it disappeared. Hulawu Khan lived one more year, then he departed from the world leaving behind him thirty sons. In the same year that Hulawu Khan died his good wife Tawvus Xat'un also passed away. All of the Christians were very much grieved by her death.

CHAPTER XIV

The death of Kostandin, the father of Het'um, the Armenian King. The succession of Hulawu of Abagha his son. The death of Ter Kostandin, the Armenian Catholicos. The attack of P'ntuxtart, the Sultan of Egypt, on Het'um. The captivity of Lewon, the Armenian prince. The affliction and lamentation of Het'um on the loss of his sons.

In these days there passed away to Christ the Armenian King's father, Baron Kostandin, grey-haired and full of days. He left the pious King Het'um, all his other sons, and the Armenian land in great grief. For Baron Kostandin was the cause of the building up of the land of Armenia and the stabilizing of the royal power of his son Het'um, because of which the Christ-

crowned King Het'um being edified, buried his father the baron with great pomp, to whom Christ our Lord give glory to his soul and make the holy princes partakers of His kingdom.

Then one year after Hulawu died they convened a great xuruf'ay and appointed Abaghaghyan, the eldest son of Hulawu. Abagha was the handsomest in appearance, and the best-built of his thirty brothers, and in the days of his Khanate there was abundance of all things throughout the land.

In those days there passed to Christ the holy and blameless Armenian patriarch Ter Kostandin, good in name, and in deep old age, by whose prayers may Christ give peace to those who worship His name, and to his (Kostandin's) pious soul, for his love for the orthodox faith and all ordinances of his church. Make him a crowned colleague of the holy patriarchs, heeding the voice which said, "O good and faithful servant, come, enter the joy of thy master in life eternal!"

The word of the sage was here fulfilled who said, "As the good and righteous decrease, so do the torrents of evil-doings increase." So it was with us.

Then the infidel and ferocious Sultan of Egypt came with a great force to Damascus, and from there sent ambassadors to the King of the Armenians in regard to some trifle which he wanted from the King. The Armenian King did not give it; rather he answered insulting words calling him a (dog) and a slave for this reason: When the Tat'ars took Baghdad there were two slaves of the Sultan of Egypt in Baghdad. One was called P'ntuxtartar and the other Sghur. When they realized that the Tat'ars had taken Baghdad, they took two horses and fled, with the intention of going to Egypt.

The Tat'ars, observing their flight, pursued them at full gallop. Now P'ntuxtartar

was bearded and had a poor horse, but Sghur was a stripling and had a fine horse. When they realized it was the intention of the Tat'ars to seize them both, Sghur dismounted from his Arab steed, gave it to P'ntuxtartar, and himself mounted the poor horse. He said to P'ntuxtartar, "Mount thou the good horse and flee. I am a stripling, and if the Tat'ars catch me they will not kill me, but will take me away as a captive. When you find any way, ransom me."

Then the Tat'ars arrived and caught Sghur and took him prisoner, but they were unable to catch P'ntuxtartar, for he had a thoroughbred. He escaped and went to Egypt. On his way to Egypt the Sultan of Egypt died and they appointed P'ntuxtartar Sultan of Egypt. Having heard this, the King of the Armenians called him a (dog) and a slave. He did not make peace, but remained hostile to him and insubordinate, knowing that his father the Baron was alive and his princes united.

The Sultan, learning what the Armenian Kings opinion was, sent many of his troops against the country of the Armenians by the route of Mari, while he himself took up his position in Xarxe. He ordered his army to go into the land, mercilessly to slaughter the Christians, destroy the churches and burn the buildings of towns and villages, to remain in the land fifteen days and take prisoners the women and children of the Christians, which they did.

Then the Armenian King, when he learned of the invasion of the Turks into his country, mustered his forces and entrusted them to his sons, the crown princes, Lewon and T'oros. He himself with a small detachment went to the Tat'ars who were sojourning between Ablstin and Kokeson. He remained there several days, not knowing of the dissensions in his army. Once he persuaded the chieftain of the Tatars to come and aid his troops, he came back two days ahead of them. Then he heard of the

coming of the Turks and the defeat of his rebellious army, how they betrayed his sons, the crown princes, into the hands of the infidel wolves, and they themselves fled to their strongholds; that they (the Turks) had struck down his handsome son the prince, Baron T'oros, from his horse in the battle. The Turks had seized Baron Lewon and many of his troops, taking them prisoners to Egypt.

Hearing this the high-minded King Het'um's heart broke from great and excessive grief, which had happened to him of a sudden. He was unable to keep up his heart, so he came to the holy and renowned cloister of the *brotherhood* of monks at Akanc', and there he was consoled a little by each one of the holy brothers of the order. He remained a few days till the Turks left his country, for the infidel Turkish troops carried out all the orders of their Sultan. They burned the town of Sis, which was the seat of the Armenian kings. They cast wood into the fine and great church which was in the center of Sis and they burned it. They demolished the tombs of the kings. They killed many Christians and took many captives from the land and villages. After several days the Turkish army, with much treasure and plunder, went to their own country, leaving the land of Armenia half ruined. Then those who had taken Baron Lewon learned he was really the King's son and they brought him in joy to the Sultan. The Sultan was happy on seeing him, but was much displeased that Baron T'oros had been killed. He became very angry with the killers, but the killers said, "We did not know that he was the King's son, for he killed and wounded many of us, and in an attempt to seize him he was killed."

After this the Sultan spoke to Lewon and said, "Your father called me a slave and would not make peace. Am I the slave

now, or you?" He said this and many other words of reproach to the King's son, and then thereafter he greatly honored him and showed him affection, uttering words of comfort, not to fear anything, but to remain cheerful for some days and then he would send him back to his father the King of the Armenians. With these words the Sultan P'ntuxtar sent Baron Lewon to Egypt.

The pious King Het'um, however, took no heed of all the past misfortunes for a time, because of the treacherous and rebellious princes. He gained their good will by goodness of heart, for he had other small sons and daughters, and was consoled by them with false consolation so as to gain the good will of the princes, to learn through kindness their deceitful thoughts. Whosoever of the princes wrote a letter regarding the loss of the sons, he bound it in black and sent it to the King. The King wrote an answer, bound it in red and sent it thus like a book. This is what his tongue and hands solely inscribed and did, but God alone knew how filled his own heart was with fire, for he did not see his stately and blooming sons before him, neither in the evening, nor in the morning, nor at dinner time when they ate and drank. He kept thinking of the hapless misfortunes of his sons, of T'oros, with the handsome form and elegant figure, who had been cut down by the swords of the cruel and bloodthirsty infidels, and also of Lewon, suffering fear and distress in slavery amongst the foreigners.

The pious Armenian King was brooding over all this, burning with a fearful *inner* fire. His bowels were wrung with woe through love of the sons whom he did not see, and he writhed on the ground in inconsolable grief, but it was in secret and in hiding, lest the envious and murderous princes find out and rejoice at the grief of the King. This event came to pass in the

summer time, in the last months, at the festival of the Holy Mother of God.

King Het'um, imposing restraint upon his burning heart, endured until the festival of the Holy Apostles, hiding his sadness from the fearless princes. Then he gave command to summon the princes both from far and near under the pretext of blessing the water in the city of Msis. All of the princes who were in his kingdom assembled in the city of Msis. When the King was aware that all the princes had arrived, he bade them come before him and be seated. When all had come and taken their seats, the King asked his servants, "If others wait, summon them." They replied, "Holy King! All are here who stand before thee." The King kept on summoning the absent princes and barons. The servants of the King were unable to understand what the King meant. Then the princes said to the King, "Those whom you have commanded and summoned, all are here, and there is no one missing."

Then the King, vexed in heart, glanced hither and thither, and half aloud and with tears in his eyes asked, "If all are here, then where are Lewon and Toros?" The princes began to beat their heads in inconsolable and heavy grief, uttering sighs of woe and grief. They remembered the handsome sons of the King, the one in servitude amongst the foreigners, and the other put to the sword by the hands of the infidels. Not only did the princes weep such bitter and despondent tears, but also the priests and vardapets of the church. They broke into a chant with the lament of Jeremiah the prophet who said, "Who will make of my head a container of water, and my eyes into springs of tears, so that seated I bewail the misfortunes of my congregation?" Thus the vardapets, priests, and princes wept. There was no one amongst them who would console them,

but they remained oppressed by heavy grief and broken hearts.

Then the lofty-minded and high-souled King Het'um calmed his broken and suffering heart, and then uttered words of consolation for the hearts of the princes and priests and vardapets, saying thus, "Know, all my princes, vardapets and priests, that the battle of Vardan and his companions was for the Christians. Just as such a number of horsemen strove on behalf of the Christians, and became worthy of heavenly crowns, so also did my son. Toros strove valiantly for the Christians and contended for the Christians. He has joined the band of the followers of the holy Vardan, and has become worthy of the same crown. Bewail him not, but rather deem him blessed, for Christ loved him and made him worthy of His holy crown. He mixed his blood with the blood of the martyrs who have inherited with the Kingdom of Heaven which is in Jesus Christ. But Lewon, the eldest son, is in Egypt in captivity among the foreigners. It is better for me that Lewon is a prisoner and Toros has shed his blood for the Christians, than that I should hold sway over all the land in your blood and misfortune, because you would not have known, had something like this happened, what our land of Armenia would have encountered." The King, speaking these and other words of consolation, made the princes cease from weeping and grief.

Then the high-minded and good-willed princes of the King, and likewise the priests, vardapets, and bishops who had assembled before the King at the feast of the Holy Resurrection, were comforted by the King in their grief over the royal sons. In similar wise they spoke many words of consolation and calmed the heart of the King. They celebrated the feast of the Resurrection among themselves in merry-making, comforting the King. Yet the King was unable to restrain his heart from sobs and

sighs because of Lewon his son, who was a captive in Egypt. He was unable to discover by what means he could free him. Then the King again summoned the princes before and asked them what means he might employ to free Lewon his son.

The princes, being at a loss, upbraided the King and said, "We possessed a certain inhabited locality, because of which locality you have lost your sons and have attributed to us their misfortune. Would it not have been better that this one village of ours had ceased to be ours, than that we should become the talk and laughing stock of all the country?" Then the King bade the princes cease their vain talk and hear from him what the Armenian princes, who were at the court of (Apagh) Xan, had transmitted to him in secret, namely, that during this time the Arab amirs had become advisers and associates of the Khan. In secret *they* were friendly to the Egyptians and evilly disposed to the king of the Armenians and to all Christians. The Arab amirs had become favorites and (advisers) of the Khan, and had written to the Sultan of Egypt in secret: "Seek by goodwill to obtain one village from the Armenian King, and this will be sufficient and more than enough to ruin him and his country. We will tell and advise the Khan the Armenian King is damaging the whole world, and he will send horsemen to slay them all."

But the pious King of the Armenians had learned of this beforehand by means of secret letters from the Armenian princes who were in the east, and were friendly to, and very fond of, this our kingdom. Now the Armenian princes had written to the pious King Het'um words of consolation for his sons and our land, and at the end, "Oh, Holy King! The word which we have heard *means* it were better for you that your one son died for Christendom, and the other went into captivity, than that they king-

dom perished and thy country altogether were destroyed and thy Christians slaughtered. For these Arab (dogs), who abide here at this court, have been put to shame, because the Arab (dogs) kept saying this to the Khan, that the Armenian King and the Egyptian Sultan are one in word and deed. But we, the Armenian princes, swearing an oath before the Khan, said that the Arab *pack are liars*; do not believe them. Now the Arab *pack* have heard of this *misfortune of Het'um* and are put to shame, and the heart of the Khan has improved towards you. Had it been that thou wert tricked, and had it become known that thou hadst given one empty building, not to mention an uninhabited village, as the *Sultan* wished, then your kingdom would have been all destroyed, and we should have been covered with shame." When the princes had heard all this from the King, they were all stricken with wonder and confessed their fault to the King, for they had not known all the reasons for this matter.

CHAPTER XV

The pact of Het'um with P'ntuxtart. Ter Yakoub, Catholicos of Armenia. The return of Lewon from captivity. The joy of Het'um. His abdication from the kingdom, his retreat, and his death. The death of David the King of the Georgians.

Thereafter, the King of the Armenians, after asking the advice of the princes, sent an ambassador to the Sultan of Egypt to learn about his son Lewon, and what the wish of the Sultan might be, what he might give and ransom his son. The Sultan of Egypt, P'ntuxtart, although he was a Tajik (i. e., Arab), was still very kind and simple. He was always nice to, and kept the crown prince Lewon in custody with provisions and all sorts of things. When he heard of the arrival of the ambassadors he rejoiced and said, "We should send Lewon to his father and to his kingdom. I have a beloved comrade a prisoner with the Tat'ars.

Obtain him by your own efforts. If you want to *get* him from the Tat'ars they will not cause trouble. Take him, Sghur by name, and take Lewon away."

Hearing this from the ambassadors, the Armenian king at once gathering many treasures and precious things, went to the east to Abagha Ghan. He told him of *his* complaints, what the Egyptians had done to him and to his country. He also told of the request of the Sultan regarding the captive Sghur, but he was unable to obtain him at once. He came *back* and sent his nephew, who with the aid of God went and brought Sghur the captive to our country.

During this time the Egyptian Sultan came against the city of Antioch. He took Antioch and destroyed it to its foundations and mercilessly slaughtered (and took captives) so it cannot be told what the foreigners did to the believers in Christ. When the King sent to the Sultan *saying*, "Sghur has been brought," the Sultan was very happy and at once dispatched Lewon with many gifts. They (the Armenians) sent Sghur with many presents. When Baron Lewon came the King was very happy, and the princes of the country, as well as the monks and all Christians who were in the entire land.

By the passing away of the great Armenian Patriarch our Armenian land had remained one year without a Patriarch, for the King had been in mourning because of his sons. No one could be appointed to this office except by the King. Then the King was urged by the princes, vardapets, and bishops, who said it was improper that our Armenian land should remain without a Patriarch and Catholicos. The king, being urged, convened a great assembly of bishops, princes and vardapets, and he made a choice from among them. He found a man after his own heart, very wise and outstanding, gentle and of humble heart, and a full-fledged vardapet, Yakob by

name. Then with great ceremony he had him consecrated Catholicos, and seated him on the throne of St. Gregory the Illuminator; may Christ the Lord protect him, holy and pure, incorrupted, straight in faith, with orthodox confession, until deep old age, so that he may administer to the new congregation *which* believes in the Holy Trinity.

When Baron Lewon came, freed from captivity, the pious and blessed King Het'um at once went to meet him, and he gave all of his kingdom and his estates into the hands of Baron Lewon, his son, and himself retired to solitude. He loved monasteries and desert *retreats*. After some days a kind of sore suddenly broke out on his body and very much irked him, but he continually persisted in fasting and prayers until he let himself be made a monk, and took the name "Makar." After a short time the holy and Christ-crowned and pious King passed away to Christ. They buried him with great honors in the holy and renowned monastery called Drzark. May the Lord God glorify his spirit along with our holy kings, and with the same crown of which they were worthy! May He glorify him along with them! May He make *him* worthy of the heavenly mansions where the holy saints abide.

After the death of the pious King of the Armenians (Het'um) there also died the Georgian King, Dawit', for I believe their deaths occurred in the same month. They were, in their lifetimes, much beloved and pairseworthy in aspect and handsome in body. So also may they be before the Heavenly King Christ our Lord!

CHAPTER XVI

The overweeningness of Tagudar and his devastations. His imprisonment by order of Abagha Khan

After this, of the seven khans' sons whom we have mentioned before, four (*sic*; three) were killed, two submitted and one was put in *prison* in the middle of the salt

sea. One of those who had submitted, T'agudar by name, waxed very strong in horsemen and had many treasures, gold and all things, such that three hundred camels and one hundred and fifty wagons *were needed* to carry his wealth and possessions, not counting the herds of horses and flocks without number. The number of his troops was forty thousand, renowned and very war-like, and fearless wherever they were. They destroyed the caravans of the country by banditry, watching the roads at night. They took everything from the caravans going from city to city. In like manner they smote the small villages at night and took all property and quadrupeds. They cruelly shot the people with arrows. Likewise they went into monasteries and hanged the officiating priests head downwards. They mixed salt and soot and put it in the nostrils of the priests saying, "Bring oceans of wine and mountains of meat." This they did in many other places: they made the monks hold dogs' tails in their mouths, if the unfortunates did not have wine in the monasteries. This was what they swore to *the monks*, "Either give wine to drink, and to take as much as they wished or hold dogs' tails in your mouths," as we have written.

The exactions of this lawless chieftains weighed upon the eastern monasteries. Learning of this the Armenian and Georgian princes went together to Abagh Khan and cast their swords before the Khan and said, "Either give T'agudar and his troops into our hands, or kill us in front of you, so as not to see such outrages as they are doing to our churches and to the clergy." Likewise the other Tat'ar forces complained, saying, "The forces of T'agudar keep falling upon our tents and stealing our horses." Even the Khan complained before the Armenian and Georgian (princes), as well as his own Tat'ar chieftains, and said, "T'agudar has become overweening and

powerful. He does not listen to us, and does not obey our law. He wants to plunder our land lawlessly with his troops."

Then Abagh Khan ordered Siramun, who, as we have mentioned before, was called the "golden pillar," to take one hundred thousand Tat'ar troops. He gave the Khan's own seal into the hands of Siramun. Likewise he ordered the Armenian and Georgian forces to go themselves in full strength against T'agudar, and mercilessly to slay his forces (lit., him), take all of his things, and to bring T'agudar himself alive before him. Hearing this the Armenian and Georgian troops were very happy at the freeing of their land from the evil deeds of T'agudar. They bravely mustered themselves for war, likewise Siramun, the son of C'awrmaghan, who was very well disposed towards the Christians. Taking the Khan's standard and one hundred thousand troops, he suddenly fell on T'agudar and mercilessly slaughtered his troops. They took all of his treasure, and himself with seven hundred men whom they brought to the Khan. The Khan, seeing him, mocked him and gave him a woman, a blunted knife, and ten men as a guard. He sent him in the midst of the salt sea which lies in the districts of Her and Zarawand. Here there was fulfilled the saying of the prophet which said "A man was in honor and understood it not."

CHAPTER XVII

Lewon succeeds his father by consent of Abagha Khan. The strategem of Lewon towards his treacherous princes. The revelation of the relics of the great Nerses.

Finis.

Then Baron Lewon, son of the Armenian King, went before Abagha Khan and informed him of the death of the King. He was very much liked and honored by the Khan, and received a command with regard to his reigning in the place of his father. He then returned and came to his

own country. He convened a great assembly of princes, bishops, priests, and vardapets in the great, the splendid, and renowned city of Tarsus. He invited also the great Catholicos Ter Yakob. Then he ordered *all* to gather in the great and renowned holy church of St. Sophia. He kept vigil and prayers, and crowned himself King, which same was carried out by the will of the Heavenly King Christ. They blessed and anointed the King's son Lewon and the oil of holiness as King over all Armenia. There was rejoicing and great joy in all the land of the Armenians, and there was a restoration and new happiness to the family of the Rubenids.

(In the year 720 (1271) of the Armenian era there passed away to Christ our famous vardapets Vardan and Kirakos. May their blessed prayers be on us and on the entire country.)

Now the King's son, King Lewon himself, was profoundly wise and understanding from his youth on. He knew all of his friends and enemies, yet he did not bring this to light, but rather remained silent until he (wished) to bring forth what he had conceived in anger. For there were certain princes of his kingdom who were of Greek descent, and they possessed of large fortunes and all kinds of possessions. After three years of his rule they plotted evil against the kingdom, and they wished to destroy the Armenian kingship and to rule themselves. The depraved and apostate nation of Greeks, false Christians, but real Chalcedonites, had *even* intended to destroy our monasteries and to protect those who believed in their heresy while destroying those who did not profess it. It was not only they themselves who were doing this, but they had won over by deceit certain of the vardapets, Armenian priests, and vacillating princes to come over to the same faith, and together to oppress the Armenians. But the providence of God the Crea-

tor did not let pass unheeded the prayers of his servants, rather preserved the royally born Armenian King, Lewon, together with all his kingdom, unshaken and untouched by the evil which they had plotted. Those who had planned evil fell into the pit which they had digged. The Christ-crowned King Lewon, by his own understanding, seized some of the treacherous people, and he found a written letter naming the participants in this conspiracy, both Armenians and Greeks. He sent his own trustworthy servants and seized them. He killed some, and some he put in a fast prison. Others he dispatched to Abagha Khan in the east. There they imposed the yaxas on them, and all other enemies they (the Mongols) gave into his hands, and they ordered *him* either to imprison them or to kill them.

Thus King Lewon became strong and gained victory over his enemies with the aid of the Heavenly King Christ, to Whom be the prayers of all the saints! May Christ God keep victorious the reign of King Lewon of the Armenians, with his goodly progeny, over all of his enemies! May Christ God give him life for his church for a long time!

In those days there came to light the venerable and holy relics of Nerses, the great Armenian patriarch, in his own sepulchre, through whose holy prayers, may Christ God give peace to all the country, and to him glory unto eternity! Amen.

The history of the deeds of the Tat'ars over forty-four years has been completed, but it is brief and not all.

A COMMENTARY ON THE TRANSLATION

By BISHOP L. KOGY

"History of the Nation of Archers", the shortest yet the most interesting of all the works of Armenian monks of the Middle Age has now won the distinction of being

translated into English. The Armenian original was published twice in the same year, in 1870, in Jerusalem and St. Petersburg, the latter accompanied by a Russian translation and annotations by K. Patkanian. The story itself has been preserved in two manuscripts, one — the choicest — in Jerusalem (No. 32, written in 1271), and the other in Venice. Robert P. Blake and Richard N. Frye of Harvard University have just offered the third publication together with an English translation, a publication of Harvard Journal of Asiatic Studies, Vol. 12, Dec. 1949, Numbers 3-4, pp. 269-399.

The selection of this university magazine is significant. The Armenian monastic author has written the Armeno-Tartar history comprising the period of 1220-1267, during the Catholicosate of Constantine I, 1221-1267 and the reign of Hetoum I, King of Armenia, 1226-1269 (see Father Akinian, "Handes Amsorya", 1948, 269-279). The story is interesting not only from the Armenian, but also from the Tartar viewpoints. It includes numerous Tartar-Mongol names, words, episodes which are important to Mongology. It is for this reason that the English translation, accompanied by the Armenian original, has appeared in a magazine dedicated to Asiatic research.

Who is the Armenian monk who authored this brief yet interesting story?

In the first two publications the author is represented as one Abbot Magakia, but in the third publication the English translation bears the heading of "Hitherto ascribed to Maghakia the Monk" (p. 17).

This is what has happened. Mekhitarist Father H. Voskian of Vienna had undermined the authorship of Maghakia, while Father N. Akinian had established the authorship of Priest Gr. Aknertzi ("Handes Amsorya," 1948, 387-403). Based upon these studies (pp. 3-6) the translators have concluded: "The name of Maghakia must be deleted from the list of Armenian his-

torians, and the work ascribed henceforth to its author, Grigor of Akhantz" (b). Consequently, they ascribe the story to Grigor Akanetzi, or as the English reads: "History of the Nation of the Archers by Grigor of Akantz."

In all probability this story some day will appear in the form of a separate volume. Should this happen, I will recommend to the esteemed translators the following title in Armenian: "Priest Grigor of Akantz," or, "Grigor Aknertzi."

Apparently, Grigor Aknertzi has abridged a comprehensive story, a lost work of Hovannes the Monk, according to the version of Voskian, a theory on which the translators are agreed (p. 7.). However, the work is enriched and interwoven with characteristic details about the Mongols which "we seek in vain in other Western sources" (p. 7).

This is a little volume which Professors Blake and Frye have reproduced together with an English translation. The difficulties and the philological kinks presented by this story ill accord with the smallness of the volume. The crux of the difficulties is the language. The language of Grigor of Akantz is neither perfect classical (grabar) nor modern (ashkharabar) Armenian. His diction is provincial which, from the viewpoint of regular classical or modern Armenian, presents an irregularity. On the other hand, to understand an irregular language is not an easy thing. Irregular are not only the declensions and the conjugations, the conjunctions and the relatives, the punctuation, but also the entire style and the syntax. Alongside the most refined adage one will find a vulgar twist, a Turkish or Tartar word, which clouds the meaning.

The translators are perfectly aware of these difficulties and have triumphed over them admirably. Having taken the publication of Jerusalem for their basis, photographed especially for them (2), they have

compared it with Patkanian's version from which "they had obtained a microfilm from the Armenian Library in Paris" (2). This publication is based on the manuscript of Venice, and therefore their original is a composite of the manuscripts in Jerusalem and Venice. Thus fortified, they have approached the prepared original manuscript with admirable mastery of both the Armenian and those other languages which are intermixed in Grigor's provincial. Complete masters of the art of translation, they have tried, and have admirably succeeded in following the original faithfully, and in penetrating the mind of the author — as much as possible —, at the same time avoiding the violation of the canons of English grammar and the English literary convention. (12).

I shall take the liberty of making a few observations in regard to both the printing and the translation.

While the English is free of typographical errors, I have noticed 50 errors in the Armenian original. It is not difficult to see that these are typographical errors, largely the result of the similarities of Armenian letters.* Such inevitable errors, however, have not impaired the excellence of the Armenian print for which the translators are grateful to Hairenik Press, as they have expressed it on page 13.

I have compared the original and the translation attentively, word for word, and on each sentence I have wondered at the literary conscientiousness with which the two esteemed professors have accomplished their task. They have made a note of each aberration or addition which they have seen fit to offer for the illumination of the original. Punctuation has not been taken as their guide, and often justly. The English translation is fluent and perfectly under-

standable, far more than the Armenian original. Naturally there are many excerpts which are indistinguishable and conceal the real meaning, nevertheless, the translators have spared no effort to penetrate the real meaning as they modestly admit in their words: "as best as we could" (p. 9).

To criticize translators with multifold qualifications and a deep erudition in the languages is a difficult thing, especially in regard to irregularities of style which may be interpreted one way or another. With this reservation, and with the intention of contributing something to their effort, I offer the following observations to the attention of the translators.

II. — The word "Ketշoutioun" is translated 'revivication.' "Mores" or "customs" would be the better meaning.

11. — 18 — "Est notza lezvinv" is not translated.

III. — 34 — "Yerkparakoutioun" — III. 33, is translated "confusion." The correct word, IV 61, is "dissension."

III. — 78 — "Zvardapetn youryantz" — III. 72, "our Vardapet." It should be "their Vardapet."

IV. — 67 — "Cloukh" — IV 61, "Vice-commander." "Vice" is superfluous.

IV. — 72 — "Vratz" — IV 66, "Armenians". It should be "Georgians."

V. — 30 — "Lroutiamb" — The word is omitted in the translation. It means "in silence."

V. — 36 — "Verstin norogel" — V 34, "to renew from above." Could it be that the translators have confused this word with "Veroust"? The words "from above" are superfluous.

V. — 45 — "Dzri arek yev dzri tuvek" — V 42, "that they freely take, and freely give." This is a direct call. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Mt. 10:8.

V. — 45 — "Zor yev zkians notza tatze yekhehtzvo yuro Christos Astvats end yer-kain zhamanags" — V. 43: "just as the Lord

*—Because of the intricacies of transliteration, the part of Bishop Kogy's article dealing with the Armenian errors have been deleted.—ED.

Christ God would give his life to them for His Church for an eternal time." I have no doubt that it was the wish of Grigor: "May Christ God grant their (of the spiritual sons of the glorious Vardapet) lives to His church for a long time!"

VI. — 69 — "Djan yedyal" — VI 64. Does that mean "making an onslaught?"

VI. — 78 — "Avarav" is left out of the translation.

VII. — "Astvatzapah" — VII 2, does not mean "god-fearing", but "god-protected."

VII. — 6 — "Christoneazhoghov" — XII 5, does not mean "Christformed," but "inhabited by Christians."

VIII. — 17 — "Kair Varyal" — IX 15, "kept flamingly encouraging everyone." This interpretation is superfluous since the word "Varyal" also means "armed." It should read "stood armed."

VIII — 18 — "Enddem zoratz aylazgatzn (it should be aylargyatzn) yev thshnamiatz khachin Christosi," — IX 15, "against foreign and enemy forces of the Christian cross." It would have been a truer translation to say: "against the foreign forces and the enemies of the cross of Christ."

VIII. — 19 — "Yev paheyin hourakhoutioum hanapaz zbarephasht" — IX. 16, "to the abiding joy of the pious." Why not say with the author, "and they always kept the pious in joy."?

IX. — "Hivandana Khoul. yeghernagortzouthiounk i patjars nora, "the illness of Khoul by reason of his wickedness." I see no causative pition between Khoul's sickness and his wickedness. By "i patjars nora" I understand "the crimes which he has committed, ordered."

IX. — 58 — "Amenayn varouk yev bari gortzovk kataryal" — X 51, "accomplished in all of his ways, performing good deeds." Better still, "perfect in all his ways and with good deeds."

X. — 15 — "Inch tsegh kas" — XI 14, "What kind of person are you?" Judging

from the answer this question should mean "How are you?"

XI — 4 — "Tour srovn" is missing in the translation. The author is pointing out that the greatness of Tartar chieftains corresponds to (the power) of their sword.

XII — 9 — "Yes ayspes patviriatz gnatzelotzn" — XII 9, "and recounted all that had happened." It would have been closer to translate, "and ordered the messengers (to speak) thus . . ."

XII. — 30 — "I lselis notza" — XII. 30, "for their private ears." This should have been deleted in the translation. The Armenian tautology sounds strange in English.

XV. — 51 — "Minch zi nekhetzav liarn i dashti katorial marmnotz Tatarin," — XII 49, "that the mountains and the plains stank from the bodies of the slain Tartar." I propose to stick closer to the original and say, "that the mountain stank from the bodies of the Tartars slain in the plain."

XII. — 60 — "yedin . . . metz patvov" — XII 58, "showed . . . great honor." It seems to me the author wants to say, "they installed (Halawu Khan) with great honor." "Halawu installed as Khan by order of Manku Khan."

XII. — 66 — "Minch zi vran e (correct it into "vrane") yegeghetzi yev zhamahar sherchetzoutzaner und inkian" — XII 63, "that her tent was a church and a sounder traveled with her." After the correction of "vrane" the translation should read, "so that she had a tent-church and a sounder who traveled with her."

XII. — 88 — "Iouryankn" — XII. 83, "in their own language." Why not "his men"?

XII. — 99 — "Zat i harotoyn, amen vagh yev yereko tal noush yev armav khozitzn outelo," — XII 93, "in addition to give them them fodder every morning, and at evening to give the pigs almonds and date to eat." I propose, "In addition to the fodder, to give the pigs almonds and dates every morning and evening."

XII. — 102 — "Patver" — XII 96, "he honored." I have no objection to the translation of the original. It would be consistent with what has preceded and what follows to correct the original into "patjer" and translate it into "punished." By the same token, "i khrat" should be translated "at the suggestion of", and not "an object lesson."

XIII. — 20 — "Zanpatrast kenal" — XIII. 18, "was living in unpreparedness." In provincial dialect "kenal" means "to be," therefore, translate "was unprepared."

XIV. — 81 "I mieghen yeghbartz" — "by each one of the holy brothers of the Order." If the unusual word "mieghen" is not violated, it should mean "miaban", and therefore the translation should read, "by the one-minded brothers of the Holy Order."

XIV.—97.—"Djan i vera yedyal"—XIV 88, "in an attempt to seize him." In this choice diction there is no hint of an attempt at arrest, but a mere effort which has been crowned with result (murder).

XIV. — 106 — "Like a book." I do not find the expression in the Armenian.

XIV. — 123 — "Geghetzik" is not included in the translation.

XIV. — 143 — "Ayl yen pakas," — XIV 129, "if others wait." Is it not better to say, "if others are missing, or absent?"

XIV. — 175 — "Nahataketzav", — XIV 157, "contended." Correct to say "was killed" or "was martyred."

XIV. — 178 — "Your srbotzn pasakatzn," — XIV 160, "of his holy crown." Correct to say, "of the crown of His Saints."

XIV. — 180 — "Dzharangelov end nossa," — XIV 161, "who (Martyrs) have inherited with him (Thoros)." The pition is more natural than contrary and accords with the original, "who (Thoros) has inherited with them (Martyrs)."

XIV. — 191, 194, and Index Nominum, p. 129 — "Haroutioun", XIV 172, 175, Index ib. "Ressurrection". An incomprehensible error. XIV 138 specifically mentions

"Djrorhek" and therefore "Epiphany."

XIV. — 235 — "Miaheth" does not appear in the translation. It should read "at once".

XV. — 11 — "Dzez chkhayen," — XV 11, "they will not cause trouble." Is it not better to say "they will not refuse you."

XV. — 11 — "Berek", — XV 10, "take." It should be "bring."

XVI. — "Ambastanoutioun", — XVI, "the overweening." This word might have been mistaken for "Ambartavanoutioun" which means haughtiness or overbearing. The translation should read "complaint" or "accusation."

XVI. — 31 — I dours zmez ayl gou tzetzen . . . yev zmer dziann arnoon," — XVI 28, "keep falling upon our tents and stealing our horses." Better say "keep harrassing us and stealing our horses."

XVI. — 56 — "Mard", — XVI, "a man." This is a direct apostrophe, Pslams 48:13, and therefore, "Man."

XVII. — 8-11 — "Hramayyatz zhjoghovel . . . yev arnel heskoumn yev aghotk, yev orhnel zinkn tagavor; ousti yev kataretzin isk . . . XVII 7-10, "he ordered all to gather . . . He kept vigil and prayers, and crowned himself king, which same was carried out." The original is very clear here. "He ordered (all) to gather . . . to keep vigil and prayers, and to crown Him King, which they carried out."

XVII. — 48 — "Voro yev aghotivk amenayn srbotz Christos, — XVII 48, "to whom be the prayers of all the Saints! May Christ God . . ." I propose, "Through the prayers of all the saints, May Christ God . . ."

I omit other observations and turn to the annotations attached to the translation (pp. 116-123). These notes, 76 in number, are highly valuable in order to understand the story of Priest Grigor. Here are assembled all the persons, the geographical names and the dates mentioned by Grigor. These notes give the sources to which one may apply for a more comprehensive informa-

tion in regard to historical, geographical, philological and chronological questions. Here are found those episodes which cannot be found anywhere else but are the property of our author. All the foreign names and words which one encounters in the history are subjected to a critical examination. The meaning of each word and its etymology is given if familiar. For example, the origins of the names Tatar (tathar), Tatjik (Arab) are unknown (Note 4, p. 116; note 53, p. 121). It is observed that the word "archer" cannot be found in Mongol sources (Note I, p. 116).

On page 116, No. 2, it is noted that Arshak the Brave of the Pahlavs mentioned in the original is our King Arshak II (350-368). Khorenatzi calls Arshak the founder of the Parthian Dynasty. It seems to me this is the same Arshak who is referred to by Grigor.

The notes are followed by a bibliography and the Armenian alphabet with their English equivalents which governs the transliteration of the proper names which appear in the translation. The work is concluded with a complete list of names and terms (pp. 126-131). I cannot understand why some of the names appear in nominative while others are in the genitive. Such instances are: *Astvatatznin*, "Ghanin," *Tapanakin*, and "Franki." Next to the word "Houda" is affixed the word "Jew" in parenthesis. This should be corrected to read "Judas."

With this index the work of the translators comes to an end. However, in their effort to make the work perfect, the translators have applied to Prof. Francis W. Cleaves of Harvard University who is a specialist of Mongology to check on the proper names. This examination occupies pages 400-443 (132-167) of the magazine.

Professor Cleaves has accomplished his task with competence. He finds the forms

transmitted by Grigor as genuine and in full accordance with the Mongol forms. Out of the 48 proper names he points out names which are not mentioned by others (Touthar, Touddoo, Khodja Nouin). In regard to the name Tathar he writes: (160) "Grigor's explanation of the name (sharp and swift - A. 43, "sour yev tetev") is gratuitous. The meaning is unknown. The word even does not show any Chinese origin.

Prof. Cleaves has accomplished this examination without the knowledge of the Armenian language. This explains the error on page 142 under the name of Ayltana Khatoun when he writes: "In Chap. VIII, p. 17, l. 31, we have y Altanay Xatunen where y-on Ayltana is the preposed sign of the dative and - en is the ending for the ablative. Thus yAyltanay Xetunen is literally 'to from Ayltana Xatun'." "The latter 'to from' is not correct. The prefix 'i' is not exclusive to the dative case but to several cases. With the ablative ('e', and not 'en') it renders ablative without adding the prefix 'to'." However, the Professor wittily has succeeded in stripping the name of its superfluities.

The last pages (167-175) of his research Professor Cleaves devotes to nine foreign words which appear in the history. Among these are the words "mal" and "taghar" both of which the Turks have borrowed from the Mongols. These words have been interpreted by the translators (Note, 24, p. 118).

In conclusion, I wish to express my sincere thanks to the two renowned Armenologists. The Armenian Medieval historiography has received a substantial contribution by this toilsome translation. Henceforth, not only the non-Armenians, but we too shall have to turn to the English translation in order fully to understand Grigor Akanetzi's "History of the Nation of the Archers."

ABOUT THE PRESENT WORLD CRISIS

By REUBEN DARBINIAN

I

Two Different Viewpoints

The retirement a few months ago of two of the most prominent members of the Labor Party from the British cabinet — Mr. Bevan and two other ministers — has touched off a basic controversy which threatens to disrupt the British Labor Party. The quarrel itself is centered on a question of priority. In the present international crisis which should be given the precedence — social reforms, or military preparedness?

The Labor Government and the majority of the Party under the leadership of Messrs Atlee and Morrison, despite their socialistic convictions, maintains that under the present circumstances the most compelling issue is the question of military preparedness in order to stem the Soviet tide of aggression, whereas, the minority led by Mr. Bevan insists that the best way of combating Communism is the introduction of social reforms, relegating the question of armaments to a secondary role.

The quarrel of course is not new. Up until now the question has agitated the inner councils of the Labor Party but it has always been carefully concealed from the outside world. With the retirement of the abovementioned three ministers from the cabinet, the world at last has become advised of the deep divergency of opinion which for a long time has been smouldering inside the Labor Party and which emanates

from differing conceptions in regard to the present world crisis.

There can be no question that Bevan and his co-idealists are no friends of the Communists, nor do they aspire their victory. Nevertheless, they are so hostile to the capitalistic order that they are reluctant to relax their fight against that order even temporarily. In their view, the capitalistic order is no less a menace than the Soviet's Communism, if not an even greater evil. This accounts for their concentration of efforts against an order which they regard as the more menacing. While they are reluctant to overlook the Communist menace, on the other hand they do not regard it sufficiently compelling so as to relax their fight against capitalism even temporarily.

The other leaders of the Labor Party, Messrs Atlee, Morrison and others, on the other hand, from bitter experience have come to the conclusion that in the present crisis the most sinister side of capitalistic imperialism is of secondary importance. They are convinced that, if the West fails to create a powerful fist with which to restrain the Soviet danger, the world will be engulfed in a far greater evil by imposing upon mankind the political, economic, and spiritual slavery of the Soviet regime. They well understand that all their social reforms would be worthless if tomorrow the Soviet succeeded in subjugating England.

This is the reason why they, although no

less eager than the Bevans to continue their program of social reforms, are compelled, at least temporarily, to relegate these reforms to a secondary plane and to give the priority to the question of rearming without which they will be helpless against the Soviet attack.

• • •

This radical difference of opinion in regard to the preservation of the peace is not peculiar to the British cabinet or the Labor Party. In all free countries of the world there is a more or less powerful faction consisting largely of intellectuals to whom the present Soviet menace is not the most compelling, the most ominous, and the most sinister of all.

In simple justice, although without any attempt to extenuate their folly, it should be stated that the adherents of his school of thought are not restricted to the friends of the Communists alone, but they include many avowed enemies of Communism. These people sincerely believe that the best way of combatting the Soviet imperialism is not armed preparedness but the social example precisely as Bevan and his co-idealists in England believe.

Few is not the number of those in America who share this view. One of these men is Prof. Stringfellow Barr, an avowed anti-Communist, and the author of a popular booklet entitled "Let's Join the Human Race" in which he endeavors to convince his reader that the Soviet dictatorship is only a minor factor in the present world crisis and that a permanent world peace can be established despite the Communist menace. He believes that the principal cause of the present world crisis is the extreme poverty of the greater part of the peoples of the world which, if removed, (the author offers a complete program for such elimination), peace will automatically come despite the Soviet.

Prof. Barr believes that if the American

Government, instead of expending fabulous sums on armaments, utilized these sums for the elimination of world poverty, such a policy will circumvent war and will bring about a permanent peace.

Armed force, in the opinion of the author and those who share his views, if successful in demolishing the Soviet imperialism, not only will be unable to remove the present crisis but will intensify it since such a course is bound to increase the misery of the working masses as a result of a new war.

No one can of course deny the fact that the extreme poverty of the world's masses is a great factor in the present critical situation. Were it not for this fact the Soviet would be deprived of its greatest weapon of propaganda in the expansion of Communism and Soviet imperialism and would have a difficult time in misleading the simple-minded masses of the world.

It should not be forgotten, however, that mass poverty has been the lot of the peoples of the world from time immemorial. The difference between the old times and the present is that, formerly, elimination of poverty was an impossibility, and in the consciousness of the peoples poverty was a natural, inevitable and fatal phenomenon to be reconciled with. Whereas, at present, the masses do not want to become reconciled with their miserable condition and believe that they can create a tolerable, if not prosperous, life for themselves through the facilities offered by industrial and technological advancement. The growth of this consciousness is largely due partly to the socialists and the communists, and partly to the enviable and contagious example of the prosperous workingmen of the United States.

The socialists, the liberals and the democrats strive to peaceful evolution, as well as organized national and international co-operation. Through mutual aid they en-

deavor to eliminate poverty, and by degrees to create an enviable and prosperous standard of life for all, preserving the while those individual and national freedoms where they exist, and to create them where they do not exist. The Communists on the other hand, who are never really interested in eliminating poverty, exploit the situation by resorting to their forcible, ruinous and revolutionary tactics, replacing prosperity with misery, and bringing in their train political, economic and spiritual slavery. Proof of this is seen in all those countries where the Communists have established their rule by force or intrigue.

II

The Needs of the Nations and the Imperialism of the East and West

The national awakening of Asiatic peoples, their rebellion against Western imperialism, the rivalries of capitalistic powers, the emancipatory fight of oppressed peoples, and the workingmen's class war in the name of social and economic justice are other factors which are regarded as causes of the present world crisis.

It cannot be denied, of course, that like extreme poverty, all these developments play their role and are being exploited by the Soviet Government in the present international crisis. From these irrefutable facts, however, conclusions are drawn which not only cannot contribute to the solution of the problem, but, on the contrary, aid and abet in the victory of Soviet imperialism.

The most dangerous and misleading of these conclusions is the prevalent notion that the menace of Soviet imperialism in the present crisis is only a result of similar causes, and that the Soviet menace is only a scarecrow which is being dangled before the terrified multitudes of the world.

If this be the case, the free world has no need of expending billions on armaments

but can use these fabulous sums in combating the abovementioned evils and on the social and economic improvement of the working classes.

And yet the question arises, why doesn't the free world do this thing? Why?

The reader has not forgotten of course that when World War II was ended, the free world, two of the most powerful Western countries, United States and England in particular, disarmed themselves in a very short time to the point of endangering their safety. The United States not only demobilized her armies, but through the UN RRA, through private loans, and especially through the Marshall Plan expended tens of billions of dollars on the economic reconstruction of those countries which had been ravished by the war. Not satisfied with this much, in accordance with President Truman's Point Four Program, and the program developed by the Nelson Rockefeller Committee, the United States expressed willingness to extend aid to the backward peoples of the world in their fight against poverty.

It is true that the latter part of this program is very modest as compared with the vast needs. And yet, even in this, the United States is not to be blamed which, despite her wish to extend incomparably more, was obliged to appropriate fresh billions to the defense of Europe and herself, as well as to contain the Soviet aggression in the Far East.

• • •

We now come to the case of the oppressed peoples. While the West admittedly failed to carry out some of her promises of World War I and II, nevertheless it cannot be denied that a substantial part of those promises were fulfilled. Thus, for example, in the aftermath of World War I, the West assisted in the creation of a free and independent Czechoslovakia and Poland, abolished the scandalous terms of

the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which culminated in the emancipation from German domination of Ukraina, the Caucasus, and the three little Baltic countries, paving the way for their independence, assisted in the creation of a united Rumania, Greece and Jugoslavia, and insured the independence of Albania. Finally, as a result of World War I, Canada, Ireland, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand became independent countries, followed by Egypt, Iraq, and Saudi Arabia, and the way was paved for the autonomous or independent existence of other British colonies.

These eloquently positive facts should not be forgotten when we consider the West's other crying failures after World War I, such as the case of Armenia and the cases of a number of other unfortunate nations.

Let us now consider what followed after World War II. Absolute independence was granted to Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Burma, Indonesia, the Philippines, Transjordan, Israel, Syria, and Lebanon. Indochina and Libya were granted autonomy with a promise of independence. Important steps were taken to insure the autonomy of a number of French and British colonies. Lastly, the governments associated with Great Britain came to an agreement in Columbia with a view to extending economic aid to those among them who were the most backward nations and removing the extreme poverty in a number of British colonies.

These are the positive deeds of the free West or the Western imperialists in behalf of the oppressed peoples on their way to complete emancipation.

It will be contended that these acts were not dictated by humanitarian instincts of the West but rather were forced by the inexorable compulsion of events. Yet, even if true, does this interpretation alter the value of the facts? Is this enough to de-

prive the West of the credit of her positive achievements in this noble emancipatory cause?

Let us clarify our mind.

If the free West (the United States, England, Holland and France) had a regime like Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, or Tsarist or Bolshevik Russia, it would have crushed the rebellion of these freedom-aspiring peoples in a sea of blood instead of granting them independence or autonomy. The living example is before us. Soviet Russia, in spite of the rebellion of the non-Russian nationalities of Tsarist Russia, and in spite of their aspiration to a free and independent life (instances are many), not only stifled their will in blood, but, after the great war she made an end of the independence of a long list of nations, — Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, Albania, Mongolia and China. She not only ended the independence of these peoples but she enslaved them.

Some are inclined to believe that, of these, at least China is not a Soviet satellite, but this is a manifest error. Otherwise, what business has China got in Korea today? Why has China expended her best forces against the creation of an independent Korea? The presence of an independent Korea in no wise can contravene the interests of independent China. And if China is head over foot deep in the fight against the independence of Korea, she no doubt does it, and will continue to do, at the behest of Stalin.

• • •

And yet, while the free West (whether willingly or at the dictate of events, it makes no difference as far as facts are concerned) gradually is liquidating her colonial imperialism by granting autonomy or independence to countless oppressed nations, yonder in the East has emerged a new type of imperialism — the Soviet imperialism —

which under the pretext of emancipating oppressed peoples, subjugates them and subjects them to her unexampled tyranny. Although she has come forth with lavish promises of eliminating poverty from among the working masses, yet todate in no country which she has subjected to her rule has she removed poverty nor has she perceptibly improved the lot of the workingman.

As a matter of fact the economic condition of the peoples of the Soviet Union is not better today than it was in the days of the Tsars. While true that the Soviet has developed to a great degree its big industries, but such industries are being used for purposes of war rather than helping the people. The people are getting very little benefit, if any at all, out of these technological accomplishments. If those masses who for thirty years have been enjoying the "benefits" of the Soviet regime, in their overwhelming majority, has not yet merited a square meal, what shall we say of the peoples of those countries which only recently have been subjected to the Soviet rule? As known, after being stripped clean, these peoples are being systematically exploited by the Soviet Government and the very best they can hope for is to tread the path of those peoples who for years have been groaning under the Soviet lash.

Therefore, when the Communists or their fellow-travelers talk about removing poverty and improving the lot of the workingmen, their words never correspond to their deeds. These deeds never inspire any confidence that Soviet promises will be fulfilled some day.

III

The Illusion and the Reality

The peoples who have been subjected to the Soviet rule already know from bitter experience the true value of the words and the promises of Communist rulers and will no longer be easily misled. But, altogether

different is the mental condition of those peoples who only from a distance have heard, to a more or less degree, those alluring promises and they can easily be misled or are being misled. The worse their condition, the more easily they will fall victims of Communist deception.

What tangible positive proof can the Soviet offer to the famished masses of the workingmen to better their condition if they accept the Soviet yoke?

Nothing. Absolutely nothing, except deceitful words and promises. As a matter of fact the Soviet cannot offer any convincing proof because todate she has been unable to create attractive conditions in any country which she could exhibit before the doubtful as an example or proof of those commendable deeds which she is apt to perform. Had this been the case, she would not have hermetically sealed her borders before the outside world.

Secondly, the Soviet Government is neither in a position nor is apt to extend any tangible aid to the peoples of the outside world. We say nothing as to those peoples within the Iron Curtain for whose benefit she has promoted artificial famines, as she did during the creation of the Kolkhozes with such inhuman barbarism.

The Soviet Government knows how to take, but never to give. She is the perfect contrast of the United States which yearly expends monumental sums for the aid of needy peoples. At the very time when the United States, during the last war and thereafter, has been expending tens of billions to relieve suffering and want and to carry a heavy burden of preparedness, the Soviet Government not only failed to raise a finger to help other peoples but did its very utmost to prevent the United States from carrying out her humanitarian program.

Despite these facts the Soviet Government continues to exercise a gravitational

power over the outside world, and especially for the backward peoples of Asia. What is the explanation of this enigma? The answer is simple.

1. While hiding the grim and repulsive reality inside the Iron Curtain, the Soviet is very prolific in her fictitious stories and attractive promises about the benefits which she proposes to bring to oppressed peoples.

2. The Soviet Government has converted into one of her most potent weapons the lie, the dissimulation, and the deception which stops at nothing in the attempt to mislead the masses.

3. The Soviet Government is unstinted in her expenditures and for years has expended millions on her misleading propaganda, to say nothing of her Fifth Column brigades and her subversive activities to undermine the solidarity of free nations.

4. The Soviet Government unscrupulously and skillfully exploits the native discontent of an important segment of the workingmen in Western countries against the ruling capitalistic orders, as well as the residue of bitterness on the part of Eastern peoples against the bad aspects of Western imperialism and their natural national aspirations for freedom.

5. For long years the Soviet Government has operated in Moscow special training schools for select candidates of all nationalities to prepare leaders, propagandists, subversive agents, inciters and wrecking crews. At the opportune moment these are sent abroad to start their "revolutionary" activities.

And when we reflect that the Free West todate has done almost nothing to counteract these measures we need not be surprised that the Soviet Government, despite her nefarious and revolting actions, has succeeded, and continues to succeed, in win-

ning over many with her honeyed words and in creating around herself the illusion that she is a benefactor of mankind.

It is curious that this absolutely baseless illusion has infected and continues to infect not only the common people of the outside world but the intellectuals as well, and even those who are professed anti-communists. For example, from the editorials, articles and speeches printed in American anti-Soviet publications the reader gets the impression that, if the free West or America refrains from extending aid to this or that people of Europe or Asia, these peoples very naturally will turn to the Soviet, as if the Soviet Government is apt to improve their condition or to heal their wounds. The fact that the Soviet Government todate has failed to make any people happy, to improve their lot economically or otherwise, that, aside from attractive and at the same time deceitful promises, the Soviet Government has done nothing for any people is forgotten or is not understood.

It is true that, many statesmen of free countries, while fully realizing the fraudulent character of the Soviet regime, have made use of the danger of this or that free people falling into the lap of the Soviet in order to extract tangible aid from America. The question of extending two million tons of wheat to famished India, for instance, is a case in point, lest India go over to the Soviet. Very few people ask why, if the Soviet Government is inclined to save the starving people of India, she does not hasten them any aid? Why is it that any one never thinks of expecting aid from the Soviet in behalf of the people of India but only makes use of the Soviet threat in order to wrest substantial sums from America?

Unfortunately, the number of those who consciously use the Soviet threat is incomparably smaller than those who innocently

regard the Soviet as a benefactor of mankind, a government which is inclined to remove poverty and to raise the living standard of the working classes. It is this army of the misled which should concern the free world, because this army of bewildered men has become a powerful weapon in the hand of the Soviet in the pursuit of her imperialistic aims.

It is curious to note that this army of innocents does not consist only of those who are unlucky or wronged, although they constitute a majority. Included in this multitude are many intellectuals and prosperous men. There are the victims of Soviet propaganda and the abovementioned agencies which the Soviet Government has put into operation for thirty long years to mislead the gullible and the simpleminded.

How can we counteract these Soviet measures and bring the misled to their senses?

Some are inclined to believe that, once poverty and injustice are removed from the world, the Soviet Government will inevitably lose her most potent weapon as presented by these bewildered multitudes.

Of course, were it not for the dread menace of war, or were it possible to eliminate poverty in all countries by means other than war, as well as to remove the existing injustices, in that case only the criminals or the lunatics could think of war as a means of curing the present ailments of the world. Unfortunately, however, there is a very powerful despotism which is determined to prevent the peaceful solution of all those pressing problems. Moreover this monster which has subjugated almost one third of the world's population is bent on enslaving the remaining two thirds who are free.

IV

The Soviet Menace and the Other Causes of the Present Crisis

At the end of World War II, with the

founding of the United Nations Organization, the governments of the free West under the leadership of the United States demobilized their armies to the point of jeopardizing their own national safety. Instead of following their peaceful example, however, the Soviet Union retained an armed force of five million, and not only failed to convert its war economy into a peace economy but actually launched new five-year plans in feverish preparation for a new war. Moreover, she also started to arm her satellites whom she had subjugated after the war through terror, intrigue and deception, those former allies of Nazi Germany whose armies had been reduced to by treaty stipulations. The Soviet Government did not even hesitate to rearm Eastern Germany as she had rearmed northern Korea in preparation of a new war.

The only weapon which the free West through the United States set aside for her self defense after the great war was the atom bomb. Yet, even in this case the United States expressed willingness to surrender her favorite weapon provided all the nations, including herself, submitted to international supervision lest after her resignation some power such as the Soviet Union secretly built up a supply and surprised the world.

Yet, the Soviet Government which meanwhile had succeeded in stealing the secret of the atom bomb, through various vain and deceitful objections rejected the American plan of supervision which had been adopted by the overwhelming majority of the United Nations. Herself having started the manufacture of the bomb, she did her utmost to force the United States to destroy her supply and to stop her further manufacture feeling safe that once her proposal of a "supervision" was accepted she could continue to manufacture the bomb indefinitely in the seclusion of the Iron Curtain.

No less sinister than the Soviet armaments were the Soviet attempts to "revolutionize" the other countries of the world by "peaceful" means, namely, the cold war which was used against her former allies and which recently has been converted into hot war against the United Nations in Korea.

No matter how reluctant the West was in her naivete to believe these crying facts, in the end she was forced to come to her senses and to realize the enormous danger which threatened her. To stop the Soviet aggression she was obliged to hasten to the aid of Greece and put an end to the Soviet intrigues against that unlucky country. She frustrated the Berlin blockade as well as the Soviet plot to occupy Western Germany. Finally she was forced to intervene in Korea in order to teach the Soviet a resounding lesson and to put a damper on her satellites' appetite to conquer free countries through the medium of war.

To accomplish this, to stop or to meet direct or indirect Soviet attacks on other fronts, the free West under the leadership of the United States, and largely through the latter's expense, was obliged to rearm herself at a feverish pace. She did this in the hope of stopping the Soviet aggression and preventing a Third World War.

* * *

There can be no question that the causes of the present world crisis are older and more deeply rooted than the menace of Soviet imperialism which has kept the nations of the world in a state of high tension. It is equally indisputable that the Soviet menace has vastly intensified the crisis rendering a peaceful solution practically impossible.

The old causes of the present crisis — the extreme poverty of the masses, especially in backward countries, the social injustices, the national, class and racial conflicts and

wrongs, the remnants of European imperialism, the oppressions and the exploitations of the high and mighty, and the various evils which have been inherited from the past — all these are problems which will need a long period of constructive effort and peaceful conditions for their eventual elimination. Whereas, the Soviet menace which is regarded by many as a consequence of these causes, offers neither broad possibilities of constructive effort nor peaceful conditions with which to remove these causes.

On the contrary, the steadily increasing menace keeps the world in turmoil. This is the plan which has been charted by Moscow for the creation of favorable conditions to consummate her imperialistic designs. Moreover, the Soviet dictatorship, through its gigantic military and subversive means, threatens to put an end to all free countries and to subject them to its degrading yoke.

Therefore, if the free nations of the world now concentrate their efforts on the removal of the abovementioned causes and disregard the Soviet menace which is regarded a result of these causes, if they relax in their military preparedness, the Soviet, profiting from her temporary military superiority, is liable to give a death blow to the free countries and to deprive them once and forever of any opportunity to turn their attention to the abovementioned pressing problems.

Indeed, how can one take decisive steps at the present time for the elimination of world poverty when mankind, under the threat of Soviet imperialism, is forced to expend a very important part of its resources on preparedness? How can the world launch on a total reconstruction program when the threat of a new world war hangs over its head like the sword of Damocles?

V

Ideas vs. Physical Force

It is often said that physical force, namely war, cannot destroy an idea, and since Communism is an idea it cannot be destroyed by arms. This, however, is only partly true. Adherents of this thought forget that Communism is not an idea only but it is a world conspiracy which, through the medium of a formidable physical force, to expand and to subjugate entire mankind. And it strives to accomplish this not by fair, upright and peaceful means, not by persuasion, but by force of arms, by terror, by dissimulation, by deceit and by every immoral means.

If Communism were only an idealistic peaceful movement, no one of course would be uneasy because it could never pose as a menace to the internal nor external peace of any nation. In this respect facts are more eloquent than words. In no country has the Soviet succeeded in winning a victory through a fair and peaceful fight. If Communism has become a formidable menace to the world, it is not because it is an ideological movement, but its success is largely due to that gigantic physical force which it has created, to its aggressive spirit, to its subversive policy which does not discriminate in the means it uses, and to its determination to subjugate the entire world by deceit, terror, intrigue, and force of arms.

There is no question that, once the mighty physical force which supports the ideological movement which is called Communism is destroyed, it will cease being a menace; besides it will be unmasked and its entire distorted picture with all its heinous details will be exposed to mankind.

Furthermore, the Stalinian Communism has nothing in it which is really ideological. It merely exploits the idea of Communism, rallying the simpleminded to the bandwagon of Soviet imperialism. The ide-

logical content in Communism disappeared from the day Stalin became an absolute tyrant and started to liquidate indiscriminately his ideological comrades and party leaders far in excess of himself in service and public esteem in his effort to establish his own personal dictatorship.

The idea of Communism, like all ideas, can be destroyed only through a better idea and not by physical force. However, the physical force of Communism which Stalin today employs with his notorious tactics, cannot be destroyed by a mere, even if, better idea. It can only be destroyed by a superior physical force. It cannot be denied of course that in the course of time a better idea may peacefully destroy physical force. But the terrible physical force behind Communism is capable of wreaking such havoc, and the catastrophe which it holds over mankind is so horrible that before a better idea has time to destroy it by peaceful means, it itself will be destroyed, mankind will be enslaved, and the triumph of any idea will become senseless and superfluous.

• • •

Soviet propaganda has succeeded in injecting in the minds of those who suffer from disease of leftism (be they non-Communists or anti-Communists) the notion that, if there is a danger which threatens the peoples of Asia, it is European imperialism, and that the Soviet Union is a friend of these peoples, an unselfish neighbor who is trying to free them from the shackles of Western imperialism.

Such thinkers ignore the fact that today the imperialism which threatens the peoples of Asia and Europe is not the Western, but the Eastern, namely the Soviet imperialism which hidden under a new form is a far worse sort of imperialism.

The fact that Soviet imperialism is promoted under the name of emancipation,

and promoted largely by those who have fallen victim of that imperialism, does not alter the situation. In other words, such a fact does not give us the right to say that Soviet expansion hidden under the glamorous epithet of emancipation is not imperialism but is something better than Western imperialism.

Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that, willingly or unwillingly, as we have stated before, Western imperialism is steadily liquidating itself, whereas Soviet imperialism not only is reluctant to liquidate itself in the slightest degree, but on the contrary it strives to make new conquests and threatens to enslave all the peoples of the world.

Who can say that today the so-called Soviet Armenia, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Ukraina, Estonia, Latvia or Lithuania are colonies of the Kremlin to any less degree and are being less exploited than the British colonies of India, Burma, Ceylon ever were, or the present colonies of Malaya, Hong Kong and Aden are now?

No one who is familiar with the Soviet slave empire can put his hand on his heart and conscientiously say that Kremlin's exploitation of its peoples is more tolerable, more temperate, more mild, more human and more tolerant than England ever was in her exploitation of her past and present colonies.

Therefore, there is no basis for calling the Soviet's imperialism or its colonialism by the euphonic name of "emancipation" nor to direct our fight exclusively against Western imperialism which is gradually

dwindling, becoming milder, and is in process of liquidation.

We are constantly told that Western imperialism granted independence to its colonies under duress, only after a long and powerful resistance. Nevertheless it is a historic fact that the United States, England, France and Holland have granted absolute independence to a number of their colonies. Can it be said that the Soviet Union ever granted a single nation her independence, even after encountering armed resistance?

In February, 1921, Armenia stood up like one man against the Soviet dictatorship in pursuit of her independence. In 1924 Georgia revolted against the same tyranny. During the years 1930-35 Ukraina revolted many times to recover her independence. And what was the result? In each case the Soviet Union stifled these movements in a blood bath and reimposed her slavery on these hapless peoples.

And yet, in the opinion of those who suffer from the disease of leftism, Soviet imperialism is not worthy of notice, it is regarded only as a scare-crow, it is not a cause of the present world crisis but only a consequence. Whereas, in the opinion of such thinkers, Western imperialism is the principal cause of the present crisis and the fact of liberating their most important colonies is not even worthy of appreciation.

With such sort of thinking, naturally, the truth is not clarified in regard to the causes of the present international crisis, nor the confusion of minds surrounding it can be dissipated.



AUNT SOOLTAN

By GARABED EKSOOZIAN

Not far from the city where I live, in the state of New Hampshire, was Aunt Sooltan's farm. It was on a hillside with a babbling brook nestled along its side, a brook that wound its way, slowly and serenely into the turmoil of the city where it became lost.

On a level patch of ground, stood the white farmhouse. Close by was the barn painted a cheerful red. A little further on, one could see the few small chicken-coops. A tall, solitary mulberry tree stood at the front of the house, while in the back were rows of apple trees, some pear trees, and well-cared for lawns. The farm had neither fence nor gate.

One should have seen Sooltan's farm in mid-summer in its full glory. The sun shone brightly upon the crops and the fruit, the apples became full and red, the pears so ripe that their aroma filled the air. Even the bellowing of the cows sounded like laughter.

Aunt Sooltan, her large apron filled with the newly-picked tomatoes, would call to her lame husband, Menzik, "For God's sake, man, try to move a little faster." Menzik had become lame through an accident and, thirty years ago, at the insistence of his wife, they had moved to this farm. At that time all there was to it was the house, the barn and a few trees. The rest was practically wilderness.

"The farm will be much better for your lame leg than the factory," his wife had persisted. "Bread comes from the very earth and those clinging to it will never

starve." She had been a peasant's daughter in the old country.

At that time, moving to the farm was as bad as being deported, as far as Menzik was concerned, but he did so for his wife's sake and because he trusted her judgment. "Sooltan's hair is long, so are her brains", he would remark jovially.

And so they had worked hard, both of them to make the farm the lovely place that it was. It meant labor. They cut down the wild trees, carrying them on their backs; cleared the ground, dug out the stones and rocks, burying those too heavy to carry by hand. They planted vegetables and fruit trees, each year adding to them. They kept replacing those that would die and helped to grow them with utmost care. Not until the third year were they able to buy a horse and a cow, and that, with borrowed money. The fourth year, they added another cow, the fifth year they had four, and had doubled their farm-land.

And so, until 1922, ten years after they had bought the farm, things were running smoothly and well and they could think of taking life a little easier.

One summer evening, Menzik, warm and red with the summer's heat, said to his wife, "thank the Lord, this looks like a good year."

"So it looks," answered his wife wiping her round, rosy face.

Just then, the contented bellowing of Manko, the cow, resounded through the doors of the red barn.

"Yes, even the milk is richer and more plentiful this year. It seems to me God's hand has touched everything and made all things beautiful. Even you are prettier, as lovely as a rose, my dear."

His wife, noticing the unusual spark of passion lurking in her husband's eyes beneath his bushy eyebrows, remained reservedly silent. Menzik was perspiring. He changed the course of his conversation.

"Do you know whom I saw in the city today? Avto's wife, Rose. Their son, Ara will be three years old and they asked us over. What do you say, shall we take some cheese, vegetables, milk, and go over?"

"Since they've asked us, we'll go, it won't look right otherwise," answered his wife.

So saying she got up, as graceful as a fairy, and started doing her evening chores. Menzik remained seated in a dreamy mood watching with rapture his wife's gentle, feminine gestures. Slowly the evening shadows fell, bringing an end to his meditation.

Menzik and Avto had been good friends from the old country. That is why the next day, Menzik, with the impatience of a boy, urged his wife to stop work early so they could get ready and leave for that promised visit to Avto's home.

Menzik got the wagon ready, hitched the horses, filled the oil in the lamps of the wagon while his wife wrapped the bundles they were to take along. They reached there late in the afternoon.

Avto and his wife were delighted to see them and welcomed them with open arms. Mrs. Rose directed the men into the living room where the bottle of whiskey awaited them, while she took Sooltan into the kitchen with her. Avto filled their glasses and the two men drank and gave their thanks to God for the blessings. He had bestowed upon them. Mrs. Rose, taking advantage of the men's absence, said to her friend:

"Sooltan, I have something to tell you and whether you get sore or not, I will have to say it."

Sooltan, like a doe sensing danger, gazed wide-eyed and waited. Mrs. Rose continued:

"You are the limit. You are in full bloom and remain fruitless. Why delay?"

Sooltan reddened like a rose and remained silent.

Mrs. Rose continued:

"You don't know, but men are fond of children, they become starved and having children is their salvation. It is up to us women to give them that blessing at any price. When I had Ara, ah, when I had him . . ."

Mrs. Rose could go on no further, something seemed to choke, and a sadness lurked in her large, deep eyes. Sooltan, noticing this, became puzzled, while Mrs. Rose, disguising her inner torment and emotions continued:

"But no, my case was different. You are fortunate, my dear, very fortunate, don't destroy it."

"Up to now, we had a thousand and one worries, God has just started being good to us," answered Sooltan in self-defense.

Mrs. Rose did not answer. She was crying silently. Sooltan was about to ask the reason for her tears, when little Ara, like an angel with outstretched arms, came laughing into the kitchen, overturning everything.

That evening Avto's home was filled with an atmosphere of gay celebration. There was dancing and singing in groups and solos. The whiskey was the best and plentiful. The guests, all friends from the same town in Armenia, were sincere and whole-hearted. Their songs bespoke a yearning for the old country.

Menzik danced and danced, regardless of his handicap. At the height of the

party, Avto grasped Sooltan's and his wife's hands and got them up to dance. The two women, facing each other danced gracefully to the rhythm of the clapping hands by the onlookers. Avto was overcome with joy and pride. Turning to Menzik he said:

"What do you say, when you have a daughter, let us become in-laws eh, Menzik?"

But his friend had had a glass too many and was unable to grasp the significance of the question. Mother Eva felt herself qualified, because of her age and relationship, to answer for Menzik.

"According to our old country custom, if God will, it would be a very good thing. It would make us all very happy. So, Menzik, do not disappoint us. Look how healthy our Sooltan looks, what lovely rosy cheeks she has."

Only after mother Eva spoke these words did Menzik slightly realize what the trend of conversation was. "God's will, God's will," he repeated as he took the glass of whiskey offered him by Avto. This was his last drink. His happiness seemed to disappear. His lame leg of which he had been entirely unconscious, now seemed to bother him. He changed chairs for more comfort. No, it was an *inner* discomfort he felt. He could not even look at his wife, he was so shy. He felt that they were ridiculing him. Then with the excuse of taking a look at his horse, he went outside. Perhaps the clean, fresh air would minimize the torture of his secret grief.

. . .

Not long after, the news of Sooltan's pregnancy leaked out and spread from house to house.

The friendly ones said: "for ten years they have been working hard and have made a comfortable home for themselves, — may God keep it so." The ill-willed ones: "there is something tricky about this,

we'll wait and see." The indifferent ones said: "things will come to those who wait. Everyman to his own desires."

Avto said: "Menzik, let us drink and give thanks to God. May he grant us the joy of becoming in-laws."

Menzik, whenever he was alone, would stand bare-headed under a tree and pray. "Heavenly Father, pacify my soul. Do not pity me, but pity the innocent. Grant that we may have a son."

Sooltan remained within the farm and each day she became sweeter and sweeter with the fullness of motherhood.

On a Friday, late in Spring, the cry of a new-born girl was heard through the chirpings of the birds. The heavens had heard Avto's pleas for a girl baby and he was pleased. That Sunday he and his family visited Menzik's farm bringing along the usual whiskey. They met Menzik under the large mulberry tree and after the usual greetings and congratulations, Rose and Ara, leaving the two friends together, went inside to see Sooltan.

"Well, Menzik," exclaimed Avto joyously, putting an arm around his friend, "This is what I call luck. Last year we hoped we could be in-laws, this year God willed, and we are. From now on, Menzik, the girl is ours, the boy, yours."

Menzik, at hearing these words, felt a pang in his heart but outwardly he remained calm. "If God will, if God will," he repeated and quickly changed the subject.

"Come let us go to the barn. Mahke is about to give birth, let us see how it's going."

"I told you you're lucky, it comes all at once." And to Menzik's inner displeasure, Avto again turned to his favorite subject.

"Yes, Menzik, we are men of the old country, we follow the customs of our forefathers. We have brought the engagement gift and will hang it on the cradle. You are only forty and I am forty-five, we have

plenty of time, if God will, they will grow up and we shall see their marriage."

The two friends walked happily to the stable to see Mahko, the cow, before going to see Sooltan.

The days passed by. The christening of the new-born had been delayed because in those days there were no Armenian churches or Armenian priests in that section of the country. Finally, a priest was invited to come from some distant city to perform the Armenian church service. Menzik, taking advantage of this opportunity, had his daughter baptized naming her Arousiak, in memory of his dear mother. When placing his gift in the priest's hand, Menzik remarked, referring to his mother:

"Poor woman, she had had a very unhappy life, may God bless her soul."

The priest said "Amen" half-heartedly and departed. He had been displeased with the amount of money that was given to him as a gift.

That day, Menzik, forgetting his worries, gave a party at his farm. In spite of his lame condition, again he danced on and on, the old country dances together with his friend. It was a happy day for both.

And so, time passed on. The two families became even closer than they had been. Every Sunday, no matter how the weather was, Avto, beaming and smiling, would visit Menzik's farm, not forgetting to bring along a bottle of whiskey. So, Ara and Arousiak grew up like sister and brother in an atmosphere of love and devotion.

. . .

But these happy days soon came to an end. Sad news of the Armenian deportations and massacres by the Turks began to reach them. Then followed the great depression and bank crisis of the 1930's in this country. Both families were also hard hit. Avto was no longer the happy man

he was. He not only lost his job, but his hard-earned savings of many years.

The farm also suffered. Because of lack funds, proper care could not be given to it, hence, the farm gradually lost its productivity. It became barren, lifeless. This was the situation when one Saturday morning, Menzik having just returned from the city, said to his wife:

"Oh, my leg, it feels as if it were in an iron cast. I went from place to place with my produce, I almost gave it away free, still nobody seems to want it. A whole bushel of beans for twenty-five cents; a bushel of spinach for twenty-cents. You have to plant it, care for it, grow it, cut it, wash and load it, carry it to the city at early dawn, go from door to door, sometimes up several flights of stairs, and what do you get for it, — a few cents and that with difficulty. No, my wife, this cannot be, let us leave."

Sooltan, who was sitting beneath the mulberry tree combing her daughter's hair, looked sadly at her husband.

"Our leaving won't solve the problem. Don't make things worse, God is good and will help us. The time of the big strike when we bought this farm, things were even darker for us. Things will change. They say this new President is a fine man, he will soon open the banks and jobs will be plenty again. Keep your feet on the ground, we won't starve."

Arousiak left her mother's side and ran over to her father showing him her drawing lesson. It was a branch of an apple tree with lovely red apples on it. Beneath was her signature, "Arousiak Meroojanian, ten years old, P.S. No. 7, 4th grade."

"I will give this to Ara when we go to the city tomorrow," said Arousiak.

"Why are you giving it to him?" asked her father stroking the two, long, silken braids hanging over her shoulders.

"Didn't you know, Pa, Ara has graduated from public school."

"Oh that i

plaine

So

smile

And

tions

Jobs

better

gan

looki

war

and

came

a far

ful, b

full

who

stood

"M

day

beca

own

are

othe

and

retur

Th

Ara,

smile

ed t

wat

M

noti

spok

"S

is a

lam

laug

Th

Aro

bird

T

abo

tan

slip

"Oh, yes, I have so much on my mind, that is why I had forgotten about it," explained her father with a tender smile.

Sooltan was pleased to see her husband smile again.

And as Sooltan had predicted, conditions improved within the next few years. Jobs became plentiful, the farmers were better paid, the feeling of insecurity began to vanish. Just when things were looking bright again, the second world-war came to be followed by Pearl Harbor and our country entering the war. Then came the draft, Ara enlisted. Sooltan gave a farewell party for Ara. It was a beautiful, bright Sunday and the farm was in its full glory. Just before dinner, Menzik, who had already partaken of his drink, stood up and began to talk.

"My dear friends, how shall I put it. Today is both a sad and a happy day. Sad, because there is this parting of one of our own flesh and blood. Happy, because we are sure that this, our brave boy, like other Armenian boys, will fight fearlessly and victoriously, defeating the enemy and returning safely to us."

Those present applauded Menzik, while Ara, leaning against the mulberry tree, smiled slightly, not having carefully listened to what was being said. He was busy watching Arousiak who was serving.

Menzik was about to sit down when he noticed that Avto was wiping his eyes. He spoke again:

"Say, Avto, look at that brave boy, this is a glory for him. If it weren't for my lame leg, I would go with him. Come on, laugh so we can laugh with you."

They all laughed together, and Ara and Arousiak flew into the house like two love birds.

Towards evening, when the guests were about to leave, Menzik noticed that Sooltan kissed Ara's forehead and the latter slipped his class ring on Arousiak's finger

before dashing off into their car. Menzik's soul cried out. And when Avto and his wife came over to say good-night Menzik unconsciously caught the expression on Rose's face. It seemed he realized for the first time how terribly changed she was. Silently standing there by her husband's side, in the shadows of the evening, she seemed like a living ghost. How different from the angel that by some miracle he had found in his arms one early morn. A sharp pain seemed to pierce his heart, a pallor came across his face and suddenly he fell upon the ground — with a stroke. No one sensed exactly what had transpired except Rose. They carried Menzik in to the house.

This great misfortune did not weaken Sooltan. She continued to take care of the farm with Arousiak's help. Avto and other friends did all they could for her. Other acquaintances came all the way to the farm to purchase their needs. It was at this time that Sooltan became to be called Aunt Sooltan because of their respect for her.

"Aunt Sooltan's farm."

"Aunt Sooltan's tomatoes."

"Aunt Sooltan's cheese."

"Aunt Sooltan's watermelons."

And so it kept on. Poor Menzik continued to live like a slowly burning candle. Ara's letters to Arousiak kept coming oftener from camp and was a source of much joy to Aunt Sooltan, but torture for his ailing mother. One day, his letter to his mother announced he was coming home on leave and would like to be married to Arousiak before leaving for the front. This is what the letter said in part.

"My sweet Mother:

"Arousiak and I have decided that we want to get married. We are sure this is your and my father's wish also. So please get in touch with Arousiak's mother and together make the necessary preparations before I come."

In the evening when Avto was not home, Rose sent word for Sooltan to come to see her. But for discussing quite a different matter which could be put off no longer. And while she was awaiting her arrival, Rose, reclining on her bed, was meditating and praying with a heavy heart. And if one could hear her pleading it would be as follows:

"My Heavenly Father, why did you not spare me this most tragic hour. You who have given man the supreme desire for fatherhood and made woman subject to that desire through her divine gifts of motherhood, why would You not grant also forgiveness. Could You not have sent down your angel of mercy, because You alone know I am innocent. You alone can judge innocence."

When Aunt Sooltan arrived, Rose was lying on the bed, completely exhausted. What they spoke of, just how they expressed themselves, these two unfortunate mothers, no one knew and no one would ever know. But one thing was certain, they had completely understood each other. This was evident when later on Avto came home as Sooltan, smiling sadly, was saying good-bye to his wife, Rose.

Three days later, old lady Anjour, a woman well-known for her gossiping tongue, came to Aunt Sooltan's farm on the pretext of buying some vegetables. She saw Arousiak at the gate. "Dear Arous, did you hear the latest? Avto and his family are moving to California."

Arousiak remained standing after hearing this shocking news. Old lady Anjour continued. "Yes, my dear, yes. Everyone is talking about it, everyone is blaming them. Call your mother, I wonder if she knows."

"My mother isn't here." Poor Arousiak could hardly get these words out of her mouth then turned away in order to hide the tears that filled her eyes.

Old lady Anjour wished to call her back but something seemed to tell her she was not wanted here, so she turned and left murmuring to herself:

"That's the new generation for you! And I thought I was doing a kind deed."

When Sooltan returned she noticed how red and swollen Arousiak's eyes were. Seeing her mother she ran into her arms and cried hard and long. Sooltan sensing what had happened, let her daughter cry it out. She knew well that crying is good for the soul. Then when she quieted down, Sooltan asked her to go in, wash her eyes and come out to her again. When this was done, she calmly asked her daughter to sit down.

"You will soon be twenty years old, you are a big girl. Listen well to what I have to say and try to understand it. Three days ago, Rose opened her heart to me. She confessed everything. That confession did not part our hearts, but did part our paths. Wish them a happy journey, my dear daughter."

She could not find the strength to tell her what she *must* tell her. But the sight of her miserable, unhappy daughter gave her the courage she needed to finish what she had to say.

"Ara", she spoke slowly, "was not meant for you, my darling. Ara is . . . your brother."

"My brother? My brother! Oh, my God," cried Arousiak disconsolately, jumping from her seat. The unfortunate mother, frightened by her daughter's frantic cry, and wishing to get her out of that mood, slapped her daughter's face saying, "For shame; for shame, come to your senses." This helped. Arousiak sat down again.

"Now that you know everything, my daughter," continued Sooltan, "You must seal your lips forever. Things will not always seem so dark."

Sooltan and Arousiak went into the house, hand in hand.

Two weeks later, Avto came to the farm to say good-bye. He was sad. He saw no reason for moving to such a strange and distant place. He could not understand why his wife was so determined and in such haste about this move. He could see naught but evil in it. And how about Ara's furlough, his desire for marriage, all their past dreams and future plans, — how about all these things?

Avto and Aunt Sooltan sat for a long time discussing the matter, looking at it from many angles. Even talking of it seemed to give them strength.

Just as Avto was about to leave, Menzik who, from his sick bed, had tried to follow

the trend of their conversation, made an effort to bid good-bye to his dear friend but the words that came from his lips were hardly audible or coherent. Avto stood in the doorway trying hard to hold back his burning tears.

"Our going away makes no difference, Menzik, my promise is good, let us become in-laws."

Standing between the two friends, Aunt Sooltan smiled a sad smile.

Since that day both Rose and Menzik have passed on. Avto lives in a state of physical collapse while Ara, blaming Arousiak for his unhappiness, stubbornly resists any thought of marriage. For poor Arousiak the doors to Luck are yet closed. Aunt Sooltan still remains the mistress of her fate and her farm.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Garabed Eksoozian, the author of this story, is better known as a poet rather than a short story writer. Both his poems and stories have appeared in various Armenian publications and chiefly in the Armenian language *Hairenik Monthly*. The present story is a chapter from his recent book entitled *Drollery of Life*, now rendered into the English. The author, a resident of Lawrence, Mass., is a well-known attorney.

Drollery of Life is a collection of stories taken from the life of early Armenian immigrants to the United States, as observed by the author. They constitute a candid camera picture of the Armenian early comers, with a portrayal which is tender, full of pathos, and beautifully entertaining in the crudity and the oddity of the characters, with all the old country nostalgia, the simplicity, the innocence, and the innate industry which they brought with them and which they practiced during the period of their self-adjustment to their new environment.



THE POLISH ARMENIAN COLONY

Part III

By H. ZAVRIAN

IX

It is not in vain that Globowicz has named the Armenians the most talented generation of men — *Pubes ingeniosa virum*. They possessed a remarkable diversity of talents which made them suited to engage in all kinds of occupations, such as: commerce, agriculture, the trades, politics, and service in royal palaces. They had built a great reputation in the mastery of languages. As early as 1668, Father Alyosius Pidou knew an Armenian by the name of Lazar Stoniovsky who, due to his travels, was more familiar with the known parts of the world than a contemporary geographer knew from his maps, and who could speak 78 languages.

Whatever the Polish wealthy wanted of the rare articles and the costly products of the East — rugs, horse trappings, panther hides, and gilded armour adorned with precious stones, — the Armenian supplied all these better than anyone else. Frequently Polish Queens sent Armenians on a special trip to the East to fetch costly rugs adorned with golden tassels, beautiful tents, etc. For example, Nichola Avetikhovich, in his writ-of-complaint to the City Court presented a writing of Vladislav IV, issued to the royal treasurer Lakov-Nichola Danielovich, in which it is said that Avetikhovich should be sent to Istanbul to purchase certain articles for which, by the coming summer, the treasurer should have

the following sums ready: 2482 zlothis for a tent which Avetikhovich already had brought from Turkey, and another 1000 zlothis as down payment for a second tent to be purchased.

Turkish thoroughbred horses were another object of trade for the Armenians who knew well how to win the hearts of the Polish nobility with such sturdy steeds. Neither can it be said that the Armenians were always honorable in such trades. We come across various complaints in such transactions. Thus, for example, from a work of Jan Fredro, the Judge of Pshemshil, we learn that the latter in 1628 brought suit against Grigor Zakhnovich, a man of Armenian descent, for having cheated him in the sale of a Turkish steed for a price of 100 gold pieces. Zakhnovich had assured Jan-Fredro that the horse was in perfect condition, whereas, after traveling four miles from Croutok he had started to limp. Against this complaint Zakhnovich complacently replied: "I am responsible to His Merciful Highness for only three things: that the horse is free of asthma, that he does not suffer from running nose, and that he shall not be a stolen horse. As to his limping, I am not responsible for it." According to the Armenian code of ethics, Zakhnovich should have guaranteed against lameness, especially if such a fault was the result of a previous accident, even if the horse had been cured.

There is also mention that as early as the Seventeenth Century the Armenians kept stables and held horse races.

By virtue of their ties with the ruling circles, the Armenians exhibited a high degree of arrogance and a defiant attitude towards the city institutions, often provoking quarrels with the magistrates, and in such cases they invariably were exonerated by the court or nullified the verdict, thanks to the protection of the royalty. If they encountered any opposition on the part of the municipal court or the powerful magistrates, they invariably were protected by some wealthy and influential citizen. If a creditor pressed him, the Armenians always found a way of stopping the payment by a royal order.

The Municipal Court viewed with displeasure the privileged status of the Armenians and for this very reason took advantage of every opportunity to interfere in their internal autonomy, as a result of which there was a flood of protests and petitions on the part of the Armenians full of oriental exaggerations.

Seeing that the Armenians often defied it, the Municipal Court took advantage of each opportunity to intimidate and to subject them to its will. In such events the Court often dug out from its archives old edicts which had been forgotten, based on which to prolong their stay in prison. Such an instance in the Case of two Armenians, Thoros Habbarash and Simon Rapichka vs Gasparovich in 1625. Both these Armenians had sinned against the Armenian people by taking their case to the State Court, in defiance of their customary procedure of settling it in their patriarchal courts. The Armenians of Lwow elected specifically for this case a body of 12 men (similar to the Council of the Forty) who were to try the two Armenians. The two men were summoned to the building of the church court where they were excom-

municated and expelled both from the church and the nation. Habbarash and Rabishka, raising their voices in great lamentation, started to circulate through the streets of the city, appealing to the judges, weeping and wailing, and soliciting help. At first the Municipal Court took the matter as a jest, as seen from the testimony of the judges, but later, infuriated by the boldness of the Armenians, took a firm stand, threw Avetik Avetikovich and Christopher-Horikcha Holoubovich, the representatives of the Council of Twelve who had been elected illegally in jail, and declared the church court a secret organization, the lair of subversive revolutionaries.

This course of events, the feud which had been engendered between the entire Armenian people and the city, was caused by the Armenians themselves who had offended the authorities by their defiant attitude. Avetikovich, who had been summoned before the Municipal Court, himself was the cause of converting a case which started as a jest into a serious matter.

"How long, Pan Avetikovich, since you have been the chairman of the Twelve Elected?" they asked him at the Municipal Court.

"It is in vain, gentlemen, that you make fun of this thing," Avetikovich replied, reminding them the while that he was in the service and under the protection of the Governor of Poznan. "I have not been implicated in any feud, and I protest that you, gentlemen, are forcing me to admit things I have not done. I am not a participant in this feud and I have nothing more to say."

Upon this daring answer — which is literally quoted here from the records of the Municipal Court — one of the judges

warned Avetikovich to ponder what he said and added:

"Do you, or do you not belong to those citizens of Lwow who have taken the oath of loyalty?"

"Gentlemen," Horichka started to threaten, "remember that I am the servant of the stablemaster of His Royal Highness the Crown Prince. Remember, Gentlemen, that I am the servant of His Royal Highness, so that you will not regret your act after it is too late."

But, all this was taking place at a time when the protection of the wealthy had not as yet paralyzed the boldness of either the authorities or the judges as happened later. Besides, the chief magistrate of the Municipal Court at the time was no less a man than Martin Campian, who perhaps was the last of his kind, but truly a great Mayor and not a plaything in the hands of the wealthy. That was the reason why they instantly threw the two leaders of the Council of Twelve, Avetikovich and Horichka in jail.

There was a great howling and wailing among the Armenians who, headed by all the dignitaries, rushed into the hall of the Court. However, Campian's firm stand had its effect and the dignitaries changed the tone of their conversation, pleading, rather than threatening.

"We are only looking for peace," they said, "a peace which we can neither buy nor beg; but we can neither submit, nor carry out this thing, we know not why? Whether due to our misfortune, or to the reluctance and the malice of your Merciful Court? What is the guilt of these two Armenians?"

Martin Campian, hearing the complaint of the Armenians, gave the following answer to their dignitaries:

"It is very strange that you, Gentlemen, neither invited nor called by us, nor desired by us, should rush into our building

in such a throng and demand that we give an explanation as to why these two Armenians have been condemned. This is nothing new, because whenever we do anything we do it on the basis of the laws of our Court and our customs, which we are duty-bound to execute for our Merciful Lord, His Royal Highness. That is neither a misfortune, nor reluctance, or malice, when the Court, according to its understanding and in the performance of its duty, prosecutes that which you are doing contrary to the law, the customs, the liberties and the license. The Municipal Court has often been tolerant toward the Armenians when they have contravened the law, the liberties and the licenses. On what basis do the Armenians indulge in the trade of wine and honey? Is there any mention about it in the edicts of His Royal Highness?

"Have not the Armenians made our mercantile customs and rights the object of ridicule when they lure the servants of our Catholics? Is it not unfortunate that men are led by cupidity and premeditated action? If one does a thing premeditated, that is his will, and not a misfortune. What is your objective in this business? Your protest is entirely in vain. You should have brought your quarrel before the court of His Royal Mercifulness, and not before a covert and self-willed court. There was no need of establishing a new court, nor to initiate a trusteeship of the Twelve, in order to conduct strange and unheard-of suits, and to settle various municipal cases, by excommunicating men from the community and the church. It is not true that Habbarash, for no fault of his own except for having appealed to the court of His Mercifulness, for having sought the protection of the King as his loyal subject, was subjected to your clandestine court, was ejected from the community to this day, was expelled from your church, and

was excommunicated? This is the reason why your two members of the Board of Trustees who violated the dignity of His Royal Mercifulness and all the laws, have been jailed, and let this be a lesson to you. (*Acta Consul*, 1625, pp. 768-769.)

We have presented the details of the picture in the Municipal Court because it is typical of the times. We say nothing as to the court's attitude in that trial. The defendant demanded that the arrested Armenians should be beheaded or their tongues cut off, however, the matter did not reach such a grim conclusion. The Municipal Court sentenced them to one month in jail, expulsion from the city for three years, and a fine of two *griven* in gold. This verdict caused great consternation among the Armenians who instantly showed the royal court with protests and complaints. The King revoked the sentence of the Municipal Court but the municipal government would not release the arrested Armenians based on a formal omission in the King's decree, and it was only after a second and more peremptory order of the King that they were released.

The Armenians were impetuous and daring. It was a customary thing for them to be entangled in a duel with the students, the noblemen, or among themselves at the drop of a hat. The Municipal Court is full of countless such cases. The spirit of compromise which resolved their differences both at home and the community was highly developed among the Armenians. They used every means to settle their quarrels without the intervention of the city or the King's authorities. But when they failed, their dissensions assumed enormous proportions, ending in bloodshed. In such instances hatred overcame all the fraternal customs and the feeling of revenge ended in savage excesses.

Such an instance is the tragic ending of a feud which started in 1609 between

two families: the Bernadovichs and the Ivalkevichs. The Bernadovichs formed a business firm with two Ivalkevich brothers, Yourko and Zacharial, from which the quarrel started. The apple of contention was what was considered a huge sum at the times, 14,000 ducats cash money, and golden embroideries worth 10,000 thalers. The trial itself lasted ten years. Having started at the Municipal Court, the case was brought several times before the Royal Court, and finally the two families, their friends and relatives were so incensed over it that the entire Armenian community was divided into two hostile camps. Zacharial was waylaid and killed under the Vinnik, while Yourko was stabbed in Lwow and escaped death only by pretending to be dead. This bloody act of revenge was executed by a partisan and close relative of the Bernadovichs, Iakhno Hovak, the same Hovakovich who recently had been raised to the nobility, an adventurous soldier whom the Armenians called "The darling of His Mercifulness, Pan Hetman." Hovak stabbed Yourko and trapped Zacharial by a band of his soldiers whom he had organized for an invasion against the Muscovites. The unhappy Zacharial was subjected to several volleys, and after each volley Hovak ordered his soldiers to take good aim lest his victim escaped certain death as did Yourko by pretending to be dead. (*Crinivnalia*, T. VI, p. 263).

When Yourko Ivalkevich died of his wounds, King Sigismund III appointed two trustees over the families of the deceased, a dignitary of Lwow, Yuri Mnishek, and Alexander Khotkevich, Count of Shklow and Governor of Trotsky.

This whole business which was fraught with hatred, blood and gold, is full of characteristic events. The outstanding Armenians of Lwow had a share in it one way or another. An active part was taken

by such wealthy men as the Sobieskies who did business with the Bernadovichs, dramas were enacted in the streets of Lwow and in Davidov which spread great light on the mores of the times.

Hovak was supported by the most inveterate enemy of the Ivalkovichs, a man Thoros Thorossovich who looked like a skinny rag, as the witnesses called him. This Thorossovich had declared just before the tragedy: "If Yourko and Zacharial Ivalkovich do not die soon, they should be stabbed to death, or hanged, or cut in four pieces, and there should be an inscription on their tombs that they deserved no less a death." When Hovak took his revenge, Thorossovich, in the presence of a second, warned him "to take good care of himself."

Another interesting figure is the Court Sheriff Adam Dmoukhovsky who considered it his highest aim and the greatest of his duties the serving of summons, without regard to his personal safety.

The Bernadovichs retired from Lwow to Penyak, a province of Sobiesky, where they took their residence. The Sheriff found them there and served his summons. One of the Bernadovichs — there were four of them — read the summons then handed it back, saying: "Go away from here and tell no one that you have found us; here is half a thaler." When the Sheriff refused to accept the bribe, they started to threaten him. They said they would confine him in the cellar, would stone him to death and would throw his body in the river, but he would not be frightened and persisted in his summons. The four Bernadovichs rushed upon him, thrust the summons in his collar, and dragging him out of the village, started to beat him up, confident that he would flee to Lwow as long as there was any strength left in his legs. But the Sheriff got loose, threw the summons at their feet, and hid him-

self in the bushes. (Ind. Civ. T. XXVIII, pp. 1235-1242).

Highly sensitive of their self-dignity, especially in religious matters, the Armenians of Lwow never readily forgave any insult. When in 1535 a member of the Municipal Court named Sigmund, in the Municipal hall called the Armenians "infidels" and "unworthy men", they repulsed the charge so vehemently that the reckless speaker was forced to retract his words, and the Municipal Court, in its turn, threw him in jail. (Acta Consul, 1535, pp. 366).

The Armenians could not stand the Russians, and vice versa, although it should have been plain that their secondary position in the city would drive them to an agreement in order to fight against the supremacy of the Polish element. Instead, they were at constant enmity with one another, ridiculed each other, and ridiculed each other's religion. The Russians called the Armenians *Sergiz* (Sarkis) derisively. As late as the first half of the XVIth Century such quarrels were so frequent that in 1539 the Municipal Court passed a decree penalizing each Armenian or Russian who was guilty of similar conduct to a fine of 50 grivnas. (Acta Consul, 1553, p. 366).

Together with their fiery and inflammable temperament, the Armenians exhibited a sincere and kindly disposition, and after their anger was over, they became serious and discreet. Not only were they goodhearted, but they even made fun of their past foolish dissensions. It was a bit funny that they always became reconciled with one another in the Municipal Court, with due solemnities. Any personal insult was never pardonable without these elaborate formalities. When in 1625 Thoros Thorossovich, in a session of the Court, audaciously insulted Loukash Hritzkovich, an Armenian by descent who was the Voyt

of Kamentz, the insult was resolved only when Thorossovich, according to a written formula consisting of five points, in the presence of the judges and the witnesses, pronounced the following words:

"My good Pan Loukash, I have always, and from earliest times, been the close friend of Your Mercifulness and I want to remain the same now. But you are angry at me because of my writing, because my writing was strong. When our case came before the Court, carried away by my anger during the trial, in my writ presented to the Court, I permitted myself to use careless expressions in my writing against Your Mercifulness. And now, I beseech Your Mercifulness, as your friend, to forgive me, and to grant me pardon, while I remain the true friend of Your Mercifulness, as I was before, and still count you as such and recognize you as such, as a good and virtuous man." (*Acta Consul*, 1625, p. 339).

There were many stormy scenes in the Armenian quarters of the city; however, these did not last long. More often, these were mere rumblings, rather than the lightning flash. Such was the case on that memorable event in 1629 when Bishop Nicholas Thorossovich, who still was under the jurisdiction of Etchmiadzin, publicly espoused the Papacy. In those days, in the Armenian quarters, swords flashed, and it seemed the enemies of Catholicism came out in all their armour. A partisan of the Bishop and a close relative, Thoros Thorossovich, having unsheathed his sword, rushed into the church and drove out the anti-unitarians, and the second day, likewise having bared his sword, Barthogh Varderesovich was bent on putting to the sword all those who were partisans of the Bishop's "Unitarians." He did not put anyone to the sword and the excited passions finally subsided when, as the Bishop himself testified before the City Adminis-

tration, Varderesovich and his accomplices publicly dragged the Bishop's image, nailed it to the wall, smirched it with the smoke of candles, and distorted it into the face of a Negro.

Far greater than the participation of the city authorities, the Bishop's personal dexterity was instrumental in saving his cause and passions soon started to subside. However, the religious duality continued for a long time and we find that, as late as 1665, the abovementioned Father Calan rebuked the Armenian dignitaries in the following words: "You are not of one heart."

* * *

The details of how the Armenians joined the Papal Church are well known and therefore we shall have very little more to say about it. Among the city documents we find many traces of this period. We find there edicts, writs of protest, lengthy reports and "historical communications," written by the Bishop as well as by the opponents of union with the Catholic Church. These supply exceedingly interesting material for those who want to complete the history of Armenian conversion to Catholicism by additional new details. (*Acta Consul*, 1630, p. 2220 to the end of the volume). We glean from these records a few details in regard to the effects of the Armenian churches which are striking in their antiquity and magnificence. Among these, according to Alembeg (*Manuscript*, City Archives, p. 11) we find painted vestments, made of one piece of cloth and without seams, books, chalices, and various sacred utensils of the Christian holy mass.

We have no information in regard to these objects except that the Bishop stored them in Thoros Thorossovich's cellar and would not deliver them to the anti-unitarian trustees of the church. These trustees and the Armenian magnates sued the Bishop and demanded the delivery of the

following church vessels: a bishop's miter adorned with precious stones, and diamonds, satin vestments and hoods adorned with precious stones, emeralds and pearls, episcopal white chasubles, deacons' shirts embroidered with pearls, a large silver cross gilded with gold, a gilded chalice together with the cover embroidered with pearls and gospel parchments in silver frames.

Among the objects which have come down to us from 1687 to 1713 are the books of the Armenian magnates in which we find a list of the articles which belonged to the Armenian Mother Church, a very meager list, as it appears in 1687 when Lwow was taxed three times. The silver was even less than could be supposed while the gold was totally absent. As to the vessels of the mass which Alembeg mentions, one can only surmise from the chapter in which he speaks of old fashioned vestments whose adornments were in perfect contrast with the Polish costume. Among these vestments we find such paraphernalia of the mass made of gold muslin, satin, velvet and various types of cloth whose name is not known in Lwow and which are called *varbab* and *alaja*. The vestments are called antique — as may be judged from the meager list — not only in point of style but as regards the adornments. These adornments present the figures of crosses with gilded mosaics and embroidered images. One of them, for example, is a figure of the four evangelists, the other is the figure of the Savior on the cross. There is one vestment which, according to the list, has an Arabic inscription. The oldest of the episcopal miters apparently is the one which the list calls ancient. It is entirely woven of gold and is adorned with bunches of pearl. The most colorful and best adorned were the so-called hoods, 9 in number, and all made of silk and adorned with golden and gilded crosses and images, with

pearls and *pondals*. All of them carried various drawings, such as, the twelve apostles, St. Helena, the Visit of the Holy Virgin to Elizabeth, Angels etc. (Manuscript, Library of Osolinsky's, 1646, pp. 206-271).

X

Commercial Translators

The profession of translation in the XVIIIth Century was confined exclusively to the Armenians. In a city like Lwow there were countless foreigners belonging to various nationalities who either had established permanent or temporary quarters engaged in business. As regards the Municipality of Lwow, with Globovicz we may safely say that there appeared before the Court people of all nationalities: "the inhabitants of Lubeck, the Italians, the Germans, the Prussians and the inhabitants of Nurenberg." The knowledge of European languages was comparatively widespread and we encounter many references in the documents to certain inhabitants of the city, especially some of the merchants of Lwow, who could speak fluently Italian, French and German. However, the oriental languages were mastered only by the Armenians, and a knowledge of these languages was imperative to the business of Lwow.

It should be borne in mind that Lwow was the main commercial central point between the greater part of Europe and the remotest regions of the East. The City Institution for Translations was regarded as a most important agency and was organized by the Municipality itself. At the head of this institution stood the chief sworn translator who was an accredited officer of the Government and held a wide range of jurisdiction because his department included not only the supervision of commerce but also the general policy of the government. Not only it took care that the city licenses for storage were respected —

The Custodian of Deposits—, not only it controlled the public fairs, but it also supervised the general policies and especially it had the responsibility of watching the spies who infiltrated the city under the guise of merchants, as well as collecting information.

In a contract, signed between the Municipal Economic Department and Nichola Paytoulevich, a man of Armenian descent, signed in 1667, specific mention was made of such politico-police duties. This contract gives us full information in regard to the functions of the municipal translator, or interpreter. The first stipulation of the contract charges the translator under oath to watch over the movements of foreign merchants who came to Lwow loaded with merchandise from various parts, or under the pretext of making purchases, and to see to it that they did not violate the customs and the laws of the city. Besides, it 'was the duty of the translator to try to rid Poland of foreign spies who, under the guise of merchants, came to Poland either to gather information or to export goods prohibited by the orders of the Seym. The minute he spotted such a spy, the translator was obliged instantly to notify the Municipal courts. Besides, the translator was supposed to collect the proceeds of the institution's services from foreign merchants during the fairs of Lwow and Yaroulav as well as on other festive occasions. It was his duty to see to it that all the taxes were collected regularly to the benefit of His Royal Highness and the Government, as well as the licensed revenues of the King's and the City's administration. He should be vigilant lest foreign merchants bypassed the city and avoided the payment of the storage tax to the benefit of the City of Lwow. He was supposed to detect the dodgers and instantly notify the Mayor or the officers in charge of the customs and thereby proved his diligence. He had to

supervise over all foreign eastern merchants who came to Lwow with their goods and funds, had to present them to the Mayor on their arrival and their departure from the city, and was supposed never to permit either their entry on their departure until they had shown the Mayor and himself, the translator, the receipt of their payments.

The city translator received no wages from the city; on the contrary, as the city's representative in the collection of revenues, he himself paid the city. He had a right, according to a specified amount, to collect taxes from foreign nationals in behalf of the city, commensurate with the capital and the worth of the goods which were imported. For this, he received a certain percentage, a so-called profit from each transaction in which he was involved as translator and agent. The translator's remuneration was practically negligible. In the contract signed by the City and Baytoulevich we read that, for each 100 zlothis the translator received 15 krols, and, from the revenues, of the city, from various monetary sums and various kinds of merchandise, seven-and-a-half krols for each 100 zlothis. For this privilege he paid the city an annual rental of 1,200 zlothis. (Acta Consul, 1667, pp. 260-267).

This figure offers us a basis for an approximate appraisal of the city's commercial exchange in 1661, at a time when the city's trade was at a low ebb. This of course applies only to the trade which was transacted by the City Translator.

Baytoulevich paid the city an annual sum of 1200 zlothis as based on his collections on behalf of the city, — $\frac{1}{4}$ percent of the total revenues. Assuming that Baytoulevich paid the city less than the half of what he collected in taxes, the sum of 1200 zlothis representing $\frac{1}{4}$ percent of the total circulation would raise the latter to not less than one million zlothis.

If this appraisal is correct then we must

admit that, as a commercial center, our opinion in regard to the decline of the City of Lwow in the XVIIIth Century is strange indeed. Moreover, we must take into account the decline of the value of the zlothi which took a dive in the second half of the XVIIth Century. For example, in 1651 one ducat was worth 7 zlothis in Lwow, whereas, in 1683, it was worth 13 zlothis. This being so, it would be no exaggeration to say that even 60 years before the annual exchange of only a few merchants of Lwow not only attained this sum but exceeded it. We already have seen that in 1600 a caravan from Istanbul brought to Zacharial Ivalkevich the merchant 12,000 ducats worth of goods, but this sum in 1687 was worth fully 120,000 zlothis. It is needless to say that such merchants in those times were many in Lwow, and many was the number of the caravans which arrived from the East and the West.

The head translator had under him many secondary translators, the so-called agents who likewise were sworn in. In Baytoulévich's contract provision is made for four such junior translators. These had to be "citizens and not foreigners, who were familiar with foreign languages and their trades." However, in former times when the commerce of Lwow was at its peak, their number was even greater. In 1625 six such translators took the oath, all of whom were subordinate to the head translator. In 1630 the office of junior translators was defined by specific provisions, to which was added the following observation:

"The job of subordinate translators is so easy that all of them are well off, being accustomed to amassing fat profits from foreign merchants. Therefore, it is imperative that that office, which is so vital for the business class, be regulated."

These junior translators played the role of agents or intermediaries. They could draw their revenues "only from foreign

merchants and they were bound to offer their whole-hearted and devoted service to His Royal Mercifulness and the city." As far as the other cities of Poland were concerned, any one who desired and had the knowledge could act as agent. The office of both head translator and junior translators was the monopoly of the Armenians.

XI

The Decline of Lwow Armenians

With the decline of the City of Lwow came the decline of the Armenians. As long as they held the commerce of the East one could encounter among them men of fabulous wealth. In those times the Armenians of Lwow had the reputation of living a sumptuous life, exhibiting an inclination for generosity and hospitality for which qualities we have a very old testimony in the travels of Gilbert de-Lannoy in 1421. To this knight who wandered from land to land, the Armenians made a gift of a costly silken piece and organized a testimonial dinner with the participation of the ladies. (*Firent danser et faire bonne chiere avec les dames*). Gilbert de-Lannoy. *Ambazades et voyages*, 1844, p. 64.

It is not in vain that Alembeg has called them men of luxury (*virum sumptuosi*). The Armenians were carried away by their oriental passion for ostentation, they loved to dazzle people and to leave an impression with the brilliance of their costumes, their diamonds, their textures in gold and pearls, their gaudy and ornamented armor and their tumultuous feasts.

An example of Armenian love of splendour has come down to us from the latter part of the XVIIIth Century, the period of the general decline of Lwow. This, however, is apparently an echo of former days of splendour, in striking contrast with the poverty of times, which has found its way in the documents and has been preserved for future generations. At that time — the

event took place in 1684 — the people of Lwow already had forgotten the abundance of the Polish wealthy, so that, each expression of magnificence or splendor was magnified tenfold and was made the occasion of malicious gossip.

In 1682, the Prosecuting Attorney Stanislaw Karkovsky prosecuted Jan Yashkevich the Armenian because the latter had thrown a stately party on the occasion of his daughter's wedding. Yashkevich's son-in-law, an Armenian of Kamenetz named Bobrikovich, was likewise hauled into court for having worn very costly and excessively dazzling clothes during the ceremony of the wedding.

"Pan Yashkevich knows very well," the Prosecuting Attorney wrote in his indictment, "that in each well-organized state or city, to distinguish the high and the low classes of society, one must observe a corresponding use of apparel and ornaments, to which end there have been established and practiced from ancient times — and especially since 1655, and recently passed by last year's Seym — certain laws against extravagant splendor, because such gaudy apparel to distinguish the class not only promotes confusion among the community by ruining and disintegrating the families and the classes, but very naturally, they also bleed white the physical resources of the government and the provinces and engender various misfortunes. The defendant knows all this very well, because few is not the number of the cities which, like Lwow, in each council and each Seym, as well as in the committees, and during all public functions, the people complain publicly, and especially in private conversations, beginning with the high ranking functionaries of His Mercifulness to the representatives of the provinces, against the violation of said rule. Such conduct is inclined to irritate not only the citizens who, without this provocation, already are in ill temper, but

also, and especially the members of the nobility.

"And this august tribunal of our city, as well as the members of our Seym, are enduring this outrage at the hands of the Armenians only because it is among these Armenians that the men, the women, the youngladies and the youths don such costumes which befit only the senators. Especially the women and the youngladies order such costly dresses which are worn only by the most distinguished women, exciting the envy of all. Not only their coats, their shawls, their hats, and their gloves, but their gowns, their underwear and their ribbon bands are embroidered and made of the most costly material. They use only the most precious and the most beautiful. They have gone so far that there is hardly any distinction between the Armenian woman and the highest ranking lady in the matter of their attire."

After this prologue the Prosecuting Attorney turns to the wedding which he calls a scandal which is subject to punishment, and especially because the wedding took place in full sight of the officers who attended the session of the Winter Committee.

"Ivan Yashkevich," says the Attorney, "permitted his wife, as well as his daughter to wear clothes which was more than warranted by their position and rank in the city. Their attire was exceedingly costly, both his wife's and his daughter's, to say nothing of the extravagant jewelry. When the young girl was on her way to the altar, the greater part of the populace of Lwow was thronged along Armenian Street (Ormienskaya Ulica) to watch and marvel at the wedding, and it was apparent to all that the girl was dressed like the women of a king's retinue, with a diamond-studded diadem and ostrich feathers. Her wedding dress was woven of gold, and we may gain an idea of the cost when we consider that the gown alone was worth 1200 zlotis, and

while it is shameful to say it — the court will pardon me — even her stockings and embroidered shoes were worth nearly 200 zlothis. If we were to take stock of all the things they wore, both Mrs. Yashkevich and her daughter, from head to foot, from the most costly to the most trivial, it is difficult to imagine how much they were worth.

"The bridegroom himself, Bobrikovich, aside from his other clothes, wore at the nuptials a jacket which was decorated with gold buttons and precious stones. And when the dance began, not so much driven from superciliousness, as for the sake of elegance, he wore another jacket made of Dutch silk and a lining of woven gold. And even his shoes — pardon me for saying it — to the great astonishment of the observers, was of gold texture. But when it comes to paying his taxes to the city, the same Pan Yashkevich pays as little as the poorest citizen."

As we have said, all this was a reflection, a sort of twilight of former splendor which was about to become extinguished on the horizon of Lwow Armenians. Much later than the other nations, although no less re-

luctantly, the Armenians of Lwow were beginning to feel the living weight of a whole era.

The number of the Armenians of Lwow and their wealth started to diminish when in 1648 Bogdan Khmelnitzki laid siege to Lwow and to save the city they had to pay a huge ransom. In this ransom 147 Armenians took part with a contribution of 91,423 zlothis which makes a straight 30,500 thalers. The numbers of the remaining families of course was a little more. Nearly fifty years later only 73 Armenians were in a position to contribute to the ransom — less than the half of their numbers — who raised 22,382 thalers to satisfy the Swedes.

In the abovementioned book of magnates it is written:

"And the nation came to naught, and if now, in 1713, God forbid, we should be forced to pay another ransom, we can scarcely collect 100 thalers, because the population has decreased and poverty reigns everywhere."

(To Be Continued)



TWENTY FIVE YEARS OF ARMENIAN LINGUISTICS

By E. AGHAYAN

After the establishment of the Soviet regime, Armenian linguistics came face to face with the following problem: all the heritage of the past had to be critically re-examined; everything fruitful that remained of the "bourgeois" science of languages had to be made use of, being utilized in the creation of a truly scientific approach to language. That is why the first years immediately following the Sovietization of Armenia were devoted to critical investigations and evaluations of theoretical premises of existing principles of linguistics. Already in 1930 Mr. Gourgen Sevak delivered a sharp critical attack against various Indo-European theories. (This article appeared in the No. 6-7 1930 edition of the magazine *Nor Ughi*, pp. 184-197).

Professor Ararat Gharibian in an article, "On the Linguistic Theory of Prof. Abeghian" (which appeared in *Izvestia* of the Marxist Leninist Institute 1932 No. 1 page 159-168) criticized psychological individualism in linguistics, whereas in another article entitled "The Struggle of the Academician Marr Against Racial Theories" (published in *Izvestia* of *Armfan* 1943, No. 3 pages 3-26) he exposed linguistic racial theories, basing his conclusions on Marr's teachings. A member of the Armenian Academy of Sciences, Prof. G. Ghapantsian, analyzed the mistakes of the Indo-European school in an article "Marr And Indo-

Europeanism" (*Sovetakan Hayastan*, 1943, No. 103). Prof. Ghapantsian called attention of readers to the fact that the analysis of the Armenian language performed by Indo-European linguists was inadequate and one-sided, since it failed to take into consideration that layer of the Armenian language which made it kindred with languages of the local populace.

I

Critical of the mistakes and shortcomings of the Indo-European theorists, the Armenian linguists popularized simultaneously the theoretical premises of Marxian linguistics trying to analyze varied phenomena in the light of these premises. Thus, already in 1926, Ghapantsian in an article entitled "Yaphetic Theory" (*Isvestia* of Erivan University, 1926, No. 2 pp. 374-397), explained the fundamentals of the new science of languages as formulated by Marr, especially taking up in detail the substance and significance of Marr's works dealing with the Armenian language. In an article "On the Question of Dialectics of Language Development," (*Nor Ughi*, 1931, No. 5 pp. 107-141) Ghapantsian succeeded in throwing light on some of the current questions of dialectal development of the language. Sevak, in a comprehensive article entitled "Lenin And Dialectal Regularity of Laws of Language Development" (*Izvestia* of the

Marxist-Leninist Institute, 1935, No. 1. pp. 154-158) analyzed the development of the language from the Leninist-Marxist point of view, divulging the dialectal regularity revealed in the development of languages; using this regularity as a basis, he also established the "specificum" of a language.

In studies devoted to different language problems, Armenian linguists laid the foundation for more fundamental and more extensive theoretical works; among the latter we may consider the important work of Ghapantsian on "The General Science of Languages," (Erivan 1939). Utilizing all the materials obtained in the course of his multiferous studies, Ghapantsian devoted this work to the following important branches of the general science of languages — phonetics, morphology, and lexicography. Parts of this manuscript, the introduction and phonetics, were published as a separate edition prior to the appearance of the entire book.

This work of Ghapantsian represented a valuable addition to the contemporary literature of the science of linguistics; its importance became especially pronounced when one considered that previously theoretical texts of a similar nature were practically nonexistent in the Armenian science of linguistics.

Thinking along the lines of such general theoretical problems, the Armenian linguists were also preoccupied with peculiarities of the Armenian language per se, producing a series of significant accomplishments as a result. Important works devoted to the study of the history of the Armenian language appeared in print. "The History of the Armenian Language," (Vol. I, Erivan, 1940) written by a member of the Armenian Academy of U.S.S.R., Prof. G. Ajarian, was published; the second volume of this work is now in print. Prof. A. Gharibian wrote an "Introduction to the History of the Armenian Language," (published in Erivan, 1937).

The voluminous work of Ajarian covered all that had been done during the entire century in the study of the history of the Armenian language. It was indeed hard to imagine a study undertaken with greater patience and painstaking thoroughness. In some of the chapters the author took up in detail the dictionary content of the Armenian language, indicating the lexicographical and grammatical influences exerted by other languages on it. He also evaluated the importance of these influences from the point of view of the whole cultural development of the Armenian people. His second volume was devoted to the study of differ-

ABOUT THIS ARTICLE AND ITS AUTHOR

When twenty years ago Prof. Aghayan, himself a writer of Soviet Armenia, wrote this article, he no doubt little realized what would be the fate of his colleagues whom he had praised so profusely in his lifetime. Subsequent purges of Professors Ajarian and Ghapantsian, whom he had eulogized to the skies as scientists who furthered the materialistic version of philological science propounded by Academician Marr not only is positive proof of the utter uncertainty of the products of the Soviet scientist, no matter how imposing they may be, but aside from the mere historical information, materially detracts from the essential merits of his article. For a more comprehensive idea as to what happened to Professors Ajarian and Ghapantsian and a host of others, Aghayan himself probably included, see Herant Ermoian's illuminating article on Soviet Armenia, as well as Nayiri's interesting article on the State University of Armenia, published in the Spring, 1950 issue of the Armenian Review. It should be added here that, since then, following Stalin's letter repudiating Academician Marr, the Soviet version of philology has once again been completely reversed, restoring the writers whom Prof. Aghayan has praised in his article and who later were purged into the position of personae grata with the Soviet, demonstrating the utter dependence of the Soviet scientist and the orthodoxy of his philosophy on the whim of one man.—ED.

ent periods of development of the Armenian language, such as classical, the post-classical, Grecian, and medieval.

The monumental work of Ajarian came about as a valuable contribution to the field of already existing works on the study of Armenia. Charibian re-examined and critically re-evaluated a series of fundamental questions which arose in connection with the history of the Armenian language. He studied its genesis, the delineation of different periods of its history, the question of its tribal composition, and related problems. This work merited special consideration, since it was the first of its kind, in which attempts were made to study the history of the Armenian language according to the new science of languages formulated by Marr.

Chapantsian also dealt with questions related to the most ancient periods of the Armenian language. He was especially interested in studying local (Chaldo-Urartian) languages as well as languages originating in Asia-Minor, trying to establish connection between the latter and the language of Armenia. Thus in his work entitled "Ghetto Armeniaca," (Erivan, 1935), he analyzed the question of interdependence existing between the Armenian language; and languages of Asia Minor, emphasizing particularly the relatedness to the Hettian language; analyzing a multitude of Armenian words, he succeeded in establishing a definite relationship existing between the Armenian and Hettian languages. In "The History of Urartu", (Erivan, 1940), after having analyzed thoroughly the Urartian and Armenian languages, Chapantsian cites many facts revealing the inter-relation between them. Two works of Chapantsian were especially remarkable: "The Hettian Gods Worshipped by Armenians", (Erivan, 1940), in which he dealt again with the question of Armenian-Hettian relations, guiding himself in this case not only by lin-

guistics of both languages, but by the pantheon of both peoples as well; and another work entitled "The Historico-Linguistic Meaning of Toponymics of Ancient Armenia" (Erivan, 1940). In this work the author analyzed the particular names of places in Armenia which were mentioned in the Haldean writings as well as in other Armenian monuments. The first chapters were devoted to ancestral toponymics consisting of Haldean inscriptions which could serve as the most ancient source of study of Armenian history. In later chapters the Armenian toponymics of the tribal and cult periods were analyzed; finally, the newly created toponymic formations were studied. The author worked on these questions from the historic-linguistic point of view, discovering their significance in the process of shedding light on many problems of the ethnogenesis of the Armenian people. Both works proved to be very fruitful for the study of Armenian history as well as for the study of the ancient period of the history of the Armenian language.

Sevak currently devoted his time to the study of the contemporary Armenian language; he worked for a long time gathering and studying materials and finished this work only recently. His studies were briefly summarized in his work, "The Theory of Contemporary Armenian Language."

II

Voluminous work has been also performed in so far as Armenian lexicologies and dictionaries are concerned. A very important event in the history of Armenian linguistics occurred when the "Basic Dictionary of the Armenian Language," edited by Ajarian was published by Erivan (1926-1935). This great work was published in seven volumes, six of which contained basic and fundamental material printed on 9000 pages and one volume, the seventh, containing various supplements and addenda.

We will give a brief description of the structure and content of this work in order to give some idea of the magnitude of this accomplishment.

The dictionary covered completely all the fundamental words of the Armenian language. The explanation of each word was treated in five different subdivisions.

1. *Lexicology*: this subdivision gave the root of the word, the forms of its declension, its meanings, various indications pointing to the usage of this root in the most ancient times, its derivatives, and different transcriptions of the same word.

2. *Etymology* formed the basic part of the dictionary. The editor gave here the etymology of a particular word, if it existed, and if the author was in agreement with it, citing the name of the authority for it. But since a great majority of words had a great variety of meanings attached to them, he was not satisfied with the correctness of his own interpretation of this or that term, but cited the opinions of famous authorities on Armenia, as Hubschman or Meye, for example.

3. *The history of etymology*: in this subdivision the editor gave a summation of all meanings and interpretations of words attributed by Armenian or foreign authors. All authors beginning with those of the fifth century and terminating with the authors of the time of the dictionary's appearance were cited in this history. The editor related in chronological order all the meanings which, due to their being inexact, did not enter into the second volume. He also revealed who was the first authority or writer who gave the correct interpretation of the given word. In this way the dictionary presented a complete history of Armenian etymologies, beginning with the fifth century when the Armenian alphabet was invented and ending with the present.

4. *Dialects*. In this section different forms of the given word used in numerous varie-

ties of Armenian dialects were presented. This subdivision was very valuable for those interested in the study of Armenian dialects and in the history of Armenian language. The author compiled a list of thirty different dialects and varieties of the Armenian language, entering them in this subdivision. Its value was increased by the fact that many of the dialects have now disappeared. This phenomenon was especially evident after World War I. Thus material pertinent to these dialects could have been found only in a subdivision of this dictionary.

5. *The influence of the Armenian language on other languages*: this subdivision indicated where and how Armenian words left their imprint on foreign languages. This subdivision was important because it revealed the influence exercised by the Armenian language on other tongues, a subject in which few linguists had shown interest.

This brief summary is sufficient to show the reader the colossal amount of work spent by the author in the forty years devoted to its compilation. The "Basic Dictionary" has completely embraced one area of Armenian linguistics, etymology. It included everything that had ever been said anywhere about any Armenian dictionary whatsoever.

This work is one of the largest monuments to the study of Armenia proper. One cites here the words of N. Y. Marr, who, becoming familiar with the manuscript in 1906, said: "I think that the work of Mr. G. Ajarian will when published prove to be a tremendous event in the literature of Armenian linguistics, being a most valuable guide, equalled by none in Armenian or in the scientific literature of Europe." Indeed, no other equally voluminous etymological dictionary exists in any other language; its closest rival, Boisacy's Greek Etymological Dictionary, contains only 1500 pages.

The
valuab
Armen
of whi
The so
The c
volum
fied, a
that v
from
cludin
piled
sons
from
name
view.
plana
usag
name
sequ
sons
poss
were
place
ten
such
Th
ary
by I
a n
Thre
alre
cess
the
sent
the
the
ma
the
Ar
pe
cer
ary
sc
au
pl

The same author compiled another very valuable work entitled "The Dictionary of Armenian Proper Names" the first volume of which was published in 1942 at Erivan. The second volume is being printed now. The dictionary will be published in five volumes. In it the author compiled, classified, and analyzed all the proper names that were used in the Armenian language from the very ancient times up to and including the fifteenth century; he also compiled all the proper names of all the persons prominent in history and in literature from 1500 A.D. to the present times. Each name was considered from two points of view. The first dealt with the origin, explanation, diminutive forms, common usages, and other transformations of the name; the second listed in chronological sequence all the historically important persons who bore that name. If it were at all possible, the biographies of such persons were given in brief, as well as all of the places in Armenian literature, in handwritten manuscripts, and other sources where such persons were described.

The four volume "Explanatory Dictionary of the Armenian Language" compiled by Professor Stephen Malkhasian was also a notable event in Armenian linguistics. Three volumes of this dictionary have been already published, while a fourth is in process. This voluminous work is not only the masterpiece of its author, but it represented also a tremendous achievement for the whole of Soviet Armenian linguistics in the last few years. Coming as a result of many years of hard labor, this dictionary, the first of its kind, embraced the stock Armenian words, beginning with those appearing in literary monuments of the fifth century and terminating with current literary language and dialects. To realize the scope of this dictionary, one should cite the author's statement made in connection with planning of this work. The four volumes

of this dictionary were to contain all "the words of the spoken and written Armenian language, beginning with our very first letters and ending with current times; in other words it should have all the word-stocks of the classical language, of 'Grabar', the 'lower Grabar' of the folk language, the current literary language, the current dialects and slang, together with all the idioms that were known and all words borrowed from European or other linguistic areas. The dictionary was to cite their origin, giving adequate examples of literary and folk languages and grammatical rules." (Vol. I, preface, page 5).

This ambitious program gives us a picture of the content. A similar work did not exist hitherto in Armenian literature. The best of all old Armenian dictionaries, "The New Dictionary of the Haician Language", (Venice, 1836-37, II Vols.), contained only words of the "Grabar" dialect of ancient Armenian; other dictionaries comprised just parts of the Armenian language (such as the Ashkharabar, the dialects, and the like). Malkhasian's lexicon came about as a unique dictionary, comprised the words of the Armenian language of all the periods beginning with graphic letters. The author has completed his work with honor. The dictionary was a masterpiece from the point of view of material gathered and explanations of the meanings of the words contained as well as from the point of view of including tremendous numerous of idioms and stylistic expressions of which there are so many in the Armenian language.

The publishing of numerous specialized dictionaries was also very important. The appearance of an Armenian scientific literature necessitated coining of numerous scientific and political terms which just did not exist in the Armenian language of the pre-Soviet era. For example, numerous specialized dictionaries have been published

such as a Dictionary of Labor Terms, a Dictionary of Terms Used in Building Constructions, a Dictionary of Legal Terminology, and Botanical Dictionary.

Finally, it is necessary to mention the appearance of orthographical dictionaries. A special "Commission On Terminology" created by the Commissariat of Education of the Armenian SSR spent a considerable amount of energy to develop a stable orthography for the Armenian language. These special dictionaries came about as fruits of these efforts. Of them the "New Orthographical Dictionary of the Armenian Language" compiled by Professor A. Gharian, (Erivan, 1945), was considered best.

III

Publication of foreign dictionaries was just as important, but very little has been accomplished in this respect as yet. For example, an acute need still exists for Russian-Armenian and Armenian-Russian dictionaries. The three dictionaries that were already published are not able to satisfy the growing needs of the reading public. Nothing whatsoever has been done as yet with foreign languages. Still, the study of Russian and foreign languages has created a need for foreign language dictionaries that became apparent long ago.

During the last twenty-five years much has been done from the point of view of studying different Armenian dialects. The study of dialects is of special importance, since the passage of every other day brings nearer the substitution of a single literary language for Armenian dialects; many have disappeared already and those that remain are nearing extinction. At the same time the study of different Armenian dialects helps to comprehend many facets of the history of development of the Armenian language. It is a well known fact that N. Y. Marr always emphasized the importance of studying different Armenian dialects

since their variety gave rise to inexhaustible sources of materials useful in arriving at solutions of the complicated question of the composition of the Armenian language.

In this connection we have to mention the name of Prof. R. Ajarian, whose numerous researches helped to conserve for the Armenian Science of Languages many dialects now completely extinct.

Prof. Ajarian began his dialectological research studies long before the era of Sovietization. Already in 1909 he had published in French some results of his studies entitled "Classification des dialectes Arméniens" which, later on, after being reworked and completed, was issued in Armenian under the title "Armenian Dialectology." This work presented for the first time in history a scientific foundation. A little later in 1913 Ajarian published a "Dictionary of Armenian Dialects" in Tiflis. After Armenia became a Soviet Republic, Ajarian's efforts in studying different Armenian dialects became even more energetic. During the last quarter of a century the following books were published: "Studies of the Marag Dialect," (Erivan, 1930); "Studies of the Akulissian Dialect," (Erivan, 1935); "Studies of the Nakhichevan Dialect," (Erivan Dialect," (Erivan, 1935); "Studies of the Novo-Djuginian Dialect," (Erivan, 1940); "Studies of the Constantinople Dialect," (Erivan, 1942). All of these were done using the same system and each yielded exhaustive data on the dialects in question.

Professor Gharian also made important studies in Armenian dialectology. His thesis submitted for the Ph. D degree, "A New Branch of Armenian Dialects", Works of the Erivan State University, XI, 1939, pp. 23-187, was significant in establishing correct classification of Armenian dialects. In this work he analyzed for the first time six Armenian dialects — the Ardvinian, the Shagahian, the Megrinian, the Carchevan-

ian, the Urminian, and the Adtrutian. After a comparative study of all six, he discovered a new branch of Armenian dialects, the so called "Branch C". In an article "Toward the Question of Classifying Armenian Dialects", The Works of Erivan State University, XIX, 1942, pp. 5-18, Charibian again raised the question of branching out of the Armenian dialects, establishing definitely the existence of four of such developments.

E. Aghayan also devoted time to the study of dialects, publishing his complete studies of the Megrinian dialect, Works of the Erivan State University, XIX, 1942, pp. 252-471.

Charibian's college textbook, "A Brief Description of the Armenian Dialectology," represented a summary and generalization of all related works. Having utilized all of the studies of different Armenian dialects, an important part in which was played by the works of Ajarian, the author enriched the book by adding the wealth of data collected through his own efforts. In this work the author revised and re-examined a whole series of basic questions pertaining to the Armenian dialectology in the light of Marr's teachings.

Studies dedicated to the modern Armenian language occupy an important place in Armenian language research.

IV

Whereas research of former stages of the development of the Armenian language is of a great theoretical interest, the studies of the contemporary Armenian language are of a greater practical importance.

The scientific analysis of modern Armenian is conducive to the development of the Armenian language commensurate with the epoch of socialism; it is conducive to the development of language of science and culture which will be nationalistic in form and socialistic in content. In this way such

a scientific analysis of the language is also indicative of the ways of its future development and growth. Only two works in this area have appeared thus far. The first, "The Theory of the Armenian Language," Erivan, 1945, was written by a former member of the Academy of Sciences of the Armenian SSR, Manuk Abeghian. This valuable work is outstanding in its thorough and patient analysis of factual material compiled as a result of agelong efforts. The book discusses the subjects of phonetics, semantics, and formation of words, as well as the morphology of the "Ashkarabar" language. Unfortunately, the author did not have a chance to rewrite and add his "Ashkarabar Syntax" published in 1912. Abeghian's work is the most valuable study of factual material pertaining to the modern Armenian language (Ashkarabar). However, in spite of that, the study deals with the early development of Ashkarabar language, a period that has already been surpassed, dealing essentially with the pre-revolutionary period. On account of this, many phenomena of the modern Armenian language do not find a place in it.

The other work is that of Sevak, "The Theory Of Modern Armenian," (Book I, Erivan, 1939), which will consist of three volumes. The first will consist of the following sections: introduction, the formation of the contemporary Armenian language, phonetics, and morphology.

The author deals in the introduction with many basic problems of general linguistics. The next section is dedicated to the origin of the modern Armenian language or, as it is more simply referred to, the history of "Ashkarabar." The author observes the long process of creation and development of the Ashkarabar from its very inception till our times. This section represents the first successful attempt to study the history of modern Armenian. Other sections deal with the theory of phonetics and morpho-

logy of the "Ashkharabar." One could say without fear of being accused of exaggerating that Sevak's work is a most valuable addition. But this work is dedicated primarily to theoretical aspects of this study, and therefore one cannot consider it as exhausting fully the scientific analysis of all the facts gathered on basis of observing numerous phenomena of modern Armenian.

"The Explanatory Handbook-Dictionary of the Modern Armenian Language," compiled by the Language Institute of the Academy of Sciences of the Armenian SSR, could be considered a valuable attempt to study the dictionary composition of modern Armenian. A text edition of this hand-book dictionary has just been published.

V

Serious work has been also performed in the process of writing standardized school grammars. At this place one should not forget the theoretical struggle that raged on for many years between different schools of grammar. It is well known that in the beginning of this century Manuk Abeghian's grammar received great prominence in schools, thus laying the foundations of the so-called formalistic school of thought. The numerous students and followers of Abeghian have succeeded in implanting this grammar in schools where they were teaching, as a result of which formal grammar ruled in Armenia for the first ten years after the Soviet Regime came to power. Gharibian and Sevak started a relentless struggle against this formalistic movement. By 1932 they had introduced essential changes into the programs of Armenian high schools. These changes were approved and confirmed by the Peoples' Commissariat of Education. But the real struggle against formalism came only in 1934 when A. Gharibian's textbook, "The Grammar of the Armenian Language," appeared in print. This textbook took a position diametrically opposed

to teachings of the formalists. Representatives of formalist schools, such as G. Petrosian and others, came out sharply criticizing the book in newspapers, "The Cultural Front," and "Khorurdayin Hayastan."

Although Gharibian's "Grammar" was already approved as a standard text in Armenian high schools, the struggle reached a yet higher level. Sevak joined it by coming out with a long article, "The Struggle of Generations on the Grammar Front", in The Cultural Front, 1934, Nos. 33, 34.

In this paper Sevak supported Gharibian's position in exposing the formalist teachings of his opponents. The article delivered a blistering attack on the teachings of the formalist schools. The last crushing blow was delivered in the discussion led on the subject in question by the Armenian Commissariat of Education. A. Ajarian, A. Gharibian, and G. Sevak spoke against the representative of formalist way of thinking, M. Abeghian, this time rendering the coup de grace to formalism.

Soon after that Sevak's textbook, "The Syntax of the Armenian Language", was published (in 1937). The author followed consistently the new principles of grammar as had A. Gharibian before him. The second edition of both of these texts was published in 1938 after which they were recognized as standard texts for Armenian high schools.

Sevak's work, "The Teaching On Parts Of A Word", (Works Of Erivan State University, pp. 189-244 XI, 1939), is a valuable contribution to the science of grammar. It represents one of the chapters of his larger work, "Introduction To Gnoseological Grammar", in which the author, criticizing the traditional theories of speech usually accepted in grammar, established new principles of grammatical structure. This scientific-philosophical work of Sevak was very important in throwing light upon many

theoretical questions on the science of grammar.

The Commission On Terminology of the Armenian People's Commissariat of Education has done its share in developing and increasing the preciseness of the modern Armenian language. The reform of the Armenian alphabet, in 1940, the final solution of certain difficulties in spelling, that particularly concerned the orthography of consonant letters, standardization of rules punctuation as well as coining and legalization of numerous politico-scientific terms all this exerted an enormous practical influence on the constructive architectonics of the Armenian language. These efforts of the Commission On Terminology have put an end to the chaotic lawlessness that until recently reigned in the Armenian literary language.

This is the general picture of linguistics as it flourished within the last twenty-five years in Soviet Armenia. And, by the way, one should not forget that a quantity of very valuable materials is still in manuscript form now ready for publication.

Thus, Ajarian's "Studies of the Zeytunian Dialect" or G. Chapantsian's "The History of Armenian Language", and E. Aghayan's "The History of Armenian Linguistics" have already been prepared for publication. In the same manner, Sevak's "History of Modern Armenian Language" is being prepared.

VI

We should like to add that during the last twenty-five years numerous cadres of new Armenian linguists have come into being. It will be useful to point out that at the present time the following cadres are present in Armenia: three members of the Academy of Sciences of the Armenian SSR, one Ph.D professor, and ten masters in

philology. All of these, except the first three, have obtained their education and became proficient in their studies under the Soviet Regime. In addition, many post graduate students now prepare themselves in linguistics.

Armenia is now the world's center of Armenian Science and culture; in fact, it is the only real source of development and inspiration in this area. Before the establishment of the Soviet regime, the development of the Armenian culture and science was progressing outside Armenia, in Tiflis, Moscow, Leningard, Vienna, Paris, Venice, and Constantinople. At the present time it is Soviet Armenia that proudly carries the banners of Armenian science and culture. Erivan University played a particularly important part in the development of Armenian science and culture. All native linguists who became proficient in the science of linguistics after the establishment of the Soviet Regime, were former students of Erivan University. The University published such works as Ajarian's "Basic Dictionary", "The History of the Armenian Language," "The Dictionary of Armenian Proper Names," Chapantsian's "History of Urartu", "General Study of Languages", and many other works of equal merit. The two-year old Institute of Languages of the Academy of Sciences of the Armenian SSR has contributed much to the development of Armenian linguistics. The first steps taken in this direction were the issuance of the Russian Armenian Dictionary, (Erivan, 1945), as well as the "Explanatory Handbook Dictionary of the Armenian Language" being prepared at present. Undoubtedly the Institute of Languages will become an important scientific center of future studies of development of the Armenian language.



"DADDY WILL BE COMING BACK"

By HAIKAZ MARCAR

In his delirium, George thought he was on the track field, and the roar of the crowd assumed almost deafening proportions as the athletes moved effortlessly around the final bend. Yale's Johnson still clung to the first five yard lead he had forged when George dropped the baton as he took it from Jim.

But this was the big moment George had been waiting for. If Harvard was to win the relay and the meet, now was the time he had to make his bid. Leaning forward slightly, George called on the kick that had made him famous. A surge of exhilaration flowed through him as he felt his powerful legs respond to his will. The intervening yards dwindled rapidly. Three . . . two . . . one . . . The voice of the crowd seemed to crystallize into one prolonged roar which spelled George.

Within ten yards of the tape he flashed past Johnson. Then suddenly something seemed to hit his right leg with a terrible impact and as he fell to the ground, the roar of the crowd faded to a whisper. He made an effort to rise, but the pain in his leg made him cry out . . . The crowd was still shouting only now they seemed to be jeering and laughing because he was so helpless.

The entire mass of people seemed to take the shape of a familiar face. It was unmistakably the face of Mack, the candyman from Philadelphia, his home town. The voice of the crowd now seemed to be the

voice of Mack. It was the voice of a man to whom George had been attracted reluctantly for quite some time.

Then he thought he saw Mack beckoning him; and he thought he heard his reproachful yet loving voice say, "You have betrayed my confidence." Mack continued beckoning George, but George lay there on the track field and refused to follow Mack. He felt some sort of guilt whenever he saw him or remembered him subconsciously.

The crowd seem to laugh louder and louder till it drowned Mack's voice. Then it seemed the kids were celebrating the event with firecrackers. Suddenly the crowd seemed to have disappeared. There seemed to be no one in the field, not even the kids. There was not a stir in the air, and no trace of the living nor the dead; and yet he could hear explosions of firecrackers that kept increasing both in number and volume, until they seemed to be louder than the explosion of bombs and shells. It seemed more like a battlefield than a track field.

Mack was still calling George. George could not resist any more. He tried to get up and follow Mack, but he felt a terrible pain in his legs. The pain was too acute. He could not move. Another shell burst. This time close to George, close enough to make things clear and bright for George to see the horrifying sight of the dead and battered bodies of soldier friends.

With the explosion of a bomb that lighted the thick forest, George remembered the

last time that another bomb like it had exploded. It was after that one that he had lost all contact with his company. All that he could remember now was that he was fighting a bloody battle in the jungles of Assam against the Japanese, and this seemed to him the cruel reality. It was no dream. Yet he had hoped for a minute that this might be a dream to drown within its untraceable tracks the miseries of reality.

Slowly George began to connect the incidents together. "Yes," George thought to himself silently, "now I remember, we began to attack the hill against enormous odds. That's right. But what next . . . ? Johnny, the Texas Kid, was beside me . . . John . . . where are you?" George was frantic. The reality was too cruel; he didn't want to think of it any more.

Another shell burst; this time it was close to the foot of the hill. It lit the whole hill-top. Machine-guns began firing. The music of destruction played its deadly notes through the human instruments of war. The thunder and violence of war froze the living and scorned the dead. An unwholesome and ghostly atmosphere was hanging over the dead and the living.

George began to shiver. For the first time in his life he felt his utter weakness. He was disgusted with himself and the entire world. He made an effort to crawl down the hill and find his company. "Perhaps the small American company is still down the valley," thought George to himself as he tried to crawl.

"Oh! God!" cried George when the pain in his leg made him almost unconscious. Somehow George was afraid to feel his leg with his hand. He was scared of what he might find. He could not bear the thought of it. He could not move his right leg. It was too painful.

It slowly began to dawn on him, as he made another frantic effort to move his leg, that he had lost a leg. Dark and dismal

thoughts began to cloud his delirious mind. "What else is there to live for? O! God of gods . . . God of the living," thought George loudly.

The Harvard athlete, to whom his legs were his pride and joy, and a delight to the spectators on the track field, now lay helpless as a new-born infant, on the Indian Hills thousands of miles from his home and dear ones. There was nothing to console him and there was nothing to give him the slightest hint that God was watching over him. Lonely and desolate, dejected and wounded, and deprived and robbed of a leg which was life to him, George realized the tragic weakness of man.

There was no sound but the thunder of guns . . . the music of destruction composed by the devil himself from human life. There was no light . . . not even a candle-light for George, but the flash of the exploding shells; there was a gun for a pillow, and a damp and bloody battlefield for a bed. There was nothing to eat and nothing to drink. With the occasional silence of the guns, he could hear the tropical mosquitoes buzzing over him for blood.

The thought that he might have to go through life with only one leg made him feel sick. The thought was intolerable. George thought he had suffered long, and could not suffer any longer. How could he face his five year old son, who used to cling to his legs and wrestle with him . . . ? The one-time Harvard athlete couldn't see life without a leg. His son, in whose eyes George was an idol and a hero on the sports field, would be an unhappy child with a crippled daddy.

George felt his waist with his hand. His hand touched the forty-five. He took a firm hold of it, and raised it, and pointed the barrel to his head, and cried loudly, as if for God to hear, "I'd rather be a dead coward than a crippled hero."

His finger was half-way down the trig-

ger when he thought he heard a voice say. "DADDY WILL BE COMING BACK." Then he thought he saw the farewell scene at the railway station just before he left for overseas. It was his little son, George, who had said those words. But now the voice sounded like the voice of a man and not a child. It was the voice of Mack. But why Mack's voice? Why does he come to his mind? George tried to dispel the vision, but failed, try as he did. Mack kept beckoning George.

The bloody battle raged with greater fury and violence; shells passed to and fro, over his head. They exploded far and near; soldiers shrieked and fell dead, but George seemed not to hear them. Somehow his half-unconscious mind seemed to have followed Mack from the field of death to the city hall of his home town. And there, all that he saw was the smiling face of Mack, the elderly candy-man.

Then all the little incidents, not very important at all, that had taken place between Mack and George came before George. He didn't want to remember them, but they kept haunting him and pressing on his mind. He relaxed and let the vision take hold of him. He remembered now clearly the first time he met Mack.

. . .

George was a reporter in Philadelphia. It was 6 years ago on an afternoon on his way home that he had stopped to buy cigarettes. Mack had sold him the cigarettes and had said, "Thank you; come again, George . . ." He had been so startled when he heard his name that he had wanted to know how Mack knew it. But then he had thought that perhaps the old man calls everyone George. There was another thing that aroused George's curiosity. It was the way he had said "come again." It was so genuine that George had thought that Mack had really meant it. Another time when George had given Mack a dollar bill for

cigarettes Mack had returned the change for ten dollars, and had insisted that George had given him ten dollars. George had noticed that his presence would arouse a strange but very marked feeling of happiness on Mack's face. All these little things had made George wonder who Mack was. But every time he tried to put a direct question to Mack, there would either be customers around or Mack would very conveniently turn away, as if he had sensed the question and didn't want to answer it.

George, the shrewd, ambitious and hard-boiled reporter, who was not easily moved by human emotions, saw nothing in Mack that should attract him, yet many a time he had been attracted toward Mack unknowingly. George had seen smiling faces in the courtrooms; he had seen men cry and weep; he had become too hard-hearted to be easily moved by human emotions. He looked at everything with the cold and objective eye of a big town reporter, but with all that every strain and stress that flushed on Mack's face seemed to evoke a shiver in his blood that turned into pity and kindness toward Mack. Yet there was another strange thing about Mack that had attracted George's attention. It was Mack himself. It was the way he used to sit. Mack sat on a revolving stool all through the day and never moved away from it. He never left his seat to serve the customers. He served them sitting on the stool. The shop was small enough so that he could reach all the corners by merely stretching a little. But, besides this, there was another small detail that George had noticed. George had seen clearly that each time that Mack turned or stretched to get something, there would be a marked twitch on his face. Evidently none of the customers had noticed this, and even if they had, they paid no particular attention. But George had seen, and to a degree felt the pain in his own heart.

This had continued for quite some time, till George's curiosity got the better of him. One day, on a Friday afternoon, about five o'clock, when Mack was about to shut his store, George approached the counter, looked around to see that there was no customers around, put a cigarette in between his lips, and without looking for his lighter in his coat pocket he turned to Mack and asked, "Could you give me a match, Mack?"

Mack smiled warmly as if to say he had wanted George to talk to him. Then without saying anything he turned around to get the matches. George kept his eyes fixed on Mack's face. He noticed this time more clearly that he wasn't wrong. There was a painful twitching on Mack's face as he turned around to get the matches.

Mack gave the matches to George, smiled and said, "Well, George, how's everything?"

"O! not bad, not bad, not bad at all . . ." he said quietly after a pause.

George looked around again to make sure there was no one around, took a puff at his cigarette, blew the smoke out through his nostrils, paused for a moment, then with a little nervousness in his voice, for fear of what the answer might be, he asked, "Mack . . . I wonder," and he stutted. For the first time in his life he found himself lacking the nerve to ask a simple question. The reporter who had broken many sensational stories; the reporter who was never affected by ordinary human emotions; the reporter who had carved out an enviable name for himself in his profession suddenly lost his nerve, and that, before the kind and smiling Mack. Why couldn't George speak his mind? He had never been able to explain that.

"Is there anything you want to ask me? . . . go ahead, ask me . . . quite a lot of people ask questions; I'll give you an honest answer if I can," Mack had asked.

George paused for a while, then with strained confidence in his voice he asked,

"I noticed that you never leave your seat." . . . But before George could complete his question, Mack cut in and said, "and you wonder why."

"Yes, Mack, why?" replied George, feeling a little guilty.

"I'll tell you son, . . . you're not the first to ask that question but you will be the first to know the true answer."

Mack had replied, but this time there was a mellow look on his face instead of a smile.

Mack had asked George inside the shop and had locked the doors from inside. Mack had started his story after George had sat down.

When George had sat on a chair, Mack pointed to his leg and said, "This is the reason why I don't want to leave my seat."

"I am sorry," George replied, in a desperate effort to have Mack comforted.

"I'll tell you the whole story in short, but you must promise that you will keep it to yourself," Mack had asked George earnestly.

"I promise," George had replied mechanically.

"Before the first World War," Mack had continued, "I was about your age, twenty-five; I was married to a nice woman and we had a five year old boy, who had eyes like yours."

Here George had interrupted Mack and had asked, "What was his name?"

At this question Mack's face had taken a sad expression, and for a minute George had thought Mack was on the verge of tears. It had been evident to George that Mack didn't want to reveal his son's name. It had worried George, but he had thought it wise not to press his curiosity any further.

After a moment's pause Mack had continued, "Later . . . later, my son. . . ." the word "son" was pronounced with warmth and kindness. For a moment George had

been startled, but he had thought it wiser to let Mack continue with his story.

"Six months after I was in the army in Europe," Mack had continued while George was then trying to remember if his father, too, had been in the war, "I received a letter from my best friend informing me that my wife had died in childbirth. That was a great blow, but it was not all; just two weeks before the armistice, a shell burst and hit me. I was unconscious for hours.

"When I came to, I discovered to my utter horror that I had lost a leg and that my face was bruised badly. Then I thought to myself that life had nothing sweet for me and it would be better for me to die. My friend, who was a bachelor, had promised to take care of my son as long as I was away. I was about to run the bayonet through my stomach when I heard the voice of my son that had innocently asked his mother, 'Will Daddy be coming back?' Then I heard my own voice answer, 'Yes, Daddy will be coming back.' Then I began to cry." At this point George had thought he had seen tears rolling down Mack's face.

"When I was back home, I made quite sure that my son didn't know that I was alive. My friend and I had decided that it was best for the boy to think that his father had died in the war. My friend took care of my son. He also helped me build this store. We made sure that no one around the neighborhood knew who I was. We also managed to keep the secret from the customers that I have only one leg. I did all this because I love my son. I didn't want him to go through life feeling that he had a crippled father," Mack had said.

"Where is your friend?" George had asked.

"He died a few years ago," Mack had replied sadly.

Then after a short pause, George had asked,

"What about your son, where is he now?"

"O! my son . . . my son," Mack had replied as if in a daze. "I have watched him grow; I have put him through college and I have seen him make a success in his profession; I have witnessed all this without his knowing. While I saw him every day, he never saw me."

"Do you see him now?" George had asked then, nervously.

"Yes, I see him . . . I see him . . . but the tragedy is that he never sees me through the looks at me every day," Mack had replied after wiping the tears off his eyes. And then he had continued with a sad tone, while George had sat there with a strange feeling in his heart:

"Sometimes, I feel the urge to kiss him and tell him that I am his father. But I have resisted that temptation for fear that it might break my heart if he happens not to believe me. People would think me an old fool, and perhaps put me in a mental institution and then I would be deprived of the pleasure of seeing him. My son thinks that his father died in the last war."

"Do you know where he is?" George had asked eagerly.

"Yes . . . yes, I know where he is . . ." Mack had replied very softly.

"What is his name . . .?" George had plucked enough courage to ask that question.

Mack had become thoughtful for a minute, and his face had taken on a sad look. It seemed that he was upset and about to burst out crying. But then he had somehow controlled his emotions and had asked George to leave the shop, for it was getting late. George had tried to say a kind word, but he himself had been so touched by Mack's story that he had failed to even say goodbye.

When George had left Mack's place, the story of their conversation had taken a com-

plete hold of his being. He had had an irresistible desire to bring father and son together. But he had some difficulty in carrying out his wishes. He had no way of finding out where Mack's son lived or what his name was.

At last he had thought of an idea. It had seemed a bit far fetched then, but that was the best he could think of. Somehow he was sure then that if the plot worked out right Mack would reveal his son's whereabouts.

That evening George had gone straight to his newspaper office, and had written the story of Mack's life. He had thought it would make a nice human interest story for the morning issue. After he had proof-read the story, he thought to himself, "George is a common name, and it is very likely that Mack's son could have been named George."

Next morning he had read on the front page headlines, "World War One Hero Puts His Son Through Harvard, But Remains In Mystery From His Son, George." Without having breakfast, George had driven to the City Hall to see what Mack thought of it. But to his utter disappointment there was no Mack to be found anywhere near. The shop was locked and a sign read, "Mack's place closed for good."

George had been disappointed. There was nothing that he could do now. When

he had reached home he had found an envelope with his name on it, but no postmark and no stamp, and when he had opened the letter it read, "You have betrayed my confidence . . . son," signed Mack. For a while George had felt sick at heart. It was one of the greatest blows he had ever had. He blamed himself for Mack's disappearance.

. . .

The battle of the Indian hills had subsided, and the dawn was about to break, when George emerged from his delirium to see, for the first time in his life, the glorious sunrise. For a minute or two it seemed that nature herself was asleep. There was neither a stir nor a whisper in the air. It seemed it was the dawn of creation.

George dropped the forty-five when he saw the Army Medical Corps coming up the hill. George smiled a pleasant smile. He wanted to live now more than ever. He had a lot to live for . . . He had a lot to do for his son. He thought that if Mack had been able to do so much for his son it was his duty to do like wise and even more. Yes, even more. He shut his eyes for a moment and whispered a word of prayer. Then he thought he heard Mack's voice for the last time say, "Yes, my son, there is a lot to live for; you, too, have a pleasant life ahead of you . . . you have a son who needs you."



AMERICAN MILITARY MISSION TO ARMENIA

Part XI

By JAMES H. TASHJIAN

A NOTE

Several months ago, a reader wrote the editors of the *Armenian Review* relating of his chance acquaintanceship with a former U.S. Navy officer who had served on the "USS Martha Washington" during its service as transport for the American Military Mission to Armenia. On the request of the editors, our friend, Mr. Arthur Hamparian, contacted the person in question asking if he would be kind enough to supply the author of this series with whatever additional data on Mission activities he might have. The result of this request was a veritable windfall.

The former Navy officer in question is Mr. E. H. Cole, Vice-President of The Baltimore Salesbook Company, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Cole, it turned out, had sure enough been an officer attached to the "Martha Washington" when it served as the sea-borne vehicle of the American Mission. He was glad to supply us with material — and that developed to be a series of three articles written by the Mission commander himself, General James G. Harbord, and published at an unknown date in a magazine called "World's Work", now no longer published. This was exactly what was needed to finish off these series, since it fills a void acutely felt by the author in that the attitudes and opinions of Mission leader in relation to the work of his group in Asia Minor, Caucasia and Armenia were not up to now chronicled

in this series, there being precious few references in that regard.

Publication of these three Harbord articles are commenced in this issue and will continue until completed. Pictures in this section of the series are taken bodily from pictures appearing in "World's Works," and it is to be remembered that these are official U.S. Signal Corps pictures of high documentary value.

Mr. Cole, incidentally, entered the Navy in 1917 as an enlisted man, subsequently was commissioned, entered the Naval Reserve after World War I, and was recalled to active duty in World War II. He is now serving as Chairman of the Naval Reserve Advisory Committee for the Baltimore Area of the Fifth Naval District.

INVESTIGATING TURKEY AND TRANSCAUCASIA

By Maj. Gen. JAMES G. HARBORD

I

After the fall of the empire the Russian territory lying south of the Caucasus Mountains, between the Black and Caspian Seas, declared itself independent under the name of the Trans-Caucasian Federation. It was so recognized by the Brest-Litovsk Treaty. Later, when Denikin began to rise to power and march toward Moscow, the Federation split into the three small republics of Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia, due to the refusal of the Armenian

provinces to make common cause with the others in the war against Denikin. Of these, Georgia and Armenia are white and Christian; Azerbaijan is Tartar and Moslem. Armenia, outside of the provinces of Kars and Erivan which now form the republic of that name, has no political identity. This republic has maintained a delegation at the Peace Conference, which asks that these two provinces of old Russian Armenia be joined to the six Turkish vilayets of Van, Bitlis, Erzerum, Diarbekir, Kharput, and Sivas, and the rich sanjak of Cilicia, and placed under a mandate to some distinterested power for such period as would permit the Armenians scattered over the world to return to their ancient fatherland, and the convening of a constituent assembly which might determine the eventual form of their government. This is the region to which most people refer when they speak of Armenia. Roughly described, it is the country lying north of Syria and Mesopotamia between about 36 and 45 degrees east longitude. Its western frontier extends from the Mediterranean near Mersina to the Black Sea just east of Samsun, for some distance following the ridge of the Taurus Mountains. The Black Sea forms its northern boundary from near Samsun to the east, past Trebizond, to south of Batum, and from there the line runs generally south of east bordering Georgia to near the 45th meridian, whence it runs approximately south along Azerbaijan to Mesopotamia. This is the country the Armenians much desire. It is far from being the country they actually have, their real holding being only the two former Russian provinces of Kars and Erivan.

During the early summer of 1919 many rumors were cabled to Paris from the Trans-Caucasus foretelling massacres of Armenians. Besides its normal population there were in the Republic of Armenia nearly three hundred thousand refugees from

Turkish Armenia, people who had fled from that region to Russian territory when Turkey entered the war in the late autumn of 1914, and victims of the deportations of 1915. The cablegrams became especially insistent as to danger when the British Government which had occupied the Trans-Caucasus since the Armistice began preparations for the withdrawal of the British division which had been stationed there, on the ground of need for the troops in other parts of the empire, and the necessity of early demobilization.

The new fashionable word "mandatory" began to be frequently used, a "mandate" to the United States for Armenia was generally urged in connection with undoubted need for protection for the Armenians.



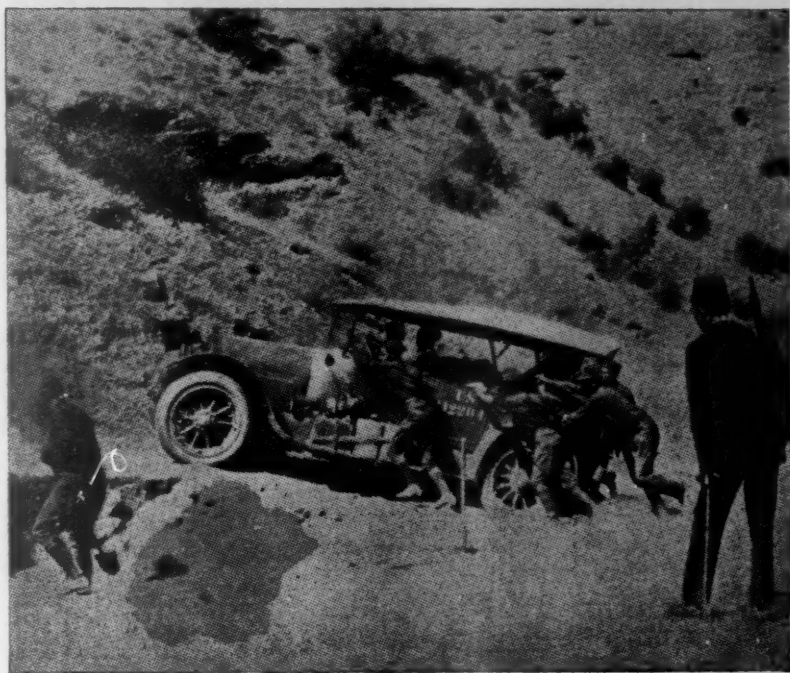
AN ARMENIAN GIRL ORPHAN

Reliable information of conditions in that region from witnesses recently on the ground was difficult to obtain. There were experts who had not been nearer to Armenia than the Congressional Library, and yet others who had approached as near as France but almost no one had recently visited the Near East. This was as true of Armenians as of others in Paris. In conversation with the chief of the National Armenian Delegation to the Peace Conference, a venerable distinguished old gentleman, Boghos Nubar, I said to him: "What you say interests me greatly. How recently have you been in Armenia?" To which he replied: "Never." His family had been domiciled in Egypt for more than a century, his father having been the eminent Nubar Pasha who, as a member of the Egyptian cabinet, was assassinated some years ago. With the signing of the Treaty of Peace on June 28, 1919, most people thought that the League of Nations would speedily come into being, with its attendant obligations on the several members, and the name of America and Armenia were coupled in connection with a possible mandate to be taken for the latter people. My name was suggested to the President as that of a suitable officer who might with assistants of his own choosing be sent to the Near East to make a study of conditions there with a view to submitting a report which might enable our people to know what would be involved in assuming responsibilities in that region, particularly in the case of Armenia.

The President approved the recommendation and directed that the mission be sent. Our instructions were to "proceed without delay on a government vessel to Constantinople, Batum, and such other places in Armenia, Russian Trans-Caucasia, and Syria, as will enable you to carry out instructions already discussed with you. It is desired that you investigate and report

on political, military, geographical, administrative, economic, and other considerations involved in possible American interests and responsibilities in that region." Through the cooperation of General Pershing I was enabled to associate with me a number of the best officers of our American Expeditionary Forces still in France, and I obtained the services of several gentlemen, not in the army, eminently fitted to make certain of the studies contemplated.

We organized with a limited amount of clerical help, were loaned some motor cars by the Army, many books and manuscript reports by the American Mission to Negotiate Peace, a few sawed-off shotguns by the Ordinance Department, a couple of photographers by the Signal Corps, and hours of advice by peace delegations from all over the region which we planned to visit. France contributed a cook who was alleged to have been chef for Marshal Petain but who turned out to be a chateau cook highly skilled in indoor cuisine but unequal to turning out bacon and fried onions in quantities demanded by a hungry mission traveling in the open through the highlands of Asiatic Turkey. We were given a ship by the sister service of which it is said: "The Navy took 'em over, and the Navy brought them back." The *Martina Washington*, a naval transport once an Austro-Hungarian emigrant ship, was assigned us as we sailed from Brest on August 24th. Summer seas were enjoyed all the way to Constantinople. We had a brief glimpse of the Rock when we stopped at Gibraltar for some charts of the Aegean, but made no other stops until we anchored at the mouth of the Golden Horn just off Sergalio Point on the evening of September 2nd. On our last day out of Constantinople everyone was keen to see the Dardanelles and our arrival was timed so that we entered the Straits at early dawn. They are quite narrow and we were well able to



DIFFICULTIES of travel experienced by the American Military Mission to Armenia. Here American soldiers strain to ease their Ford onto a makeshift bridge over an Armenian stream.

see the wrecks that strewed the the shore; the old dugouts and trenches were here and there a little cemetery crowning the steep slopes that lead up from the water. There was little conversation and nothing of levity and lightness, for we all felt that we were passing the scene of a struggle by men of our own race worthy of the best days of the old Greek heroes. What a pity that an enterprise so Napoleonic in its conception, which would probably have averted the Russian collapse and its attendant horrors, and which by keeping Russia in the war would have ended the war a year or more sooner, was abandoned when success was so near. We know now that it was very near, that the capture of Constantinople was bound to have followed, that

the Bosphorus would have been opened, arms and munitions could have gone into Russia and her products could have come out.

II

No group of investigators ever attacked a task with more industry. We literally dreamed Armenia and Massacres. Much of the literature was of the class that in another cause might have been classed as propaganda, but the witnesses were unimpeachable in the case of poor Armenia, as we were soon to learn on the ground. One member of the mission told of an Armenian he met in Paris who, when asked if the stories we had heard of the Armenian massacres were really as bad as represented,



WAITING FOR AMERICAN FOOD—Armenian children, made parentless by the massacres, confronted the American Military Mission wherever it went throughout Armenia. These waifs were cared for by American relief authorities.

replied: "Yes, quite as bad! Why, I have been massacred twice myself."

Four days in Constantinople were spent in the customary official calls, in evading reporters, and receiving visits from the heads of the various faiths in that city. That venerable Armenian patriarch of Constantinople, who though subordinate in matters of faith to the Catholicos of Etchmiadzin appears from the accident of location in Constantinople to be the political head of the Armenian people, came accompanied by the head of the Armenian catholics and the chief of the protestants of that race. Since the Armistice there has been a joint occupation of Constantinople by French and British troops, and foreign traffic

policemen direct traffic on every principal corner. General Franchet d'Esperey is the Allied Commander in Chief in the region, but his authority appears to be confined to the European side of the Bosphorus. General Sir George Milne, a canny Scot, commands for the British. These gentlemen with a keen sense of political affect have chosen their official residences wisely. The French general lives in a charming villa by the side of the Bosphorus which was the home of Enver Bey, the late Turkish Minister of War, and one of the three who composed the Committee of Union and Progress which ordered the Armenian massacres and deportations in 1915. General Milne lives in Therapia in a mansion which before the Armistice was occupied by the agent of the Krupps. Four high commissioners representing Britain, France, Italy, and the United States exercise powers in Constantinople. Warships of all four powers ride at anchor in the beautiful harbor. The Sultan has abandoned his favorite palace on the waterfront because of the impudence of a small Greek destroyer which for some weeks has persisted in anchoring in his front yard, as it were. Intrigue seems rife in this ancient battleground of skilled diplomacy, and with four high commissioners, besides a full quota of ambassadors and ministers, the peculiar talents of the Turks seem to be finding employment.

Our mission included two American officers of Armenian birth, one of them a graduate of West Point though a native of Asia Minor, and the other a civil engineer and graduate of the University of Vermont. To balance these two interested parties and to afford a mutual check on translations and interpretations, we were fortunate enough to secure for our inland journey Professor Hussein Bey, a Moslem Turk of the Department of History in Robert College. All three of these gentle-



ARMENIAN MOTHER AND CHILD

Victims of deportation

men were high types, without intemperance of view, and anxious that our mission should have every opportunity to ascertain the truth in the matters under investigation.

The principal sources of information for certain of these subjects to be studied, such as government, finance, trade and commerce, were in Constantinople and Tiflis. I therefore divided the party, leaving on the Martha Washington at Constantinople those members detailed to make reports on those subjects, with instructions to remain there for the securing of all available data, and then to proceed to the Black Sea and go to Tiflis, Baku, and Erivan, the capitals respectively of Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia. With the remainder of the mission numbering about thirty persons I arranged to travel via the Baghdad Railway to within a few miles of its terminus and then go by motor car through Turkish Armenia, emerging between Erzerum and Kars, into Russian Armenia. The arrangements for the train were made through the British military headquarters, because they controlled the traffic over the railway, though between the two termini controlled by them there are stretches of French and Italian management.

The official arrangements which we had to make for our journey through the interior Asiatic Turkey are significant of the state of affairs existing in the Empire. With a high commissioner and a consul general on the ground, and never having been at war with Turkey, our Government still transacts diplomatic business through the Swedish Minister at Constantinople whom American interests were entrusted on the departure of our last Ambassador, Mr. Elkus. We contemplated a journey seldom if ever made by European or American officers, and which the British Commander-in-Chief considered somewhat hazardous. And with the combination of doing business through a foreign official with a gov-

ernment on which our country was evidently not on entirely friendly terms, our request for official courtesy and protection while on the journey must have been rather spent in its effect if it ever really reached the Turkish cabinet. We were advised not to recognize the Turkish Government to the extent of calling on the Grand Vizer, but to leave a card with the Swedish Minister instead. On the other hand the Turkish Government evidently desired a contrary impression to be given, for the item appeared in Turkish papers that the Grand Vizer and the head of our mission had exchanged calls. As a matter of fact, at the time of our visit the Turkish Government exercised no authority in the region we were about to visit. Every official in the interior was a member of the Nationalist movement which was at that time holding a congress in one of the cities we hoped to visit, and had cut off all telegraphic communication between Asia Minor and Constantinople. Turkish military and civil officials were alike reporting to and taking orders from Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the chief of the Nationalist Party. At the time we preferred our applications for official courtesy through the Swedish Minister, we also took the precaution to make a similar request to the representatives of the Nationalist Party in Constantinople and were assured that our mission would be welcomed and afforded every opportunity for inquiry. No doubt the fact of our coming reached every Nationalist official along our intended route as a copy of our itinerary was asked for and furnished.

III

Our journey to the Baghdad Railway, properly called the Anatolia Railway, was over what under happier circumstances than during a military occupation might be one of the great scenic routes of the world. Its historic interest is that of the world's

oldest highway. European Aryans traveled it from West to East so long ago that the trace is lost except that students account for their presence in that way. Alexander marched over it on his way to the conquest of the East and to his death. Independent powers, Phrygian, Hittite, Lydian, arose in this region, occupied the stage for centuries and disappeared almost before the dawn of recorded history. The Greeks bordered it with colonies and practiced peaceful penetration of the interior plateau before Rome was known outside of Italy. Persians held it weakly, the Romans in strength. Seljukian Turks and the Osmanli lingered here on their way to the conquest of the Dardanelles and the Europe beyond. Ghengis Khan made his way well to the west in Asia Minor, as did his grandson, Timour the Lame, two generations later, each through some influence still unexplained halting before reaching the western seas and turning back into Asia from which they had led their Tartar hordes. Within our own time the Germans built this Anatolia Railway, guarded its operation and prepared to exploit the greater interior plateau.

With this historic background an American mission feels a bit overshadowed as it embarks at the German built station of Haidar Pasha across the Bosphorus from Constantinople. A very motley crew travels by the Anatolia Railway in these days. Turks varying from the cultured higher classes born of a natural selection of mothers from the most attractive women in the Near East, to beggars so ragged and dirty that they would be picturesque nowhere except in the Orient; Greeks, Armenians, Arabs in their characteristic robes and head-dresses; Jews from Palestine and America; here and there the horizon-blue of a French officer; British soldiers in kilts; and an occasional American Red Cross or Relief person; a few American bluejackets;



A VICTIM OF THE TURKS

French black Sengalese; women in veils and without them a mass of color worthy of a mid-Victorian crazy-quilt; and a general riot of smells.

Of all the eagles that a few years ago ornamented the standards of empires, the American bird is about the only one now doing business as a national emblem; but the outside of the coaches on the Anatolia Railway still flaunts the crowned eagle of Prussia. On the outside of my room "nicht in den Wagon zu soucken" forbade me to do that which no gentleman may do; while at the window my safety was guarded by "nicht hinauslehnen." Germans still comprise the "overhead" in the Anatolia Railway administration.

For many hours after leaving the Scutari and Hadar Pasha stations the trains made its way slowly through rough country bordering the many inlets of the Sea of Marmora. The country was neither attractive nor productive though the sea on one side added some variety to the otherwise monotonous scenery. Through a long summer day we averaged ten miles an hour. At the excellent harbor of Ismid we saw lying at anchor the German battleship *Goeben* which was "sold" to Turkey early in the war. It still flew the star and crescent but beside it was anchored a pugnacious looking little British destroyer. Since the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa Flow the Allies are taking no chances on possible imitators in the Turkish navy. At Ismid a delegation or perhaps three hundred Armenians came to the train to pay their respects to the American Mission. They were headed by the Armenian Gregorian Patriarch and by the Roman Catholic dignitary of corresponding rank for in Turkey, Protestant, Catholic, and Gregorian Armenians seem to unite in patriotism and love of country; centuries of persecution has brought cohesion to the race. They told the story of the deportations of 1915, showing that only a small percentage of those that went away in those dreadful days ever returned, and that as a rule their property is now in the hands of those who sent them away. The interpreter for the black-bearded priests was a young Armenian woman who had gone to school in a New England Seminary, and now wears the badge of the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. They brought fruit and flowers as offerings to the Americans, and were the first of similar delegations that came at every important town passed by our train.

Our second day in Asia found us on the high central plateau in ancient Phrygia and Galatia, with Bythnia and Pontus on the

north; Cappadocia ahead to the East, Pamphylia and Cilicia to the southeast. Such names as Antioch, Philadelphia, Laodicea, were not far from our route, with Konia (ancient Iconium), to be reached in the evening, and Smyrna and Sardis to the west to us. The train followed throughout the day a valley between two mountain ranges from ten to twenty miles apart, a land of wheat-producing black soil, only scratched agriculturally by primitive methods which have changed little in this land since the time when Paul was stoned out of Konia. The country is scarred by irrigation ditches, and once or twice we saw modern farm machinery with the marks of "made in Germany", but lying now rusting by the roadside, while Turkish women are digging in adjacent fields with wooden tools, many times during the day we saw primitive methods of threshing wheat. The unthreshed straw is strewn on a clean flat piece of ground while a team of oxen or diminutive donkeys is driven round and round over it, pulling a flat wooden drag on the lower side of which teeth of flint are inserted and held by friction. Generally, the driver added his weight by standing on the crude drag. The wheat is finally scaled out in this way: A wooden fork shakes out the grains with a good deal of chaff and broken straw still adhering. This is then fanned out by throwing it into the air and allowing the wind to carry out the dirt and leave the clean wheat. Sometimes several acres of flat clean ground would be in use for threshing and a dozen little teams would be working simultaneously. Bronzed old Turkish peasants standing around with an air of contemplative authority watched the women work. Picturesque groups of small boys, always ragged, always dirty, their clothing patched and padded as though intended for winter instead of for use under the fierce sun of Asia gathered around and stared at the Ameri-



MAJOR GENERAL JAMES HARBORD posed with his Holiness, the Catholicos of All Armenians, upon the occasion of the visit of the American Mission to the ancient Cathedral at Etchmiadzin.

cans. The women quite generally retain the veil which has been discarded by their emancipated sisters of Constantinople. Near every threshing ground was a little treeless village of flat-roofed houses built of mud and wattles. From the nature of the materials used they are generally of a single story. Always there is a mosque in the village with a minaret towering over the property below, with its tiny balcony at the height where the upward slope of the cone begins, from which the muezzin intones the calls to daily prayers. Here and there along country roads one sees

the vehicles of the region, the araba, a springless light wagon, sometimes drawn by horses or donkeys or sometimes by oxen. Often a Turk who appears very large comes into view riding a very small donkey. Herds of cattle, numbering in the aggregate for the day many thousands; and occasional bands of horses were in evidence all through the valley. Villages were quite frequent, dotting the plain without apparent logic in their location — perhaps determined ages ago by the chance halt of a nomad band at night. Sometimes an old cemetery is the only evidence remaining

to mark the site of an ancient village.

In the late afternoon we began climbing to the summit of the Taurus range, a few miles north of the Cilician Gates — the pass in the mountains through which for forty centuries every invader in either direction, Persian, Greek, Roman, Crusader, and Turk, has passed. At the summit a stream begins which becomes a river by the time it emerges and crosses the Cilician Plain. Down its gorge runs both the railroad and a road which was once a caravan route, but which soon turns off to the Cilician Gates while the railway follows the stream and tunnels its way through the masses of rock. In reaching the level of the plain, the train passes through seventy tunnels completed by German engineers during the war, and wild scenery that rivals the Royal Gorge between Denver and Salt Lake City.

IV

We stopped for two days at Adana, the scene of the great massacres of 1909, when more than 20,000 Armenians were murdered, and where again in 1915 many thousands were deported and many slain. Adana is the principal city of Cilicia, a vast alluvial plain, one of the most fertile regions in the world. Its heat in the dry season is terrific. The soil is as fine and impalpable as flour and a dog trotting down the street raises enough dust to ride a motor car. What a motor car does to a pedestrian can be guessed.

Near the station a group of peasants were making tiles in the same manner in which they were made thousands of years ago. The houses have flat roofs, and people sleep on them at night as they did in Biblical times. This gives cool air for sleep, and use of a torrid sun on the bedding during the day to drive off vermin. The market and bazaar street of Adana is typical of life in the East. Every sight, sound and smell seems represented there.

The streets are crooked and vary from fifteen to thirty feet in width. The shops on either side open broadly to the street, and the wares are displayed under conditions that would make an Occidental sanitarian faint. This Cilician plain produces vegetables in great profusion, and tomatoes, onions, peppers, peas, giant eggplants, beans, apples, pears, grapes, figs, and apricots are all displayed at the level of the street. Here and there a water peddler driving a small donkeys, which carries a little rack with three earthen jars of water on each side, disputes the right of way with the driver of another donkey packing a load of brush or straw which touches the ground on either side and nearly hides it. Down the street comes a dilapidated victoria of the early "nineties" with a small team whipped by a wild-looking Turk. Pedestrians scurry out of the way and dodge in front of a "tin lizzie" driven by a missionary. British sikhs stalk down-street stiffly saluting the foreign officers. An Armenian of the French Oriental Legion strolls along with a superior air. A small boy peddling lemonade made of limes and carried on his back in a very dirty jar with a long spout curving over his shoulder tries to sell the Americans a drink. His glasses are carried around a small rack worn around his waste and are not cleaned between drinks, nor much at any other time. His transaction are not usually for cash. At an open store he delivers a drink, takes out a piece of chalk from behind his ear, steps inside and on the wall beside eight other tallies makes a mark indicating a sale, and passes on. When he is out of sight the Armenian to whom he sold the drink, with a melancholy smile at the observing American, steps to the wall, moistens his thumb at his lips, and carefully erases the last tally-mark.

Veiled women pick over fruits and vegetables and haggle over prices with the ven-

ders
the
in t
whi
a cl
the
mat
air
som
the
a s
wh
nai
doz
sitt
sho
less



THE SITE of the town of Vostan, where, not content with killing or driving out the Armenian inhabitants, the Turks razed every structure in the city.

ders. Here and there a small child lies on the stone sidewalk asleep, face downward in the sun and flies and filth. Once in a while a blind Armenian shuffles by led by a child. Turks in pairs sit cross-legged in the shade and appear to discuss important matters. Others with the contemplative air of the mystic East sit and think, or sometimes merely sit. In a little side street the artisans work. At a tiny forge with a small bellows which he can manipulate while sitting, a smith is making a horseshoe nail one at a time at the rate of perhaps two dozen a day, while across the room, also sitting, a partner cold-hammers out a solid shoe for a little donkey which stands shoeless in the corner. In the next shop a sad-

dlar makes gaudy, bright-colored housings for saddles, stirrup leathers, breast straps, and Turkish saddle bags. Rug shops and women making rugs are very numerous.

The bazaar street ends on the river bank and one sees the source of the city water supply. The donkeys stand in the stream while the water peddler fills his jars by dipping among water-buffalo — the caraboa of Philippine days — swimmers, ducks and geese. The river, a stream three hundred yards wide, has a stone bridge of which tradition says that it was repaired by the Emperor Justinian more than a thousand years ago. On examination, we found it to be true; the bridge had been repaired.

Institutions of Adana which interest an

American are the orphanage which cares for more than six hundred Armenian children, a Girls' Refuge, which shelters many Armenian girls from ten to eighteen years of age adrift since the deportations of 1915, and the Girls' School now used to shelter Armenian rug and embroidery makers. In all these institutions which are managed under supervision of American missionaries, one sees Armenian girls with blue tattoo marks spotting chin, brow and cheeks, indicating that those individuals have belonged to the harem of some Syrian Arab and have been released from the deportation. They work very hard with lemon juice and other recipes to remove these badges of slavery, of which they are very much ashamed. In 1909, about the time the Young Turks came to power, the Governor of Cilicia was Djemal Bey, afterwards the Djemal Pasha who as Minister of Marine of the Turkish Government figured so prominently in Constantinople with Enver Pasha and Talaat, and afterwards commanded a corps in Syria. He is generally considered to have been the most cruel of the three, but American testimony in Adana is that while governor there he saved many Armenians from the massacres of 1909, erected the orphanage which now houses hundreds of orphans, and built a dike to protect the city from the annual river flood, as well as other good works. A Turkish estimate of Djemal Pasha is that he is the typical Oriental tyrant, building, caressing with one hand, while murdering with the other, restless and energetic and never tiring.

Between Adana and Tarsus, the city of Saul, the highway is joined by the immortal caravan route through the Cilician gates. A camel caravan proceeding leisurely along the road is much frightened by the sight of our well-known motor vehicle from Detroit, and starts to lumber off at a trot. Every time a camel raises his foot

he leaves enough dust on the Tarsus highway completely to camouflage the situation, evidently contemplated by the Prophet in Nahum 2-4, in which the coming of the motor car is plainly foretold. The machine is halted while a small camel driver exhausts himself under a summer sun racing to the head of his caravan and eventually turns the leading camel into the field. All the others follow as faithfully as every pack-mule seeks the bell-mare.

Tarsus, where Paul worked as a sail-maker before he became Apostle to the Gentiles, is thirty feet above the city of Saul's time, and is the sixth city which has occupied the sight. The ruined arch which is still called St. Paul's gate was repaired more than a thousand years ago by Haroun-al Raschid, who used fragments from old ruins which even then had lost their identity in the mist of time. One sees in it fragments of white marble which antedate our era according to the antiquitarians. Julius Caesar himself visited Tarsus and for a time it bore the name of Juliopolis, and here his murderers came fleeing from Rome. It was the seat of one of the three great universities of the pagan world, from the graduates of which the Roman emperors sought tutors for their children. Truly, as Saul proudly said, he was a citizen of "no mean city." Mark Anthony was met here by the star-eyed Cleopatra who came up the river Cydnus in her royal barge, costumed as an Aphrodite to delight the conquering Roman. At Tarsus occurred the quarrel between crusaders Tancred and Baldwin in which the latter shut out the walled city three hundred knights of the former and saw them butchered by the Turks before his eyes. Crusaders in a common cause risked their lives to rescue the Tomb of the Saviour, but quarreled for the benefit of the common foe.

The railway from Adana to Aleppo traverses the Cilician Plain to a pass through

the Amanus Mountains by which more than twenty-five hundred years ago the Persian Darius marched his troops to attack Alexander at the Battle of the Issus. It is a region rich in the history of many centuries. Less than a mile in front of where the defile opens into the plain stands a hill several hundred feet high crowned by the ruins of a medieval fortress built on the site of ruins even more ancient. Its history appears to be lost, but it has the triple walls and the round towers of the French chateau of the middle ages, much like Carcassonne and Chinon. No doubt some French crusading chief built it to dominate the pass and surrounding plain. The Amanus are less picturesque than the Taurus, but there are many beautiful valleys lying between the spurs with an occasional village in the foothills.

As evening came on we drew into Aleppo, its high citadel standing out in bold relief from the Syrian plain. Many of the unfortunates who survived the Armenian deportations of 1915 reached this region. Perhaps 150,000 survived in Syria and Mesopotamia, of whom about half have been returned to their homes, the others remaining in refugee camps, Arab harems, and nomad villages. One has only to read his Bible, Joshua for instance, to know that massacres and deportations have been going on in this very region since time began. "And all the spoil of these cities, and the cattle, the children of Israel took for a prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword, until they had destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe." This happened to thirty-one kings in Joshua's time, and it has been happening in cycles in this world-old region ever since.

We left Aleppo in the light of the full moon and rolled away toward the valley of the Euphrates. The road lay eastward over the northern desert of Assyria, the

land where Abraham once tended his flocks and herds. An occasional drove of camels, herds of sheep, round-domed Kurdish houses, picturesque Arabs, Kurds and Turks constitute the outstanding features of a far-reaching desert plain. At the stations, very widely separated, the nomads appear in rags such as are found only here and there and on the comic-opera stage and vaudeville of happier lands. In the late afternoon we arrived at Mardin, a city set where the Armenian hills meet the Mesopotamian plain. It is 1,008 miles from Constantinople, about the distance the Twentieth Century Limited covers from New York to Chicago, and it took us five days of constant travel.

With our arrival at Mardin began our real contact with the Turkish people. From that time until our passage of the international boundary between Kars and Erzerum we were among them daily. There are reasons why an American does not care to accept the hospitality of lodgings freely offered strangers in all Turkish towns, reasons apart from the waste of time entailed, and the embarrassment in accepting hospitality from people in many cases unable to afford the expense of entertaining a large party. We decided therefore to camp outside of towns, carry our own provisions, and supplement them with what could be brought in the country.

For miles across the plain we could see Mardin, a city on a hill, many hundred feet above the plain. The main line of the Baghdad Railway is now constructed as far as Nisibin, a few miles closer to Baghdad than Mardin. A few miles from the hills, and opposite Mardin, a branch runs to below that city. The town appears to be directly above the little improvised station, but in reality it is nine miles by motor car, and by horse up a shorter mountain trail is an hour's travel. A delegation of Turks, Americans, and Arabs met us at

the station. It seemed very good to see an American missionary woman in Asiatic Turkey. One cannot honor too highly these devoted American women. Some of them, notably Miss Fenanga at Mardin and Miss Graffam at Sivas, have been many years in the country. Both of these ladies had experiences during the massacres and deportations such as have perhaps, never come to any other white woman. Some of the English women who perished at Cawnpore and Delhi in the Great Indian Mutiny suffered more no doubt, but even their experiences was different and ending in death, as it did, was less trying in some particulars. They had the most harrowing experiences that could come to women of our race short of actual violence to themselves.

The question of our formal entry into the city at once came up. The choice was offered of motor car, araba wagon, or horses. As we knew that Arab blood prevailed among these horses on the edge of the desert I elected to go up to the city mounted, in true cavalry style. The Turkish schoolhouse had been prepared for our reception with tables, curtains, and very handsome rugs. I sat at a desk at the head of the room with dignitaries on either side ranging down the room. Various topics of world politics, local interest, geography, populaiton, massacres, deportations, Turkish future, etc., were discussed. Servants brought in tiny cups of coffee. It is a very frequent feature in any call or conference in Turkey. This is always followed by cigarettes. It is not good form to decline these attentions. We were on the second cup of coffee at our Mardin conference when in strolled two Arab sheiks, one the chief of the Shamar tribe, the other from Basra below Baghdad — two as picturesque scoundrels as ever wore the burnoose and flowing robes, carried an

arsenal, or robbed a caravan. Both were black-eyed black-bearded men in the prime of life. Both were "in bad" with the British in Mesopotamia, and both talked glibly of the "Fourteen Points." These two ruffians are said to own the finest Arab horses in the world. At that luncheon were seated Americans, Turks, Arabs, Syrians, Chaldeans, representing Moslem, Catholic, Protestant and Jacobite religions.

This day at Mardin was typical of all Turkish cities we visited. We usually endeavored to arrive in the early forenoon, were met by the Turkish officials and often by troops and by representatives of the American Mission, if there happened to be one, at the outskirts of the town, and escorted to the American compound. After a few minutes there, a visit would be made to the office of the Vali or Mustaserif (governor or lieutenant-governor), at the Government House. Generally a luncheon was offered and accepted, in which representatives of all the different races of the jurisdiction participated. Carrying out the moral effect desired from its presence the mission invariably inquired as to the Armenians, interrogating their representatives present as to the deportations and the number who had returned, whether or not they were receiving back their property seized at the time of the deportations. We never failed to inquire as to the treatment of our American missionaries and relief personnel and to assure the Turkish officials of the interest of our people at home in these Americans, pointing out that Turkey could find no better way to make friends in America than by courtesy to these men and women of ours in Asia.

(The second installment of Gen. Harbord's article will be reprinted in the next issue of this publication.)

Once
who e
his po
fisherm
with v
wife.
One
fish w
(keepi
contin
river
now
hand,
"O
living
does
us?
word
and
In
spok
"L
play
river
was
now
ing
pan
see
is g
and
war
pity
par
T

THE TALKING FISH

A LEGEND

By HOVHANESS TOUMANIAN

Once upon a time there was a poor man who entered the service of a fisherman as his porter. For his labor in assisting the fisherman he daily brought home a few fish with which he supported himself and his wife.

One day the fisherman caught a lovely fish which he turned over to his aid for safe-keeping as he again entered the water to continue his fishing. The aid, seated on the river bank, kept gazing at the waters, and now at the lovely fish which he held in his hand, and thought to himself:

"O Lord," he said, "like us, this fish is a living, breathing being. Tell me, O Lord, does this fish have parents, companions like us? Does he understand the things of the world? Does he have any feelings of joy and pain?"

In the midst of these meditations the fish spoke:

"Listen," he said, "brother man. I was playing with my pals in the wavelets of the river. For a moment I forgot myself and was caught in the fisherman's net. And now, who knows? My parents may be looking for me and wailing for me. My companions must be saddened by now. You see how I am being tortured, how my breath is getting short. I want to go back and live and play with them in the cool waters. I want to, Oh how I want to. Come now, pity me, let me loose, let me rejoin my companions."

The lovely fish was talking very softly

thus, his parched mouth agape, and continuously bouncing.

The fisherman's aid pitied the fish and threw him back into the river.

"Go, lovely little fish, go and stop the tears of your parents. Let not your companions be sad. Go and live, go and play with them."

At this the fisherman was very angry with his aid.

"You fool," he said angrily, "here I am, getting wet and catching fish, and you take the product of my labor and throw back into the river. Get the hell out of here and never show your face before me. You are no longer my aid. Go starve to death."

He snatched the pouch from his hand and sent him on his way.

"Where shall I go now? What will I do? To whom shall I appeal?" the poor man thought in despair and returned home emptyhanded.

• • •

On the way home, in the midst of these sad thoughts, he met a monster in human form who was driving a beautiful cow.

"Good day, Aghberatzoo—good brother," the monster said. "How come you are thus wandering? What is on your mind?"

The poor man told him what had befallen him, how he had lost his job, and how he no longer had any means of supporting himself and his wife.

"Listen, my friend," the monster said, "I will lend you this milk-giving cow for a

period of three years. She yields each day enough milk to keep you and your wife with full stomachs. At the end of three years, I shall call on you by night and ask you a question. If you can give me the correct answer the cow is yours; if not, both of you are my slaves and I will carry you away and do with you what I please. Do you agree?"

"What the heck! We're going to starve to death anyhow," the poor man thought. "I will take this cow and for three years we shall live, after that God is merciful. Perchance a new door will open somewhere, or perchance we shall give the right answer, Who knows?"

"I agree," he said, and accepting the cow, he led her to his home.

They milked the cow for three years, had always plenty to eat, and lived happily. They did not even notice the passing of the time when, behold, the three years were over and the appointed hour arrived — the night when the monster would show up.

At twilight, seated there on the threshold of their door, man and wife were recapitulating sadly as to what answer they would give to the monster, or, who knew? — what question would he ask them? Who could read the mind of the monster?

"This is what comes from having any dealings with a monster or accepting any favors from him," husband and wife reflected with a sigh. But what was done was done and there was no other way out. On the other hand, the horrible night already was on hand.

Just then a stranger approached them — a strange handsome youth.

"Good evening," he bade them, "I am a wayfaring man, the darkness has fallen and I am weary. Could you accept a guest into your house tonight?"

"Why not, brother wayfarer? The guest is God's child. But it is risky to stay with us tonight. We took a cow from the monster on condition that we should milk her

for three years and live. At the end of three years he would come to us and ask us a question. If our answer is correct, the cow is ours, if not, we shall be his slaves. That time is come. Tonight he will show up and we don't know what answer we shall give him. We ourselves are to blame whatever he does to us and we don't want any harm to come to you."

"Oh, that's nothing. Whatever happens to you I am with you," the stranger said.

And behold, at midnight there was a knock on the door. Who should it be but the monster.

"I have come, answer me."

What answer should they give? Husband and wife stood there petrified from their terror.

"Do not be afraid, I will answer for you," the young guest said and hurried to the door.

"I have come," the monster said from behind the door.

"And I have come to give you your answer," the guest said from inside.

"Whence have you come?"

"From the banks of the sea."

"How did you come?"

"I saddled the lame horse and mounted him. That is how I came."

"In that case, it must have been a small sea."

"By no means. It is so big the eagle cannot fly from one end to the other."

"In that case it must have been a small eagle."

"By no means. The shadow of his wings covered the entire city."

"In that case it must have been a small city."

"By no means. The hare cannot cross it from one end to the other."

"In that case it must have been a young hare."

"How come it is a young hare? His hide is big enough to make a man's furcoat, to

say not
"In th
"How
seated
does n
"In t
"By
ing of
The
that in
invinci
and sil
of the

Mar
place,
joy of

say nothing of a headgear and moccasins."

"In that case the man is a dwarf."

"How come he is a dwarf? If a rooster seated on his knee could crow, his voice does not reach as far as his ears."

"In that case the man is deaf."

"By no means. He can hear the crackling of a grassblade in the deep valley."

The monster was confounded. He felt that inside there was a power, wise, bold, invincible. He did not know what to say, and silently he disappeared in the darkness of the night.

. . .

Man and wife came out of their hiding place, jubilant and triumphant, sharing the joy of the world. Soon after it was dawn

and the young guest said goodbye, ready to leave.

"We will not let you go, we will not let you go," the man and his wife stopped him. "You saved our lives, now tell us how we can repay you for your kindness."

"No, that is impossible, I must go my way."

"All right, but at least give us your name; if your kindness will not be lost and if we cannot repay you, at least let us know whom we shall bless."

"Do goodness and even if you will cast it into the water it will not be lost. I am the talking fish whose life you saved," the stranger said and disappeared from the sight of the astonished man and his wife.

(Translated by J. G. M.)



LIBO

By DERENIK DEMIRJIAN

Tied to a cow, they brought him home from the village near Lake Van when he was a child.

Having been ill on the way, he did not know how many days they were on the road, where they were going, or when they arrived. He only remembered that his brother had been lost on the way and his father had turned back to look for him. After that, how his father returned, why his brother was not with him, or why he hadn't asked about him, he could not remember.

Then they arrived at Vagharshapat where he recovered his health. And, as was the custom, his parents died one after another in no time. He remembered more easily what a hard time they had had burying them, and what a long time it took. The carts traveled back and forth. The neighbors begged those who had charge of the burial to take them along, but they were refused because the carts were full. The drivers were swearing, spitting at no one knew whom, and were shaking their heads. Finally, one evening they came and took him away.

There was no one left in the house — that is to say — under the tree. All that was left was a rug, a few household utensils, spoons, and a little salt. Libo and his name was all that was left from his family, his ancestral village and his past. But when Libo's "neighbors" — that is to say, the squatters under the trees—, or

no one knows who, stole his rug and the few kitchenware, there was no longer any home and Libo was thrown in the open.

A homeless urchin, in the streets of Vagharshapat, Libo started a new life, relying on blind fate to eke out his daily bread — a crumpled bunch of grapes, a slice of pear, or a chip of watermelon. But when his good luck gave out, thank God, there were still plenty of melon rinds in the dumps.

This was the new life of Libo and he could not even imagine that there was any other kind of life. He was happy.

Death made the rounds, looking for him everywhere, but never found him. Libo lived.

The winter was biting cold, and while Libo slinked around the firesteads of the shopkeepers, it did not solve the problem of heat. It was necessary to find a more radical shelter. Like his companions-in-fate, at times he succeeded in slinking into some stable, and huddling there in the proximity of a cow or an ox, he solved the problem of fuel. That, however, was a rare happiness, more of a day dream which could not be counted on in the regular routine of life.

Gradually Libo felt that he was in a sort of "Collective." That was the name — "Collective." It was the gang. He felt that he was a member of the gang, he was in the gang. He noticed that the "Collective" had its rules and regulations, its phi-

losophy of life, and its organization. He noticed that that philosophy, the organization and the regulations were accepted not only by the members of the gang but by countless other men who are not of the gang, who have their homes, their occupations and their means of livelihood.

And the psychology of the gang took hold of Libo,

Thereafter, it was an endless chain of mob life. Vagharshapat became a memory. Libo found himself in Erivan. Then he picked up the habit of traveling by railway. Leninakan, Dilijan, Tiflis. Everywhere he went the dinner was open before him — the marketplaces, the restaurants. He entered the tearooms and tried to steal. When he failed, he ran away.

Once he entered a coffee house where he saw that the keeper was away and the drawers were empty.

"Where is the keeper?" Libo shouted.

The keeper came in.

"There is nothing to steal," observed Libo, pointing to the empty drawers angrily, as if they put the things in the drawers so that they could be stolen.

That was not audacity, nor impertinence.

That was a conception of life. Libo's life was rich.

Once his companions prevailed upon him to take part in a murder against his will. He resisted at first, but finally joined them. He was present in the act. The murder itself was an act of revenge, instigated by their leader. They killed a shopkeeper who had beaten up the leader of Libo's gang. The murder was committed under the walls of the fortress.

This was Libo's first baptism in violence. Libo learned the art of wielding a knife, and although he did not kill the man, he nevertheless wounded him once.

These stories skipped the police because the wounded men would not squeal, either as a matter of honor, or fearing the vengeance of the gang. Libo was becoming more and more audacious. He spoke with the knife now and opened up a path for himself. He made his life easier, as it were, with the knife. And behold, one day, a photographer took him to his studio — a dilapidated house among ruins — and photographed him. He knocked down a fellow, planted his knee on his chest, and his knife poised, ready to strike. This was

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Derenik Demirjian was born in 1887 in Akhalkalak, Russian Armenia. He received his elementary education in the local schools of Akhalkalak and Ardahan. His advanced education was obtained in the Seminary of Etchmiadzin and the Nersesian College from which latter institution he was graduated in 1898. From 1905 to 1910 he studied in Geneva where he specialized in physics and pedagogy.

Demirjian is known as a prose, lyric, and dramatic writer, and later he became proficient in satire. His first poem entitled *Toraz* was published in 1893 in the periodical *Apaga*. His first anthology of poems was published in 1899, and his second in 1913. He is also the author of a volume of quatrains called *garoon* (Spring), after the pattern of Medieval odes. His first tragedy, *Vassak*, was written in 1913. This was followed by *Datastan* (Judgment), a psychological drama, *Hovnan Metzatoon* (The Wealthy Hovnan), and *Kbach Nazar* (Nazar the Brave), both dramas, and a tragedy based on the October Bolshevik Revolution which was published in 1932. Noted among his short stories are *Satbo*, *Raschid*, *Nikyar*, *The Pilgrims*, and *The Legend Ashough*.

On the occasion of the celebration of the 35th anniversary of his literary activity in 1931 in Erivan, The State Publishing Company of Soviet Armenia started the publication of his complete works. In 1938, his drama, *The Fatherland*, won him the literary prize with a cash award of 7,000 rubles. A number of his works have been translated into Russian, Georgian, and Turkish languages.

the first picture in this life, confirmed by the photograph.

Such was his life—bitter, sweet, and sour — spiced with all the flavors, wherever Libo went.

He never stopped to take stock of himself. There were moments when he remembered his home village, the blue of Lake Van, his parents, his brother, who were lost to him so easily, then thousands of children who had faded like the grass of autumn, had fallen to the ground and scattered by the wind. Days which, like candles, had drifted into darkness. Then his mind suddenly would stop at the present. He searched his present life and could make nothing of it. Why had he come here, in Erivan, what was going on around him, where would it all end? He would think for a moment, then the chaos would return, breaking the thread of his thoughts, and losing all track of things in the dim future.

And now an unpleasant thing happened to him. People began to look at Libo. They looked especially at him, Libo. He had been around these many years, he had gone through so many throngs, had pickpocketed so many, and knifed as many, and yet no one, no one had looked at him. No one had looked at him specifically, noticed him, seen him. No one. He remembered that there was such a time when people looked at him and saw him. But when was it? That was in the days of his childhood when many looked at him — his father, his mother, his brother and his playmates. The thing stopped on the day of his flight and forever after. Neither his father nor his mother looked at him from the time when he was at his first home until he found his new home.

And, behold, people were looking at him now. An inner instinct told him that, what you might call gropings which move

through the darkness of life, were looking for him.

A youngman striding on the pavement suddenly stopped in front of Libo and looked at him. Straight in his eye. It was an unpleasant look.

"Where do you live?" the youth asked.

Libo looked at him, looked at his earnest good eyes, then at his brief case, and bristled his eyebrows:

"Why do you ask?"

"Why?" . . .

The youth did not reply. He rolled a cigarette, lit it, took in a couple of puffs, then calmly beckoned to the policeman who was standing a little way off. The policeman came near, and as it appeared, he knew what he was to do. He only waited for his orders.

"Take him to the upper shelter," the youth ordered calmly and went away.

"Where are you taking me?" Libo shouted.

The policeman took him a little way off then said to him in a low voice:

"You will come along and become a man, *Hayvan* — you animal! You cannot fill up your stomach by joining the mob. We are going to an asylum."

"I don't want to go, leave me alone," Libo shook himself loose.

"Walk along," the policeman growled, pushing him ahead.

. . .

His captivity in the asylum — his first confinement to a forced life as much as it is possible — seemed very difficult to Libo. He wanted nothing, no bread, no food, no dormitory — if he could not acquire it by stealth or force. All that was tasteless to him without a story, without a contest. And Libo ran away. He went and found his former pals who likewise had run away, and resumed his former normal life.

Months passed, so alike in their eventful

ness, easily forgotten, becoming a long, monotonous, and tedious boredom. Libo was seated on the pavement, gazing at the passing throngs, without seeing them. Only sometimes his eye caught something which had a vital bearing on life. He never missed such items. Such a thing was the lock of a cooperative store whose key, as it seemed, had been lost and the agent was trying various keys in his effort to open the lock.

It seems he has lost the key, Libo mused, smiling.

Ah, if only he could find the keys, he would come by night and settle the case of the store. Suddenly he had a new thought. Why couldn't he learn the art of making keys? Once you made the key, all is over. You can try your luck on all stores.

He smiled and spit on the pavement.

At night, he woke up with a start. The devil take it, it was the same thought. Thereafter, whenever he saw a lock, he was making keys in his mind and opening them. He fancied various kinds of locks. He visualized their inner structure, their mechanism. And mentally he perfected the forms of the keys. He remembered that, many years before, he got hold of a lock and he had torn it to pieces to examine its mechanism. Thereafter, on a full belly he often would go to the artisans' quarters, would stand before the shops and would watch the locksmiths at work.

Once, when he was in the act of watching, he attracted attention. The master locksmith of the shop was busy with his work, sharpening and shaping up an old key when Libo slipped in. The master looked at him but said nothing. He was busy sharpening and shaping the key. Bent on one side, he was filing and sharpening. Then, he looked at Libo under the corner of his eye and said:

"Huh, do you want to open the lock of some shop?"

"I do, very much, but I don't know how," Libo replied, chewing up the words.

"Is it this that you want?" the locksmith said, pointing to his palm poised for the slap.

"No," Libo said, his mind centered on something else.

The master resumed his filing, forgetting, as it were, his promised slap. Libo began to look at the rows of keys and the locks which were hanging from the walls, and suddenly his attention was attracted by something else — the sight of the tools. He had just begun to examine the tools when suddenly an unexpected slap stung his cheek. Libo was shaken and recoiled. The slapper was the apprentice who had brought his master's lunch.

"Why did you slap me, you son of a dog," Libo roared and punched him on the nose.

The lunch was spilt. The Master rushed in, seized Libo by the hands and started to beat him up. This made the apprentice's job all the easier who fell upon Libo and finished off what he had started.

The shop was in a secluded spot and no one knew of the scuffle, no policemen showed up. But Libo, his nose bloodied, flew out of the shop and picking up a stone hurled it with such good aim that he struck the apprentice straight on the forehead, throwing him back to his haunches. The Master ran after him but Libo was too fast for him.

He ran away without knowing what happened to the apprentice. Only the next day, accidentally, he heard that the apprentice was wounded and that they were looking for him.

He fled from the city and did not stop until he reached the waterfall. Wishing to hide his "occupation" — his association with the gang — he instantly entered the service of a Koulak for his board. His

work was unusually heavy. Watering the cattle, grazing the herds, cutting the wood, — there was no end to the work from morning till night. On top of all this, the Koulak beat him. At first he pondered — he was already fifteen — what he had been, and what he now was. He put up with the Koulak but secretly laid his plans that when he got news from Erivan that the apprentice had got well and that they no longer were looking for him, he would burn up the Koulak's village and flee to the city.

Consequently, he plied himself to the task of finding new pals, farmhands with whom he secretly met and told them the story of his life, praised the life of the gang, and exhorted them to leave their homes, their families, and go to Tiflis, Baku, Russia, and "see the world."

His newly-found pals would come back at him deprecatingly, warning him not to go too far in "throwing the bull." They seemed to be perfectly content with their present life which was neither intolerable nor boresome. They too had stories to tell. They loved to recount old anecdotes. Then, one day, a young fellow came from the city whose name was Sergo. Sergo had brought with him some books and he was very apt in reading them.

Thus some of the farm boys started to learn how to read. A Literacy League which had been founded recently in the village lent support to the new movement. Libo sat down with them, jestingly, started to tackle the alphabet. Before long he mastered the art of writing. His first act of demonstration of his knowledge of letters was to carve his name with a knife on the doors — "*Libo, Libo.*"

At this act of vandalism, the Koulak stormed at him a few times, but when Libo branded his name on the thigh of a calf with a hot knife, the Koulak gave him a sound thrashing.

This experience, however, had an en-

tirely different result. Libo entered the Literacy League and devoted himself to city literature. Gradually, he forgot the reason for which he had come here, and with the forgetting of his original aim he made swift progress in his new life. He became a reporter of the village paper published by the Communist youth.

One day he published an article on Koulaks, his first public fight against the system of Koulaks. Imperceptibly, he had been engulfed in an entirely different current. His former plan was temporary, but now he was in it to stay.

The Koulak threw him out of his house. His pals sent him to the city. And since he was neither a "Pioneer" nor a member of the Comsomol, they recommended him to the city organizations to determine his status.

In the city things did not go so well. They accepted him in the Comsomol not as a member, but they turned him over to someone to coach him until he was ready to join the organization. This was the beginning of a new and arduous period in his life. The mob no longer attracted him. In him had been awakened a new feeling of revenge toward all those men who were the cause of his misfortunes. He was determined to mark them and organize his revenge.

Then came the hungry days, so much so, he was tempted to return to the mob. One day his hunger was so intense that he directed his steps toward the hideout of the gang where he found his pals, Kolot Sarkis, Moses, and Khor Petros around a fireplace, roasting beef.

The minute he saw Libo, Kolot Sarkis snapped:

"Do you come from the jail?"

"No, I come from the village," Libo replied curtly.

"The jail is not the place for every whipper snapper," interposed Moses sneeringly.

"Aw, leave the kid alone," placated Khor Petros, "what does it matter where a man comes from? Suffice it he has come back."

"Come on, join us," Kolot Sarkis said, with a smile, "the bread of the mob is *Halal* — it carries the blessing of God."

Moses thumped the head of Kolot Sarkis affectionately, rose to his feet, and approached Libo:

"How are you *Aghbertzrou jan* (dear brother) . . . How are you old pal?"

"Huh, well, I am all . . ." Libo stammered.

They sat down to enjoy the repast. Something seemed to have changed for Libo. Was it his pals, or was it their home? Or, was it himself who was changed? Again it was the same old routine of mob life. Nothing new. Libo told them all that had happened to him. The boys listened to him and were not surprised. The mob too was capable of drifting everywhere. Anything could happen with the mob. Even the Comsomol.

"You go back, *Agber jan*, — brother dear taste the city life," Kolot Sarkis acquiesced bitterly. "The mob sees everything."

"You too will come along," Libo said, half jestingly.

"Who knows?" mused Khor Petros. "We are the mob after all."

Libo took his leave of his pals, as plain and commonplace as ever he had been. He was not one of those beings whose condition could effect or excite anyone. Life will lead one anywhere, all are in motion. But the life of the mob is so full of bitterness and surprises.

He separated from his pals with the feeling that some day they might meet again. And why not? The mob is the same man, the same as Libo himself.

* * *

Thereafter a new life began for Libo. He entered a workshop as an apprentice.

His old dream of learning the locksmith art was about to be realized. He watched his Master at work with a voracious zeal and verily devoured his new trade. Pounding the steel, shaping it, and filing it was like music to him. Given a piece of iron or steel, a file and an anvil, he would keep filing and hammering for days.

Then, one day, they opened a technical course in the department of the plant where Libo worked. Libo enlisted in the course and after six months he attained to the second rank of the League. Libo now became an accredited apprentice. The road to progress was open to him now. Libo started to go places.

The only trouble was, his salary was small and he had a hard time to make ends meet. He slept in an attic where he had been driven by the housing shortage. With the exception of the suit on his back, he practically had no clothes. Just the same, he was content with his life. He had good companions who, like candles, illuminated the darkness of his path.

Libo became a member of the Comsomol. He enlisted in the *Harvatzayin*, the shock troops of the workingmen, and pushing his way ahead, he took along with him his companions who had been the cause of his promotion. Libo had swam his way to the banks of the river. There was no longer any danger of drowning. All he had to do now was to go forward and save the lives of others.

Libo really plunged forward into the river to save his former pals. With the aid of his new fellow workers he brought out from their den of the mob his former pals, Kolot Sarkis, Khor Petros (Moses had been taken to the correction house), and brought them to the factory. Kolot Sarkis could not stand the gaff and soon fled to the village, but Khor Petros stayed. It is true that he was once caught stealing, but Libo and his companions inter-

ceded in his behalf, promised to correct him and saved him from expulsion.

Thereafter, Libo's life was devoted to saving and reforming his former pals of the mob, leading them into the new, shining path, and he did not notice that, by doing so, he was also saving and reforming himself, just like the plow which, the more it rubs against the clods, the more it shines.

The factory which seemed a drudgery when Libo was a member of the mob, a place where the workers were abused and were forced to run away, — now that he was a part of it, he observed that, far from being such a terrible place, it was really a center of enjoyment. Libo was beside himself with his newly-found pleasure. He recalled the lock and the keys. He recalled his searches into the mechanism of the locks, he remembered that, aside from his urge to open locks and to steal, at the time he had been driven by another kind of passion which he understood not which one day pushed him to the beating which he got from the locksmith.

Libo understood now that he was being attracted by the mechanisms and the life of the iron and the steel. He became curious about other tools, their mechanical structure, and he began to visit other departments, to stop before machines and to ask questions. He began to look for something in those mechanisms. He began to understand that he had something to do in them, and plainly felt that he could do that thing. And he decided to learn, to study those machines, and to discover what is the thing which he should do in them.

Finally he discovered the inventor — the aspiration.

It was a good thing that he had fallen into the Collective of the Comsomol. The vanguard — the Comsomol brigades into which the life of Libo had been merged,

finally tempered him and made him steely. The "mob" in Libo was definitely dead. It became an anecdote, a merry story for Libo and his new companions. Libo did not resent, he even smiled when his companions at times jokingly accosted him as "The mob."

He smiled impishly.

His face broke into the same impish smile when, on his induction into the party, he read the word "mob" on his membership card.

The days passed, giving way to new days, and it seemed his dream had come true. Libo became an accredited mechanic. There was nothing surprising in this for him. Once the lock of life was opened, all the other locks were open to him. Libo had found the key.

. . .

In the deep valleys the echoes take flight in their fear, taking refuge on the banks and the caves. There is noise underneath. The river is roaring, and the whistles of the copper mines and the steam engines are blowing. Clouds of smoke rise lazily and merge into the sky. Thousands of workers keep toiling on the ground and under the ground. They are fighting against nature, they are fighting for Socialism. Libo is one of these thousands. He is a *Harvatzayin* mechanic and the secretary of a Communist cell. He is making discoveries.

As he goes to his work, to the restaurant, or returns home, he is accompanied by a Comrade who looks just like him, as if they were twins or relatives. They are so alike. They are twins but are not related to each other. They are not even alike in appearance. But there is such a love between them, they are so inseparable whether at work or at home, and so intimate that their movements, their smiles, and their voices have begun to seem or sound so alike.

That is their only fault which they have not as yet thought to correct. They are together too much, although always among the workers or with the workers.

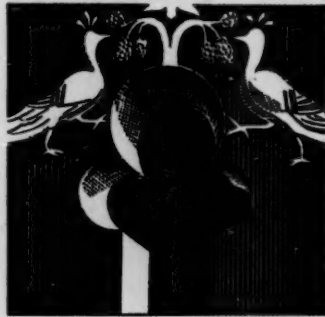
That companion is locksmith Vardan. He too is original.

The two comrades often sit together, laying their plans for tomorrow, a thousand and one campaigns to be passed by the workers, consultations, and probings. Then they talk about this or that. Sometimes Libo looks at Vardan and smiles ever so imperceptibly. There is a scar on Vardan's forehead. Libo looks at the scar and smiles. Is he smiling at the scar? No. He is smiling at the day when he put that scar on the forehead of Apprentice Vardan who now had discovered him, had

become intimate with him, and made him his pal.

But there were times when Libo was alone at home. Whenever he emptied his pockets in search for something, suddenly, from the folds of his membership card, would drop out a faded photograph. Libo would pick up the photograph, would wipe off the dust on its face, and would look at it for long moments with a half smile. It was the picture of a twelve year old boy, with his knee planted on the chest of another boy, and the knife poised high, ready to strike.

The new man would look at the picture and sometimes he could not recognize that boy who really was Libo.



FIND THE MOTIVE

By VAUGHAN HEKIMIAN

"Why are you staying in to-night?" asked Georgette Mendis, the young landlady of Salisbury House.

"I haven't a date," Mario answered, consulting his pocket-book. "Strange, isn't it?"

"What about that pretty voice on the 'phone this afternoon?" queried Georgette. "She asked me especially to remind you about to-night."

"I'm through with her for the present," was the smiling reply.

It was common knowledge that Mario Fantini was a ladies' man. He was a handsome bachelor of forty, a naturalized Egyptian. He had private means and had never done a stroke of work in his life.

"Everybody has gone camping for the week-end," went on Georgette, "except Fred, Nat and Karl."

Fred Hodgson and Nat Marks came in and also expressed surprise at finding Mario there.

"Where's Karl?" asked Nat.

"Not in yet," said Georgette, "he rang me up to say he wouldn't be in for dinner."

"What about a rubber?" suggested Nat.

They played until midnight, and Nat cursed his luck for having lost.

Fred Hodgson felt too warm to sleep. He switched on his light and went out to get a book from the shelves in the hall. There he met Nat.

"It would be refreshing to read about the North Pole," grinned the latter, and they heard the turning of a latch-key as he spoke. Karl Fischer came in. He was

a reserved man, but stopped to speak.

"I wanted to go with the others," he said, "but I had to meet a customer." He sauntered towards his room.

Presently a terrible cry was heard. Fred and Nat stared at each other, motionless. Another cry fallowed, a door was thrown open, and Mario came into the hall, limping on one foot. He threw himself on the lounge.

"Oh Hell!" he cried, "I've been badly bitten."

Fred switched on all the lights. Nat was already examining Mario's foot. Karl rushed in, wearing only his pants to see what was the matter.

"God! How it hurts!" muttered Mario, "something between my sheets." He was sweating and trembling. His face was yellow.

Fred hurried to Mario's room to examine the bed, and returned within a minute.

"Quick, boys," he ordered. "I think it's a scorpion. We must take Mario to the nearest hospital. He's already fainted. We haven't a second to lose. Nat, call the lift. Never mind about getting dressed. Karl, 'phone the porter for a taxi. I'll carry Mario."

Georgette appeared and Karl called to her.

"Please, Georgette," he said, handing her the house 'phone, "ask the porter to call a taxi. Mario's been bitten. I can't go to the hospital in my pants. Won't be a minute."

He rushed to his room, and presently re-appeared with his trousers on, in time

to catch the lift with the others.

Fred shouted to Georgette: "Lock Mario's door. Don't touch anything, it's dangerous. I've wrapped the scorpion in the sheets."

A taxi arrived and they managed to place Mario in it. Fred directed the driver to the Red Cross Centre, and they all jumped in. When they arrived the doctor shook his head.

"I'm afraid it's too late," he declared. "The patient is dead." He examined the three bare-footed men in front of him and went on: "I see you haven't lost time in bringing him here. He must have been bitten by a scorpion of the most venomous kind. You'll have to leave him here until morning."

When the men returned to Salisbury House, Fred phoned the Cairo City Police.

"Without doubt a crime has been committed," he said in his best Arabic. "No scorpion could have climbed seven stories, and have hidden between bed-sheets."

In the morning, an inspector called with his assistant. Being Sunday, everybody was at home. The absence of the other guests during the crime to some extent simplified the investigators' task.

Mario's door was unlocked, and the scorpion was found in the sheets, exactly as Fred had left it. The Inspector agreed that a scorpion of that size could not have been accidentally carried up seven floors. It was a grey creature with a red belly, still alive.

It was established that Mario had his siesta on Saturday afternoon, left his room at four o'clock as usual, and went out. Ahmed, the servant, testified that he had made Mario's bed a quarter of an hour later. He had seen no scorpion. The rooms at Salisbury House was never locked. The scorpion must have been placed in the bed between a quarter to five and midnight.

Fred and Nat had gone out in the after-

noon at about five o'clock and had returned soon after eight. Karl had left the house a few minutes after them, and returned after midnight. Georgette was at home all the time.

"Has anyone seen a person go into Mario's room?" the Inspector asked.

The answer was in the negative, though each admitted that they could have had access to Mario's room without being seen. It was next to the bath-room. Fred's room was next to Mario's, and Nat's next to Fred's. Karl's room was three doors after Nat's.

As the Inspector was jotting down these facts, he stopped to ask, "Is there anything missing from the victim's room?"

In Mario's pockets, a wallet had been found containing fifty odd pounds, some loose change, his gold watch and chain, his driving license, and a few unimportant slips of paper. No one could think of any thing else.

Fred asked: "I wonder why Mario stayed in last night? It's a thing I've never known him to do."

"I know that," Georgette said. "I must tell you, first, that about six o'clock a lady rang up for Mario. He was not in and she asked me to remind him of his appointment with her for the night. She didn't give her name."

"Had that particular woman rang you up before?" asked Fred.

"I can't say so for sure," answered Georgette. "She sounded as though she had. I gave the message to Mario as he came in, and later was surprised that he hadn't gone out to meet her. He told me then that he'd temporarily broken relations with her. He consulted his pocket-book in front of me to make sure he hadn't forgotten any other appointments he may have made."

"Where's that pocket-book?" asked Fred.

"We'll have another look for it," said

the Inspector. He and his assistant went into Mario's bedroom again.

"That pocket-book will save us," said Karl.

"Otherwise we're in for it," remarked Nat. "This looks like a properly organized murder."

Presently, the detective returned. He said there was no trace of the pocket-book. "Did you see him put it in his pocket?" he asked Georgette.

"Yes," she answered, "in the rear pocket of his white trousers."

"As he was taken to the Red Cross in his pajamas," said the Inspector, "all his clothes are inside, but no pocket-book. The obvious conclusion to be drawn is that it must have been stolen after the crime."

"That can't be possible," exclaimed Georgette. "I locked the room myself as soon as Mario was taken away."

The detective rang up his headquarters, and asked for three men to be sent over.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask all of you to come with me to the station," he said. "The chief would like you to sign your depositions. While we're away our men will search the whole house."

"Are we under arrest?" asked Nat.

"Certainly not," answered the detective. "If you three men volunteer to be searched, you'll be helping me. The lady can be searched later if necessary."

The search was carried out. When his three colleagues arrived, Inspector Aldy gave them instructions, and the four suspects were escorted to the station.

They were released late in the afternoon. When they reached home they found the holiday-makers had returned. Fred took a shower and went out to keep an appointment with Inspector Adly.

Why should anyone kill Mario? That was what they first discussed. Adly had just interviewed Mario's lawyer. He was at a loss, too. The only person to benefit

was a young nephew in Corsica. Fred had known Mario for the past three years. To his knowledge, Mario had no intimate friends, or enemies. His only interest in life seemed to be women, and physical comforts.

"It stands to reason," remarked Adly, "that there must be a woman involved. If Mario wasn't killed by one, he was killed for one. Our only clue is the disappearance of that pocket-book. That must have happened before your eyes, while Mario was dying."

"Any of us could have taken it," Fred admitted. "I could have stolen it, when I went to Mario's room to see what had bitten him. During the panic, Karl or Nat could have slipped in for a second and done it; we weren't watching each other's movements."

"Miss Georgette Mendis had all the time to do it," put in Adly.

Fred laughed.

"If Georgette had done such a thing," he said, "she wouldn't have mentioned the incident of the pocket-book. None of us knew anything about it."

"With women one can never tell," commented Adly. "My chief strongly suspects her. She's a woman and she had the opportunity, but of course we've to find a motive."

"But let me tell you this," said Fred. "Georgette could have no earthly reason for killing Mario. She didn't care two hoots for him, except as a boarder. Mario knew it, and to cover his disappointment, he would pretend that he didn't care for brunettes with a white skin, like Georgette."

"Is she a good business woman?" asked Adly.

"She runs Salisbury House on a business footing," answered Fred, "though she doesn't care much about money. What she cares for is to mix business with pleasure. She likes to be in touch with interesting

people, and colorful types, like Mario. She chooses her boarders."

"Did you know any of Mario's women?" asked Adly.

"I'm afraid not," smiled Fred. "He wasn't allowed to bring them to Salisbury House."

"Yes, I know," smiled Adly, "he'd a private flat in his own building for that purpose. I got the information from his door-keeper, who also acted as care-taker of his flat. He could not, however, give me any information about the women who visited Mario. The search of his flat revealed nothing at all, not one address, or name, or 'phone number. They must all have been in that pocket-book, and the criminal must have known it."

Then the two men discussed Karl Fischer. Fred described him as an idealist, a generous man, reserved by nature, an Austrian who had spent five years of the war in a concentration camp. He was an importer.

"As regards Nat Marks," said Adly, "he told us he worked for a shipping company. I hope you won't mind my saying he is the least likely of the four of you to have done this murder."

"Right again," smiled Fred.

"I think you have a clue which you're holding back from me," suggested Adly.

"Note quite a clue," admitted Fred, "but an idea. I think very shortly we shall find that pocket-book. I might have more to tell you next time."

Fred earned a comfortable living as a liquorice manufacturer and had ample time to follow his hobbies, detection being one of them.

An interview with the door-keeper at Mario's building yielded nothing, except that he was assured no men visited the flat. There was no point in confronting Nat or Karl with him. The man also declared that he would not be able to recognize the lady visitors, as there were so many of

them. None of them had ever spoken to him. To him all European women looked alike.

On Tuesday, Fred took the afternoon off, and managed to get into Karl's bedroom while he was at business. He made a thorough search. The only thing which attracted his attention was a curious book on narcotics, written by a doctor. What Fred was looking for was some literature on scorpions.

He communicated with Adly, and they agreed to break into Karl's office, after business hours. The door-keeper of the building was conveniently called away from his post by one of Adly's men. A police locksmith opened the door for them.

They closed it behind them, and started a systematic search. They could find nothing about scorpions. There were, however, several magazines and novels, and among them, curiously enough, a book on narcotics. Fred fingered the pages. There were four chapters on the author's methods of cure, of which instances were cited. Fred observed that these chapters had been read more often than the others. On one page he detected a faint pencil mark.

"Perhaps Karl is a trafficker," suggested Adly. "I had better look for a hiding place where he might be keeping his stock."

It was late when the two men locked Karl's office, after putting everything back in its place. Adly rang up his man to release the door-keeper, and followed Fred to a cafe.

"I shall have Karl shadowed. One never knows," he said.

On the following day, Fred found time to examine Nat's room. In a drawer, under Nat's shirts, he found a tiny pocket-book. The blank pages had been spared, but the rest had been torn out, one by one. On the back of the cover, the name of Mario Fantini had been written in his own hand writing. Of course, there would be

finger-prints on it. Fred carefully wiped out his own finger-prints with his handkerchief and slipped it into his pocket. He then went into Karl's room and placed it in a drawer over some socks. Karl would not fail to find it soon.

Georgette had gone out to do her shopping. When she came back, Fred led her to the drawing-room.

"I have a few questions to ask you, Georgette," he said. "Do you know if Nat has dealings with any other woman besides that French teacher?"

"I don't think so," she answered.

"How about Karl?" Fred went on. "Do we know anything about his women?"

"You know him as well as I do," answered Georgette; "he never says anything about himself, let alone his women. But last year, about this time, a letter did come, addressed in a woman's handwriting. Yes, I remember that he slightly blushed when I handed it to him. He doesn't show his feelings as a rule. I reckoned at the time it must have been a love-letter."

"Can you recall if it was from here or abroad?"

"I don't think there was a foreign stamp on it. I would have noticed it."

Early next morning, there was a commotion at Salisbury House; Karl had found pocket-book and was making a scene. He protested that it did not belong to him, so how did it get into his drawer? Somebody must have put it there. He showed it to Georgette, who recognized it as Mario's. Fred was surprised to notice that Karl was capable of making a fuss over anything.

He came to Fred in a state of great excitement, told him about it in detail, and begged him to ring up Adly. Fred said that, in the circumstances it was the best thing to do.

When Fred came home for lunch that day, he found the Inspector there. Karl's

temper had not abated. He was accusing Georgette, Nat and Fred, singly or collectively, of having introduced incriminating evidence into his room.

"I can't stay in this house any longer!" he shouted.

Adly tried to pacify Karl. It was convenient for him to have his suspects in one place. He asked to be left with Karl alone, so Georgette led them to a vacant room and closed the door on them.

Fred seized the opportunity to enter Karl's room unseen. He carried the book on narcotics to his own room, and locked himself in.

The book opened on page 101 and 102. There the author was explaining how he had cured a youth from cocaineism.

The lunch gong sounded. Fred let some time elapse, to make sure everybody would be in the dining-hall. He managed to put the book back before Karl noticed its absence.

When Fred entered the dining-hall, he was pleased to see Adly having lunch at Karl's table. The latter looked in better spirits. Later, Fred fixed an appointment with Adly for the evening.

Since their last meeting, Adly had done a great deal without making much progress towards a solution. With the help of the telephone exchange, he had been able to trace the lady who had rung up Georgette on the day of the crime, but she could throw no light on the matter. Adly had also had Karl shadowed, but did not think he was trafficking in cocaine.

"He must have a girl somewhere," said Fred, "and she is the key to our problem."

"If you think that," said Adly, "I'll keep on having him shadowed. I have faith in your intuition. You prophesied about that pocket-book and it was found."

"I hope you don't think I fulfilled my prophecy with my own hands," laughed Fred. "May I trouble you for the name

and address of the lady who rang up Georgette?"

"Certainly," Adly replied, "you might be able to extract more information from her. She's called Yollanda Albertini and lives at 22 Cherif Street, flat 5. I'm sure she'll talk more freely with you."

"Could you also tell me," asked Fred, "how anybody in Cario could get hold of a scorpion?"

"There's a vast waste-land at the end of the Mousky," the Inspector answered. "It is infested with them. An expert could pick one up from there very easily, and wouldn't be noticed either, for it's a deserted spot. By the way, the chief thinks that the least likely persons to have murdered Mario are Karl and Nat. He believes that either you or Georgette had the pocket-book in your possession, and wanted to frame it on Karl. I didn't tell him about your prophecy for that would have put you up from suspect number two to number one."

On the following day, Fred called on Signorina Yollanda Albertini, and introduced himself as an intimate friend of the late Mario Fantini. She was a tall, pretty young blonde, but it did not take Fred long to understand that she must have been more interested in Mario's money than the man himself. She showed a diamond ring and a wrist watch Mario had given her. She had once been his confidante.

"Do you know a man called Nat Marks?" Fred asked.

Her answer being in the negative, he asked her if she had heard of an Austrian named Karl Fischer. Her reply was "no" again.

"Mario must have had a way of seducing women," commented Fred.

"Mario had many ways," laughed Yollanda, "and one that never failed."

"Promise of marriage?" Fred guessed.

"Nothing so old-fashioned," smiled Yol-

landa. "But I don't know you well enough to make confidences."

Fred saw that he would have to handle her with tact and patience.

"The friends of our friends are our friends," he said, and invited her to dinner.

Several meals and dances, quite a few bottles of champagne and some presents were necessary to loosen Yollanda's tongue. Fred at last found out Mario's despicable method of dealing with the girls who resisted him. By administering small doses of cocaine to them, he turned them into drug addicts. They soon became his slaves. Yollanda confessed that she, herself, was not stupid enough to resist a man of Mario's means. Fred managed to extract from her the addresses of three of Mario's drug victims.

The first of the addresses at which Fred called, proved to be of no interest. At the second, a lovely and innocent-looking Yugoslav girl of hardly twenty-one, fell right into his trap.

"I'm a friend of Mr. Karl Fischer," Fred said as she opened the door. "I've come to invite you to my party on Saturday. I'm not making a mistake, am I? You are his girl?"

She looked embarrassed.

"Yes, I know him," blushed Sophia Yovanovitch. "Has he sent you?"

"Well," answered Fred, "I've seen you together often, and last time not so long ago."

"Three months ago," she said sadly. "We have not met since."

"That's right," Fred affirmed, "It was at the doctor's. What's his name . . .?"

"Dr. Sobhi," she helped him.

"I'd better ask Karl to come and invite you himself," said Fred evasively.

"Do you think he'll come?" murmured the girl hopefully.

"I'll see that he does," said Fred, taking his leave.

It was one of the dirtiest jobs he had done in his life; stealing a simple-minded and innocent girl's secret. He hated himself for it. He could count on Sophia being too proud to get in touch with Karl immediately. Fred rang up Adly.

"Could you meet me in half an hour outside Karl's office?" he asked. "I think I've got the solution."

Karl was in his office when the two men were ushered in. It had been agreed that Fred was to do the talking. Adly closed the door.

"It's an unpleasant task, Karl," Fred began, "to have to accuse you of murder of the execrable creature Mario was."

"I don't understand you," replied Karl coolly.

"Let me explain then," said Fred. "We have come to you privately to save the honor of an innocent and sweet young lady. I'm sure you, who felt and still feels so deeply for her, would not like to drag her name into the criminal courts."

"I'm listening," said Karl unmoved.

"Some time ago," Fred began, "you fell in love with Sophia Yovanovitch. One day you found out that she was taking cocaine. You succeed in curing her, with the help of Dr. Sobhi. You saved her life. No person with any feeling, who has glanced at the girl, can help being grateful to you. Then she confessed about Mario. You felt shocked, indignant, disgusted — who would not be? — not only at Mario, but also the girl, though you knew she had only been an innocent victim. Then you thought of vengeance, and scorpions."

"Excuse me for interrupting you" said Adly. "We found out this morning that Herr Fischer had once spent two months at Kena, which is well known for its scorpions."

"Thank you," acknowledged Fred and

went on: "As you know how to handle scorpions, you brought one home with you, from behind the Mousky, on that Saturday. Your job was facilitated by the absence of most of the boarders. In the afternoon after the servant had made Mario's bed, you slipped in and placed the deadly creature between the sheets. Then you went to your work. When you returned after midnight, you were naturally eager to find out whether the scorpion had already bitten. That's why you stopped to talk to Nat and me. Ordinarily you would hardly have nodded to us. That was my first clue. My second came later when you passed the 'phone to Georgette and rushed to put your trousers on; Georgette being occupied, you managed to go into Mario's room and steal his pocket-book, which you were afraid might contain Sophia's name. You succeeded in making suspects of the four of us, but were sure no harm could come to us, because of lack of motive. Later, to puzzle the police, you put the depleted pocket-book into Nat's room. You were angry when the book bounced back to you, much too angry for an innocent person and that provided me with another clue. Then we discovered your books on cocaineism, then Yollanda, then Sophia, and now your knowledge about scorpions. You'd worked out a perfect crime, but the gods were against you."

"And if I deny all that?" asked Karl, without displaying any emotion.

"We'll have to prove it the hard way," answered Fred. "You wouldn't like that and I wouldn't either; it would mean that Sophia will be put into the witness-box and be publicly disgraced."

For the first time Karl gave way to his feelings. "You're right, Fred," he said. "By making Sophia suffer, I'd defeat the point of my revenge. Very well, gentlemen, I'll sign a full confession. Only, in the name of all that's still left clean and pure on this

earth,
cent g
me a
your r
my est
witho
now s

earth, I'll ask you not to bring an innocent girl's name into the case. Now give me a few minutes to transfer all I have in your name, Fred. I want you to liquidate my estates and give the proceeds to Sophia, without a soul knowing about it." He was now shedding tears .

"With a clever lawyer," Adly said, "you'll get away with a term of imprisonment."

"I always knew you had a heart under that surface of reserve," said Fred. "Don't worry about Sophia. I'll treat her as a sister. I'm sure she'll wait for you. Time heals, Karl."

November

*Ah, beloved
It is November
And the years are not long
For this sphere . . .
What is death
And November
That thus separate
Yours and mine?
Yours eternity . . .
Between us only
A few fallen leaves.*

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN DALLEY

PAULICIAN PROTESTANTISM AND BASIL I OF BYZANTIUM

By VAHE A. SARAFIAN

The dynamic and warlike Paulician (Arm.-Pavghik) Protestant sect of Armenians, which we have seen in an earlier article had played an important role in the Byzantine Empire during the seventh and eighth centuries, were cruelly persecuted under the imperial Orthodoxy of the Armenian Empress Theodora. Under her inspiration, large numbers of the sectarians were slain in vicious massacres throughout Asia Minor, while lands and estates of Paulician families were seized by the imperial government. The Byzantine historian Cedrenus lists the number of Paulicians slain in these general persecutions as 100,000. Under the courageous leadership of their leader Karbeas (Karbis), in the year 844, 5,000 Paulician troops fled to the Moslem emirate of Melitene (Malatia), where the Emir Ibn-Abd-Allah granted the Paulicians sanctuary, allowing them lands in the Byzantine border area where they could settle.

A steady stream of Paulicians apparently deserted their former homes and sought refuge in their new haven, where soon there were important Paulician centers. The towns of Tephrike (Tivrik), Katabaltala, Amara, and Argaum, together with a number of lesser villages, seem to have been wholly Paulician in composition; while such cities as Antioch, Aleppo, Germanicia (Marash), and a Cilician mountain city called under the symbolic Paulician name of Macedonia, though its real name is not specified, were at least in part Paulician in their Armenian quarters.

Indeed the first-named town of Tephrike (Tivrik), founded by the Paulician immigrants would appear to have been a sort of military capital for the protestant sectarians.

Migrating from the Byzantine lands at a time when the Empire was already embarked, without realizing it, in a life and death struggle with the world of Islam, the Paulician warriors, bitter at their treatment at the hands of the imperial agents, brought valuable military assistance to the tolerant Emir and to their coreligionist who had previously fled to his protection and who were already allied to him. Carrying on devastating frontier raids on Byzantium, greatly strengthened by a new-found unity between the Sergiot-Baanite factions within the sect, the Paulicians shortly were of such concern to the Byzantine imperial command that the borders of the themes were redrawn in order to bring even more military protection to the frontier. The theme of Colonia (Shabin Karahissar), formerly a part of the Armeniac Theme, was separated into a strongly-defended entity during the rule of Michael III in order better to cope with the depredations of border raiders; before the victories of Basil over Chrysochir (mentioned later in this article), the border of Colonia seems to have extended practically to the Paulician town of Tephrike. The presence nearby of the separate theme of Chaldaea (Arm.-Khaghduk') (which comprised the Babert-Djorokh River area) seems also to have been in the nature of a military di-

vision aimed equally at the Arabs and the protestants. It is significant that the Arab historians and writers refer to these three themes as a part of Armenia, and continually confused Colonia with the theme of the Armeniacs.

Whether because of the unexpected assistance rendered by the Paulicians newly-arrived under Karbeas or other causes, the year 844 was an unusually fortunate one for the Emir of Melitene in his up-and-down military fortunes against the Byzantine Empire. The imperial troops suffered defeat at Maupotamos under the command of Theoctistos in a campaign which created bitter hatred between the Armenian Byzantine general Bardas (Vardan) and the commander. It should be born in mind that many of the troops of Byzantium used in these campaigns against the Arabs and the Paulician protestants were levies from the three predominantly Armenian themes; no Byzantine source records the attitude of the Armenians fighting on the imperial side, whether they fought well or not. Probably, the Armenian levies fought half-heartedly against fellow-Armenians who were enemies only because they were non-Orthodox, for it must be remembered that Armenia proper was subject itself to great prejudice and hostility on the part of the imperial court and ecclesiastic authorities, because the Armenian Gregorian Apostolic Church, the official church of the mass of the Armenian people in Armenia proper, was considered non-Orthodox and Monophysite by the Greeks.

Gradually, a period of stability ensued on the border areas. The Paulicians continued to harass and raid, but seemed uncertain of more than local successes. The relatively large standing imperial army guarding the Tephrike front appeared in limited control of the situation, but equally unable to end the blood-draining stalemate

by a decisive action. Though, the Paulicians, who may have numbered Kurdish converts in their ranks in rather important numbers, in alliance with the native and Arab troops of the Emir had performed devastating raids on some frontier centers, they had not, in 860, yet managed to seize and hold any part of the Empire. Beginning about that year, however, Karbeas's troops, obviously greatly strengthened through the years, began to achieve a far greater degree of success, soon imperilling the Byzantine frontier fortresses over a wide area. As the tempo of raids was stepped up, in 863 Karbeas fell in battle against imperial Greek troops guarding the frontier.

Immediately his son-in-law and nephew¹ Chrysochir, was received as the temporal and military head of the militant sect. Equally bold as had been his father-in-law Karbeas, Chrysochir continued to spread havoc in the Byzantine realm. In continuous campaigns, which, though theoretically not motivated by desire for booty, certainly provided a large amount for the soldiers and chiefs of the Paulician "pure Christian" Church, Chrysochir led his cohorts to Nicomedia, to Nicea, to the gates of Byzantium itself. In 867, meeting little serious resistance, Chrysochir spread ruin and destruction as far as Ephesus. Meanwhile, a great event of a constructive nature (one might almost say "for a change") had been stirring the Empire and the Christian world of the East.

After several years of contact and investigation, the Bulgarians had determined to become Christians. Basil the new Byzantine emperor, of Armenian descent, immediately had lent all the imperial power to the task of proselytisation of the

¹ The appearance in Armenia of the Arabic custom of first cousins marrying is worthy of note as an indication of the ease with which Arabic influence spread in Asia Minor.

northern neighbor, and soon Bulgaria was full of Orthodox priests and missionaries, seeking to win over the population. Very soon after the official conversion of the Bulgars, however, reports began to be current that the Orthodox were having no field day among that people, for great confusion about the true doctrines of Christianity existed in the minds of the Bulgars, partly the result of conflicting teachings by other missionaries who are referred to as "Armenians" in history. In all likelihood, these "Armenians" were mainly Paulician, perhaps with some of the Armenian Gregorian Church as well, for the ties of the Bulgars and the Armenians had been extremely close from the earliest appearance of the Bulgarians in history. (Though many classify the Bulgars as a Turkish people, this subject is certainly open for more decisive analysis, in my opinion.) Perhaps, indeed, there was a tie already existing between the Paulicians and the Bulgars, for it is more than a remote likelihood that the Bulgarians of Asia Minor had flocked to the Paulician standards. The occurrence of such medieval Bulgarian names as Omart among Armenians in the areas of Tivrik-Sivas, the mountains of northern Cilicia, and in the locality of Mt. Argaios may be taken as a remnant of Bulgarian ties with the Paulicianism of those districts.

At any rate, according to the Byzantine writings, Basil felt sufficiently disturbed by the incursions of Chrysochir and the missionary activities in Bulgaria (which, if successful, would leave the Byzantine Empire almost surrounded by a united and vigorous enemy religion) to send, in 869, a peace mission to Tephrike to seek an armistice or peace settlement with Chrysochir. This reputed mission lasted for nine months, failing to reach a satisfactory arrangement in 870, whereupon the ambassador, Peter of Sicily, returned to Con-

stantinople to report to the Emperor. He bore back the certainty that the Paulicians were conducting extensive activity in Bulgaria and an active religious propaganda there, as well as the reply of Chrysochir to Basil's embassy. According to the Byzantine historians because the reply of Chrysochir was an insolent demand that all Asia Minor be turned over to him, but more probably because of his dread of Paulician success in Bulgaria, Basil determined to begin an extensive campaign of extermination against the sectarian's military forces. Embattled in Italy, nevertheless the Emperor Basil ordered his major forces to prepare for war; he, personally, took the command and led the imperial forces toward Tephrike.

Confident in the might of his huge army, Basil advanced in frontal array on the Paulician strongholds, but soon his might was dissipated and scattered by the fanatically fighting Paulicians; Basil himself barely escaped death or captivity, thanks to Theophylacte, the father of the future Emperor Romanus, also Armenian by descent. Barring the destruction of certain fortresses, the entire first war of Basil with Chrysochir was without result, and the depredation of the imperial provinces continued. In 871, in fact, in a singularly unchastised manner, Chrysochir led his forces in a new attack which swept up to Angora, utterly destroying all vestiges of Byzantine authority and power along the way. Heavily laden with booty, the Paulician troops returned as conquerors to their homes at the conclusion of this campaign.

Meanwhile, in Constantinople, Basil, sick at heart at his failure to subdue the growing challenge on the East, frequented the churches of the capital, seeking thus to gain divine favor for the destruction of his bitter foe. It is reported that the Emperor prayed to the Orthodox saints (no wonder that the Paulicians denounced the

Ortho
fringe
as to
to se
have
arrow
sent
new
this
arms
had
First
made
but,
toph
ed.
of th
and
Ot
duce
ed.
when
ing t
reali
cess,
could
ed a
to re
sue
they
chief
was
and
at A
tine
swift
tegor
in p
from
Bath
Zog
final
of n
soldi
spru
and

Orthodox system of saints as being an infringement on the worship of God!) as well as to God to give him a long enough life to see the death of Chrysochir and to have "the pleasure of implanting three arrows in his impure head." In 872, Basil sent his son-in-law Christophor to lead a new campaign against the Paulicians. In this Second Paulician War, the Byzantine arms were to secure far more success than had previously been their lot. As in the First Paulician War, a direct advance was made right up to the citadel of Tephrike, but, this time, under the direction of Christophor, a tremendous victory was enjoyed. Tephrike succumbed to the weight of the Byzantine forces and was taken and destroyed.

Other centers and fortress were also reduced in their turn and likewise destroyed. Thus, Christophor had succeeded where Basil had failed in greatly reducing the Paulician power and menace. He realized, despite the appearance of success, that no concrete permanent result could ensue as long as Chrysochir remained at large; therefore, he determined not to rest his troops, but to continue to pursue the Paulician forces, beaten though they were, until he had destroyed their chief himself. At the moment, Chrysochir was returning from a raid with his troops and was encamped in the Charsian Theme at Agrana, while the bulk of the Byzantine forces was at Siboron. Christophor swiftly drew his plans and sent the *strategoi* of the Charsian and Armeniac Themes in pursuit of Chrysochir, to head him off from further raiding and force him toward Bathyrhax. In the plain at the foot of Zogoloenos Mountain, the imperial armies finally caught the Paulicians; in the dark of night, some sixteen thousand selected soldiers from the two Byzantine armies sprung a trap on the troops of Chrysochir and these, not knowing the strength of

the Byzantines in the darkness, took fright and fled toward Sivas, a totally routed army. In the confusion, a Greek captive taken at the battle of Tephrike saw his opportunity and pierced Chrysochir with a spear. A bitter fight raged over the fallen leader as the Paulician officers sought to rescue his body, but the Byzantines prevailed, decapitated him, and sent the head of Chrysochir to Basil as a present. Immediately on being informed of the victory, Basil, who had been vacationing in the countryside, made a triumphal entry into the capital city; usually, this is taken as a mark of his personal vanity. In my humble opinion, however, it seems a more rational explanation to suppose that he saw in this victory a personal reply of God to his prayers for the removal of a dangerous menace, and made a festival victory return for the purpose of letting the population know his plea had been answered.

Although the most serious opponent of the Byzantines among the Paulicians had thus been renewed, the war against that sect and their Moslem allies continued. In the summer of 873, the Greeks had taken a great booty and a large number of prisoners, but were repulsed when they pressed the attack toward Melitene (Malatia) and were beaten by Achmed Ibn Muhammed al Kabuc, who slew one of Basil's top generals. Returning from this new, personally directed campaign, Basil in blind vengeance ravaged the Paulician territory once more, destroying several fortresses. Generously paying his troops, Basil then returned for another triumphal entry into Constantinople.

Although the war continued at a more desultory pace, it had now become primarily the War against Melitene, with the Paulicians merely a side issue in the fighting. Few evidences are given in the writings as to what was actually taking place at this time. It is possible that the reason

for the virtual silence of the Byzantine writers of this time lay in an unrecorded recrudescence of the Paulician strength, for certainly it seems strange that after such complete defeats as had earlier been described, the Paulicians should be so important again, by 878 or 879, that special imperial forces should once again campaign specifically against the Paulician center. In one of these two years, a special Byzantine force forced an entry into Katabatala, a Paulician stronghold near Tephrike.

In 882, Basil again unleashed a general attack on Melitene, even more important to him, though always indispensable as a frontier strong point, now that the Paulicians had been seriously crippled, for only by holding Melitene could he be sure of organizing the conquest and incorporating in the imperial territory the lands of the sectarians. Again, as in 873, Basil was defeated in his desire, for his siege of Melitene (Malatia) was unsuccessful, and he was forced to lift it and retire to Sirica with the Arabs on his heels. Especially important in the final outcome of the siege had been the aid given Melitene by the inhabitants of Germanicia (Marash). Basil resolved to chastise that center and avenge his defeat. In that summer, he forded the Saros River and occupied Koukousos, and, over roads he had made as the army advanced, he approached Germanicia (Marash) and Adata. Unsuccessful over a period of months in reducing these two citadels, he withdrew, on the approach of winter, after ravaging the countryside.

The importance of Marash (Germanicia) in the clashes of the Emirate of Melitene (Malatia) with the Byzantine Empire cannot be too highly stressed. From Byzantine sources it is apparent at once that Basil failed in his strong campaign against the Mohammedan state primarily

because of the intervention of the warriors of Germanicia; it becomes, therefore, an important issue who, actually, were those warriors. No historic writer whose works have been available to me clarifies this important point. The obvious fact that Germanicia's inhabitants felt bound to prevent a Byzantine conquest of Melitene provides a clue, however, for in that fact we see a probable relationship between Marash and the Paulicians, the formal allies of the Arab emirate. Certainly, at that time, Germanicia was a predominantly non-Moslem area, its population basically Armenian, perhaps with some Armenian-assimilated alien elements. The constant reference in Byzantine writers to its region as a focal point for iconoclasm points up the probability that the Paulicians, or some closely related sect, perhaps the mysterious, unidentifiable Angulans referred to in the 11th century HISTOIRE ANONYME DE LA PREMIERE CROISADE, were strongly entrenched in either the town or its surrounding district. The unusually large number of Armenians of that district who became members of the Protestant Evangelical Church established by foreign missionaries in the 19th Century, though not a proof of Paulician inheritance in the Germanicia (Marash) area, may be taken as at least a hint that some such element persisted *sub rosa* during the centuries after the final defeat of the Paulicians.

Another interesting sidelight of the Paulician Wars of Basil is the appearance in history of Byzantine Kurds. Though the Kurds had been nomad for centuries past, none had appeared in Byzantine annals until the Paulician campaign, when they were mentioned as present in the Tars (Tarson) and the Tephrike regions. Constantine relates that his uncle Basil captured a large number of them in his campaign against Chrysochir, but ordered

them slaughtered because he had no use for them. The fact that specifically a large number are stated to have fallen captive must indicate that a considerable Kurdish population was in intimate alliance with the Paulicians. Historical research on the subject is still so neglected that one cannot yet state what the ties were, or what aftermath remains. The curious Armenian-like influences among the Zaza Kurds of Dersim and the Yezidees of Syria and Sindjar are a fascinating possible result of the Paulician-Kurdish link of Basil's period; much careful research must be conducted before any such conclusion can be drawn. It is to be desired that competent historians shall some day bend their efforts to solving vital questions of religious and ethnic interrelationship in the Near and Middle East.

To return to the main historical account, despite his inability to destroy the threat of the Emirate of Melitene, Basil proceeded to incorporate all the lands he had conquered in his Paulician Wars into the Empire, placing them under imperial adminis-

tration. In the same campaigns, the Arab town of Tarax (or Taurus), as well as the principality of Locana, which belonged to the Armenian Curticos, were annexed as allies, and so inscribed in the imperial lists. Thus, the campaigns of Basil, who was himself Armenian in origin, had succeeded in strengthening the eastern frontier of the Byzantine Empire by extending it to the Upper Euphrates and by finishing the devastating raids launched by the dissident Christians of the Cilician mountains and the fortresses of Lesser Armenia. Though repulsed in his grander plan of destroying at the same time the Arab strength in Melitene, he had successfully weakened the Paulician ability to war on the Empire, and, thus, he had destroyed the main religious buffer which stood between the bigoted Orthodoxy of Constantinople and the apostolic, non-conforming Church of Armenia. From this date onward, Armenian princes were never as secure in their relations with Byzantium and were caught between the full power of two religious foes, Byzantine Orthodoxy on the one hand, Moslem fanaticism on the other.



The Language Lesson

From this most near most infinitely distant
 spot
 Whirling swiftly in motion harmonious
 with yours, yet how slowly
 So that each seems to each to be at a kind
 of beginning
 Of a time and a place with a purpose in
 mind,
 I stand and pause on an arc minute
 For the beginning word which will begin
 with a capital
 And end in a period.

Weary with rules on sense which make no
 sense
 Mute with a wisdom beyond comprehen-
 sion of the comma slaves
 Your tolerant eyes ask the questions already
 punctuated
 By the preceding fathers and their fathers
 before them.
 And I stand here to sprinkle, oh presump-
 tuous soul
 A white cloud of sense compressed in the
 dress
 Of the chalk in my hand.

Shall we then capitalize the seabeds of
 silent slime
 And call it the beginning, and end with
 a period, the heavens
 Whose shapeless life defies our most nebu-
 lous eyes?
 Oh when has a point comprehended a
 circle
 That we, ourselves words of a meaningless
 sentence
 That knows no capital nor ends in a period
 Should try to?

—ANAHID THOMASIAN

THE PURGES IN SOVIET ARMENIA

By ARMAN HAROOT

NOTE — Arman Haroot, whose name we withhold for very understandable reasons, is an Armenian DP from Funkerkasern, Stuttgart, Germany, now in the United States for nearly two years. At the time of the events which he relates in this story he was in Armenia, a member of the editorial staff of "Khorhurtayin Hayastan" (Soviet Armenia), official organ of Soviet Armenia.

• • •

It was 12 p.m. when a reporter of *Khorhurtayin Hayastan* rushed into the information office.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked, pantingly.

"What news?"

"During the interrogation, Ter Gabrielian* threw himself out of the window."

"How?"

"No one knows how."

In less than half an hour the editorial rooms were crowded. In came Yeghia Choobar, the managing editor. Instantly, all eyes in the room were fixed upon him. Entering his office he picked up the telephone receiver and contacted the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia. There was no doubt that he was talking with Amatouni, the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia. No one dared to disturb him. When he was through, he summoned his assistant Mkho Davidian who was the editorial secretary of the

party committee. What they talked about we never learned. One hour later there was a consultation and it was declared that the paper would say nothing about the incident until the investigations were completed.

The critical days began. Three days later there arrived in Erivan Anastas Mikoyan, member of the Politburo, and A. Vishinsky, the USSR Prosecuting Attorney, accompanied by Grigor Aroutinov, Secretary of the Political Committee of the Communist Party of Tiflis, and Markarian, editor of "Soviet Georgia." The Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia at once summoned a plenary session. After the arrival of Mikoyan, Moughdousi, the bloody People's Commissar of Internal Affairs, was at once arrested, but when they went to arrest his assistant Abrahamian, the latter already had committed suicide.

2.

The internal disruptions of the Bolshevik Party, broken out in 1923-24, were still on the march in increasing tempo. It was necessary to find a way of restoring the party unity. Already the famine of 1923-33, organized by the Politburo and under the direct leadership of Stalin, had considerably shaken the faith of the party members in their "beloved father and teacher." This was felt especially in Ukraina where the starvation and exile into Siberia of more than two million peasants and *koulaks* had spread general terror. Meanwhile, Stalin, was telling his peo-

*The President of the Council of People's Commissars of Armenia.

ple: "Life is joyful now, comrades, joyful and happy."

It was necessary to find a pretext, and the pretext was not long in coming. In a corridor of the building of the Militant Committee in Leningrad, the Bolshevik Nicolayev with one shot of the revolver put an end to the life of Kirov, the Secretary of the Politburo and the Militant Committee of Leningrad. And the wheel started to spin.

Who was Nicolayev? He was a responsible member of the Militant Committee of Leningrad, an old party member, a reliable figure who had a great future in the party, and who, together with Kirov, had gone to Leningrad after the liquidation of Eudokimov and others.

Presently, the alarm was sounded. The rumor was spread that "the great tribune of the revolution" and Comrade Stalin's faithful companion-in-arms had been done to death by the counter-revolutionary, Trotskyite, underground agents and spies. Then followed the arrests. Outstanding among these were: Bukharin who, even from the first days of the revolution, was known as a second Lenin, the latter's dearest comrade, and who, after Zinoviev, had directed the Comintern, and had edited the official organ *Izvestia*; Piatakov, who, after Ordjonikitze, was the greatest and most illustrious figure in the Commissariat of heavy industry, and who was a member of the Politburo in the revolutionary period; Zinoviev, likewise Lenin's most faithful collaborator and one of the outstanding figures of the revolutionary struggle; Radek, member of the Politburo, advisor on foreign affairs, great journalist and diplomat; Rakowsky, the Rumanian Bolshevik leader who endeared himself to Lenin by his activities in Ukraina; Rudzoutak, member of the Politburo and a Bolshevik leader; Yagoda, head of the Bol-

shevik Cheka in those days; Choubar, member of the Politburo, President of the Council of People's Commissars of Ukraina who in the days of the Bolshevik revolution had organized the fight against Petlura and Skoropadsky; Kossior, member of the Politburo and Secretary of the Communist Party of Ukraina; the old revolutionary Petrovsky, member of the Politburo and President of the Central Executive Committee of Ukraina, etc etc.

When these men were fighting in the October (Bolshevik) Revolution, Stalin Djughashvilli was still a very small man; he was not even a member of the Politburo.

Others arrested were the military: Toukhachevsky who had just returned from London, Yakir, Yegorov, Kork, Blucher, Gamarnik committed suicide. All these men were executed for having plotted to overthrow the government. Similar arrests and executions took place in all the other republics of the Union.

3.

Why did it happen the way it did? In the 14th party conference, the first after Lenin's death, when the latter's will was read, it was like pouring cold water on Stalin's head. The will plainly stated:

"Stalin should never be the secretary of the party; he is crude, coarse, and uncouth, he reeks with blood. He has the cunning of an oriental."

And there were nearly 300 such words.

The partisans of Trotsky had in mind Kamenev for secretary. Bukharin, however, was an enemy of Kamenev and sided with Stalin. The Trotskyites violently attacked Bukharin, and Stalin made the most of it, saying: "You want Bukharin's blood but you shall never have it." Stalin came on top and he never let the Trotskyites have Bukharin's blood because he himself was to drink it later on.

Stalin did not like it so well that Trotsky

should leave the Soviet Union free and unmolested, but, not feeling himself sufficiently fortified, he was obliged to let him go. Trotsky's departure was a great blow to his partisans, many of whom, thousands, were instantly expelled from the party.

It was in those days that, in Tiflis, Beria was making his famous report: "The history of the Bolsheviks of Transcaucasia." Khanchian* was present at this report. After the report he went to his room in the hotel. Half an hour later, Gouloyan, the President of the Council of People's Commissars of Soviet Armenia, and Amatouni, the second secretary of the Central Committee of the Armenian Communist Party, called on Khanchian only to discover his body wallowing in blood.

Khanchian's body was moved to Erivan and deposited in the hall of the Cultural Home. Honor guards kept vigil over his body by turns. Mussabekov, as the representative of Transcaucasia, left Tiflis to attend the funeral. The medical committee charged with the autopsy, after the examination of the body, was hustled off in automobiles to the Ministry of Interior and were put under arrest. The reason? Because one of the members had said: "I have conducted autopsies for 30 years but I have never met such a suicide. This is a case of plain murder."

They would not bury Khanchian with honors due to his rank. At the Cemetery of Kont, in the presence of a huge crowd, Mussabekov and Gouloyan gave expression to their disapproval. This was their last disapproval. H. Poghosian was released from his office of editor of "Soviet Armenia."

4.

Geographically, Soviet Armenia is situ-

ated between Iran and Turkey. Restricted to one railroad built in the days of the Tsarist regime, Erivan Armenia as well as the whole of Armenia, is linked with the outside world only through Tiflis. Even Azerbaijan, which is contiguous with Armenia, is obliged to make its exports via Tiflis. As a result, whatever was sent to Armenia never fully reached its destination, and what little reached was very costly, such as the oil of Baku which came via Tiflis.

To remove this handicap, Sahak Ter Gabrielian, the President of the Council of People's Commissars of Armenia, planned the construction of a railway line between Erivan and Aghstafa, linking Armenia directly with Azerbaijan. The plan was approved by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia and was sent to Moscow for confirmation. Unaware of the plan, when Stalin telephoned him, Beria instantly grasped the gravity of the situation. He realized that the new line, by bringing Armenia closer to Moscow and to the productive center of Baku, would be a serious blow to Georgia. Therefore, he instantly set out for Moscow where Khanchian and Ter Gabrielian had preceded him to give their report.

At Beria's demand the report was pigeon-holed and Ter Gabrielian returned to Erivan emptyhanded, while Khanchian remained behind. When a few days later he too returned to Erivan, he had changed his former stand in regard to the new line, arguing that the construction of the new railway would endanger the friendly relations between Armenia and Georgia, and that the Dashnaks and the Mensheviks of abroad would make capital of it in the pursuit of their nationalistic policy.

Ter Gabrielian, however, would not be discouraged. Finding another excuse, he left for Moscow unknown to Khanchian because he was convinced that the latter

*Khanchian was President of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia.

had received instructions to forbid him passage to Moscow on this particular matter. This time he appealed to Kaganovich and the two went to see Stalin. Kaganovich was able to explain the advantages of such a line between Erivan and Aghstafa for the whole of Transcaucasia, material and economic, as well as the military significance in case of war.

Finally, they arrived at an agreement, Stalin presumably having given his assent. There was, however, the small matter of the budget. The expenses of the new plan had not been envisaged in the State plan, nor could any new appropriations be passed in view of the fact that the State budget was already loaded with appropriations for more imperative constructions in the Urals. To surmount this objection, Ter Gabrielian suggested that Armenia be given permission to undertake the venture by imposing an additional levy on the cognac and the wine of Armenia.

Stalin having agreed to Ter Gabrielian's proposal, the latter returned to Erivan where he immediately summoned Vardanian, the Director of the Ararat Winery, and instructed him to increase the production of the cognac and put a levy on all liquors sold inside Armenia. These fresh levies netted the respectable sum of 60 million rubles. Seeing Ter Gabrielian's pertinacity, and powerless to do anything, Beria, however, again appealed to Moscow and this time invited Khanchian to accompany him there. What took place in Moscow no one knows. This much is known, however, that when Khanchian returned to Armenia, he made the question of the new railway the first thing on the agenda in the session of the Politburo of the Communist Party of Armenia.

As a result of this session, Ter Gabrielian was blamed for having acted unilaterally, one who had squandered the federal

funds, and as the instigator of intra-national discord. Vardanian was removed from the post of Director of the Ararat Winery, and construction on the new railway was stopped. Ter Gabrielian was removed from his post as President of the Council of People's Commissars and Gouloyan was appointed his successor.

Ter Gabrielian was summoned to Moscow where he was given a job in the Commissariat of Light Industry. He was permitted to see Loukashin (Srabionian), A. Hovannessian, Kostanian, S. Kassian, A. Karinian, Azatian and others. Khanchian, on the other hand, had declined to see him. He remained in Moscow until the middle of 1937 then was called to Armenia to answer for his alleged "crimes," namely the prosecution of the Erivan-Aghstafa line.

5.

After the "suicide" of Aghassi Khanchian, Amatouni was elected Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia. Matinian, the President of the Central Executive Committee was sent to an unknown destination, and then disappeared forever.

The charges against Khanchian were: having maintained active ties with conservative reactionaries, interviews with Arshak Chobanian (conservative Armenian writer abroad), having patronized the reactionaries, failure to write a book against the Dashnaks — "those capitalistic lackeys and Armenian nationalistic reactionaries," having utilized the high party position in defending the Trotskyites and even extending to them material aid (an alleged extension of 30,000 rubles to Eudokimov which he assuredly could not have done.)

This took place when Yagoda, the head of the Cheka, had been arrested and had been replaced by Yezhov, Stalin's right arm. In Armenia, however, there still was Moughdousi who realized that eventually

Yezhov, Stalin's right arm, had been arrested and had been replaced by Yezhov, Stalin's right arm. In Armenia, however, there still was Moughdousi who realized that eventually

After the "suicide" of Aghassi Khanchian, Amatouni was elected Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia. Matinian, the President of the Central Executive Committee was sent to an unknown destination, and then disappeared forever.

The charges against Khanchian were: having maintained active ties with conservative reactionaries, interviews with Arshak Chobanian (conservative Armenian writer abroad), having patronized the reactionaries, failure to write a book against the Dashnaks — "those capitalistic lackeys and Armenian nationalistic reactionaries," having utilized the high party position in defending the Trotskyites and even extending to them material aid (an alleged extension of 30,000 rubles to Eudokimov which he assuredly could not have done.)

Yezhov's paws would crush him, and therefore, he wanted to show his loyalty to the "beloved leader and teacher, sun and moon Stalin," and offered to reexamine the case of Ter Gabrielian, especially in view of the fact that the latter recently had been connected in Moscow with "specific" Loukashin and others. Asked to return to Armenia, Ter Gabrielian appealed to Stalin for his advice. Stalin advised him to return without fear, assuring him that he would not be arrested. Encouraged by these assurances, Ter Gabrielian set out for Armenia. He arrived at the Station of Ouloukhanlu (Armenia) where he was met by Abrahamian and several others who had been sent by Moughdousi. Abrahamian "in the name of the Socialist Republic of Soviet Armenia" arrested Ter Gabrielian and took him to the Chekist prison on Nalbandian Street.

During the first interrogations which was attended by several functionaries of the Commissariat of Interior, Ter Gabrielian was charged with the squandering of 60 million rubles of the people's money. Ter Gabrielian vigorously repelled the charge, proving the while that he had spent that money for the reconstruction of Armenia, referring to the Erivan-Aghstafa railway. According to the report of Aboul-ian, an employee of the Armenian Cheka, to Mikoyan, the interrogation lasted from 9 in the evening until 4 in the morning.

That day Moughdousi decisively rejected Ter Gabrielian's explanations, especially the latter's daring charge that Aghassi Khanchian and Moughdousi himself not only had not opposed the project but they had been definitely in favor of it. The next day the interrogation was resumed at the same hours in the presence of Moughdousi and Abrahamian only. After a heated argument between Ter Gabrielian and Moughdousi, the latter, infuriated, grabs

the tongs of the fireplace and strikes Ter Gabrielian on the head with all his power. The latter collapses in a pool of blood. Moughdousi at first is embarrassed, but later, with the aid of Abrahamian, lifts the bloody body and throws it out of the window.

Just then, an old teacher on his way home together with some relatives, sees the man being thrown out of the window, falling on the ground a few feet away. The old man kneels down and recognizes Ter Gabrielian. He wants to report the matter to one of the guards, but just then a heavy hand clamps on his shoulder, and he hears a voice in Russian, saying:

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, he is Ter Gabrielian, the former President of the Council of People's Commissars."

"Where did he fall from?"

"From that window."

"All right. You may go home now and tell no one about this. Your address?"

The old man was about to leave when other chekists arrived on the scene and took away the old man and the body of Ter Gabrielian. At the orders of Moughdousi the old man was put in jail.

After his return from a session of the Politburo, when Mikoyan was busy as his desk, his secretary informed him that Erivan wanted to speak with him on a very urgent matter. Upon contacting Erivan, Mikoyan heard the following on the telephone:

"About half an hour ago, during the interrogations, Ter Gabrielian threw himself out of Moughdousi's window. He is dead." *Kouroo, Director, Department of Telegraphs of the People's Commissars of the Interior.*

Mikoyan at once contacted Stalin and the latter instructed him to leave for Armenia together with Prosecuting Attorney A. Vishinsky, stopping first at Tiflis to con-

sult with Beria who "is better acquainted with Armenian affairs." Boarding his private train, Mikoyan arrived in Tiflis and from there went to Erivan.

In the presence of Mikoyan, Vishinsky interrogated Moughdousi, Aboulbian, and a number of others. Abrahamian had committed suicide in his home. At the plenary session of the Central Committee called by Mikoyan, Amatouni submitted a report of that body's activities. During this session Mikoyan "revealed" that Amatouni had concealed his connection with the oppositionists, especially the "specifics", namely with Ashot Hovanessian. He accused him of carrying on correspondence with the latter. Amatouni refuted the charge, saying:

"You lie."

Thereupon Mikoyan took out from his pocket a letter allegedly having been written to Hovanessian in 1926, something which had not the remotest connection with the present charges. Infuriated, Amatouni took his hand to his pocket to pull a handkerchief when instantly the guards surrounded him, meanwhile standing guard over Mikoyan. Mikoyan said to Amatouni:

"Hand it over."

Amatouni took his hand to his pocket and handed over his revolver. There was bedlam in the Council. Vardges Vardapetian hurled a few upbraiding words at Mikoyan. K. Aroutinov was "elected" first secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Armenia. Markarian, second secretary, and another, whose name I do not recall, third secretary. Stippa Agapov, Gouloyan, Amatouni, Vardges Vardapetian and their sympathizers were arrested as enemies of the people. Aram Vardapetian already had been arrested. And Khvorstov, the head of the 91st section of the Department of Moscow's Cheka, was appointed Commissar of In-

ternal Affairs of Armenia. Khvorstov's real name was Khvorostian.

A few weeks passed. Armenia could not blame Georgia for the imprisonment of the Armenians or their exile. Moscow had sent Mikoyan to investigate the whole affair in order to forestall all future blame of the Georgians in this entire sordid affair. Upon his return home from a session of the Party activists of the State University, Markarian was confronted by Chekist agents who arrested him. The next day, the third secretary of the Communist Party of Armenia failed to make his appearance. He had been arrested at the Station of Hozdok in Russia.

6.

At the very moment when Aghassi Khanchian was committing "suicide" by the hand of L. Beria in his hotel room in Tiflis, Ashot Hovanessian was busy at one of the departments of the Ukrainian Communist Party's Central Committee. He had been removed from his active party labors, severing his ties with Armenia. He did not expect that the sword of Damocles would one day descend upon his head. He felt himself more secure in Ukraina. But a small incident which happened in Kiev, the capital of Ukraina, upset his apple cart.

Lubchenko, the President of the Council of People's Commissars of Ukraina, suddenly committed "suicide" with one shot of the revolver in his office. The official release in regard to his suicide was the following:

"Lubchenko had maintained ties with the Ukrainian nationalistic-chauvinistic elements, he had connections with the enemies of the Ukrainian people and foreign agents who have always wanted to feudalize the fraternal Great Ukraina. And, unable to extricate himself from the impossible situation, he took this step unworthy of the Party."

Like Eudokimov who had enjoyed the patronage of Khanchian, Ashot Hovanesian was under the protection of Lubchenko, with this difference that Ashot Hovanesian had an official job, while Eudokimov had none. After Lubchenko's suicide, Kossior, the first secretary of the Communist Party of Ukrainia, namely the party's pillar, suddenly disappeared. A few days later, he was replaced by Khroushchov, who until then had been secretary of the Moscow City Committee. After his arrival, the following persons disappeared: Beitzky, the chief of the Ukrainian Cheka, Postichev, his assistant Ashot Hovanesian, Sarkis, the secretary of the Militant Committee of Donbas, who was held highly by Ordjonikitze, Khatouyevich, Vegor, Golub, Karkar (Odessa), the writer Arakady Lubchenko (the brother of the other Lubchenko), Ostap Vishnia, and many others.

Postichev was the organizer of the partisan bands in the Far East during the October Revolution and one of the loyal and devoted agents of the Communist Party. He had fought against Kolchak, the Japanese, and the peasant rebel Antonov.

On the 15th anniversary of the sovietization of Armenia, a delegation went to Moscow and was given a great reception at the Kremlin. Nayiri Zarian, who had arrived in Moscow ahead of the delegation, shared the reception. At the Kremlin he recited his poem dedicated to Stalin for which he was decorated with the medal of Lenin. During the conversation, Stalin asked Khanchian about the talented Armenian Poet Yeghishe Charentz:

"How is he? What is he doing? Is he still writing?"

The answer was: "He is sick, but he is still working."

As a matter of fact, Stalin, Khanchian, and Nayiri Zarian very well knew that Charentz had been arrested and was lan-

guishing in the cells of Cheka's Nalbandian dungeons. That question and answer was a sham diplomacy, a way of pulling the wool over the eyes of the Armenian people, and especially the writers. In the Soviet Union such dissimulation is a common thing.

In 1937 Kirpotin, representing the Writers Union, came to Erivan where he delivered a lecture on the double line of developing Armenian literature: "nationalistic in form, and socialistic in content." He also reminded his audience of how Stalin is interested in Armenian writers, in the present case Yeghishe Charentz, and since Stalin is interested, that meant Charentz was being given an opportunity to correct his error and actively prove his loyalty to the communist party and its leader Stalin.

These words which Kirpotin was repeating was likewise no mere accident. He came to Erivan and set Charentz free (after two years of incarceration), in order to be able to say to the people: "See? Comrade Stalin sends greetings to Charentz and his best wishes in his future labors." The "sickness" of Charentz was right in the Soviet view, but now that he had been chastened, he was free to resume his work.

After obtaining his freedom, Charentz wrote a poem and submitted it to Mkho Davidian, the temporary editor of the newspaper "Soviet Armenia": He waited each day for its publication. One day he called on the editor to find out the reason why his poem was not published. Davidian was not in his office, but V. Ghazanjian, the temporary responsible secretary of editorial staff, assured Charentz that the following day his poem would be published. In the morning it became known that Charentz again had been arrested. He was already a sick man, physically exhausted, and could not stand the strain of another incarceration. He died in his prison.

JANET

A Short Short Story

By DIKRAN AKILLIAN

He stood in front of a drugstore and watched the noon hour rush bustle past him on Boston's busy Tremont Street.

The hurried people with anxious faces, a secretary late for an appointment, office girls trying to shop in their lunch hour and a bum with no place to go dazed by the frantic speed.

This was civilization, he thought. And civilization was Man. Man could think and reason. Man invited things and used them to pollute Man.

And being Man meant you had to live and be conscious of the fact. And that was the hard part. That was the difference between Man and the ape. Awareness of living.

Then of course, he said to himself, there were two kinds of Man. Male and female. And they were aware of each other. Very important awareness. Awareness was what made the species continue.

"Could you tell me how to get to Boylston Street?"

Now that was a woman's voice. You could tell. Its pitch wasn't too low, but it sort of whispered, and sounded as though getting to Boylston Street was one of the most important things in her life.

"Which way is it to Boylston Street, please."

Nice voice. Pleasant to listen to. That was the kind of voice a man would want to go home to after work.

Then he realized that she was talking to him. Who the hell would want to

talk to me, he thought. He turned around and looked into the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. A dark violet color. Soft and enchanting eyes.

"You were speaking to me?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," she said. "I asked how. . . ."

"Boylston Street," he interrupted. "It's a short walk from here. I'm going that way and I'll be glad to show you." I might as well accompany her, he thought. You did not meet such beauty every day.

They started walking and she said: "I didn't interrupt you did I? I mean you seemed to be thinking and I'm sorry if I did interrupt you."

"No" he said. "Nothing important. I was merely having a few trite thoughts. My name is Sam."

"Mine's Janet." She smiled and her face blossomed with a dimple. A brunette curl bobbed over her forehead and she pushed it back and her eyes twinkled and Sam thought, I'm in love with her. She's everything I've ever dreamed of and ever wanted.

Stop being irrational, he told himself, you've only known her a few minutes; but then it felt like the love inside him was too great and he felt like stopping people and telling them: this girl I'm walking with — I'm in love with her. Instead he walked calmly beside her and resisted an impulse to hold her hand.

He asked her if she would care for a cigarette and she said no, she didn't smoke.

And
Tremont
never s
"Jane
so fresh
"Janet"
She i
he said
no crea
and I l
She

And then they were on the corner of Tremont and Boylston and soon she would never see her again.

"Janet", he said, and the name sounded so fresh and sweet that he said it again, "Janet" may I see you tonight?"

She is pure as the first snow in winter, he said to himself. She has a soul of beauty, no creature more perfect was ever made, and I love her.

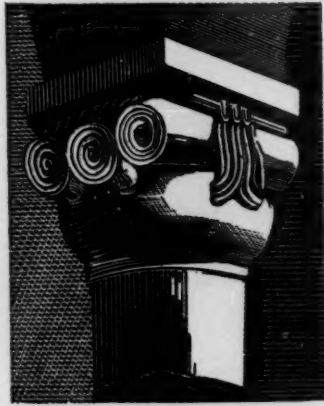
She was looking at him, a little smile

bringing out the dimple on her face. Her velvet eyes were caressing him, and he thought, she must say yes.

"Janet," he said, "say yes."

"Of course," she said. She fumbled in her purse for something. "Anytime after eight in the evening is fine, but call first." She gave him a card.

On it it had her address and telephone number and simply said "Janet" in Old English lettering.



ARMENIAN LIFE ABROAD

A digest of recent happenings among the Armenian settlements in diaspora.

United States:

American Armenians Mark Armenian Independence Day

The nation over, where there are Armenians congregated in any respectable numbers, special functions marking the Anniversary of the Founding of the Independent Republic of Armenia, May 28, 1918, have been held with unusual enthusiasm this year. Usually sponsored by the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the patriotic organization for Armenians which played a lion's share in the reestablishment of Armenian independence in 1918, these functions have attracted thousands of patriotic people of Armenian ancestry, and have drawn the attention of the American press, radio and television to a historic occasion.

In Providence and New York, for instance, radio stations gave over quite a bit of time to special messages on Armenian Independence Day. In Cleveland, a member of the local ARF was interviewed over television. Local papers in all areas reported the Armenian anniversary.

The zeal of the people in this instance was best demonstrated in Franklin, Mass., where some Sundays ago, two-thousand individuals braved gusty winds and rain to witness Independence Day ceremonies at Camp Haiastan.

The ARF Central Committee itself sponsored a well-attended "Independence Day Dinner" at the Hotel Statler, Boston, Mass., at which spoke Congressman Charles Nelson, of Maine, Attorney John Henry Morris,

the representative of Mass. Gov. Dever, and Kane Simonian, for Mayor Hynes of Boston. Present too were Mr. Simon Vratzian, and other patriotic and society dignitaries. Sen. Lodge of Mass., in a telegram, wished the gathering all success.

Dr. Levon Daghljian was Chairman of the function. Others to speak included Attorney Samuel Kalemian, of Boston, and Mr. Karekin Sahagian, of Waterville, Me., a personal friend of Cong. Nelson.

First Camp for Armenian American Young People is Officially Opened

On July 15, 1951, the more than 3000 people present at Camp Haiastan took part in a historic scene — the formal inauguration and opening of the very first Summer Camp for young people of Armenian parentage in the history of the Armenian communities of the United States — the Armenian Youth Federation of America Camp, in Franklin, Mass.

A formal program in three portions preceded the opening of the Camp Grounds to inspection. In phase one, additional cash and promissory gifts totalling 4,300 dollars were announced to the benefit of the youth camp. This large sum included a sum of \$500 dollars presented the AYF Camp Fund by Mrs. Araxy Garabedian of New Jersey on behalf of the 31st Annual Convention of the Armenian Relief Society; and an additional check for the same amount tendered by Mr. Alex Pilibos, prominent Armenian American businessman, of El Centro, Calif. The ARS contribution represented the third occasion on which the women's

charitable organization has given over large sums outright to aid the completion of youth camp constructions. Mr. Pilibos had last year sent on to Franklin a large carload of canteloupes which, when sold at an outing, brought into the Camp coffers more than a thousand dollars.

Mr. John Hovanessian spoke for the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, and John Ouligian, for the Armenian Youth Federation.

Following completion of this program phase, the audience wended its way to the entrance of the AYF Camp grounds where a brief dedicatory mass was said by the Rev. Nishan Papazian, rector of the St. Vartanantz Armenian National Apostolic Church, in Providence. Honor of cutting the ribbons opening the Camp grounds went to Mrs. Charles Kimatian, of Providence, who has munificently contributed \$6100 to the AYF Camp in memory of her late husband, Mr. Charles Kimatian, and Mr. H. P. Zorthian, of New Haven, Conn., who topped all direct contributions to the camp given on July 15.

In still a third ceremony held directly before the new Administrative Building of the AYF Camp, Mr. Cornelius McGroary, Chief Selectman of the Town of Franklin, welcomed the people to his township and lauded the patriotic record of the Armenians. The audience then commenced its formal inspection tour of the grounds.

Mr. Arthur Giragosian, of Providence, was the capable master-of-ceremonies. The first increment of campers—all boys—opened its sessions on the same day.

Triple Organizations Hold Conventions in Headquarters City

The latter days of June, and the first two weeks of July, were hectic days in Boston, Mass., this year; for over those weeks all three of the triple organizations held their

annual Conventions at the Hairenik Building.

First to meet was the Armenian Youth Federation of America. The young people passed on a number of important matters, emphasizing especially American citizenship, Armenian Cause activity, education and support of the AYF Camp.

The 58th Convention of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation next took over the premises. It is believed that a near record number of delegates and proxies were present at deliberations this year. The record of the past year was examined and steps were taken to ensure the further progress of the great patriotic organization through the present year.

The Convention of Armenian Relief Society was the 31st to take place in America. The charitable and educational society for Armenian American women studied expansion of activities, set up a three-phase scholarship program, and made other plans.

South America:

Armenian Relief Society of South America Holds 12th Convention

South American branches of the Armenian Relief Society held their 12th Annual Convention recently at Buenos Aires, Argentina. From the testimony of that Convention, it can safely be said that the South American ARS is doing important work among the Armenian communities of South America, while of course aiding their compatriots overseas.

The South American ARS is aiding various schools with financial grants, pushing especially the study of the Armenian language among members of the new generation. It is rendering especially notable aid to Armenian educational institutions in Lebanon and Greece.

It is reported that the South American

ARS enrolled 150 new members during the past fiscal year.

Syria:

The Mardikians Pay Visit to Armenians of Aleppo, Syria

Mr. and Mrs. George Mardikian, of San Francisco, arrived in Aleppo May 10, 1951, by plane, and were received at the airport by Archbishop Zareh, Prelate of the Armenian Church of that city, as well as by delegations representing a number of local Armenian organizations. While in the city, Mr. Mardikian, the prominent American restaurateur, and his wife, visited the "Karen Jeppe Armenian Junior College," the Armenian Relief Society Orphanage, and the premises of the Armenian Middle Eastern athletic society — Homenetmen.

The American couple was later feted at a banquet given by the Homenetmen. At that dinner, Mr. Mardikian revealed that he had been one of the founders of the organization, and that he still retains membership in the group. Other parties were tendered the visiting guests by the ARS and the "Karen Jeppe" committee. The Mardikians left Aleppo on the 11th, bound for Damascus, and thence to Korea, where Mr. Mardikian executed a special mission given him by the Department of the Army.

Iran:

New Julfa Hospital Marks Completion of Forty Years of Service

The Hovsep Boghouskhkhanian Hospital, in New Julfa, Isphahan, Iran, recently completed forty years of outstanding service to residents — both Armenian and Persian — of the Isphahan area. Dr. Hovagim Melikian is currently the Chief Surgeon of this hospital. Local Armenians are planning a special function to mark the 40th year of the medical institution.

Belgium:

Young Musician is Honored by Queen of Belgium

On April 14, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium attended a special concert in the Arts Auditorium of Brussels, given by two young artists, one 19-year-old musician Eddy Emirzian. Her Royal Majesty was so impressed with the young man's virtuosity that she insisted on having him pose with her for a picture. Brussels newspapers spoke warmly of the Emirzian concert.

Turkey:

Mother Superior Theophistes Alexanian Passes Away

News has been received of the death of Mother Theophistes Alexanian, Mother Superior of the Order of the Immaculate Conception, in Istanbul. Mother Alexanian passed away in Rome, Italy, on March 23. She was especially well-known for her work in Kharpert, Istanbul, Malatia, and more recently, in Lebanon, and elsewhere.

Greece:

Death of Greek Armenian Prelate Mazlemian and the Question of His Successor

For long years Prelate of the Armenian Apostolic Church establishment in Greece, Archbishop Karapet Mazlemian recently passed away in Athens, mourned by the Armenian community of that land. Mampre Siroonian, of Egypt, officiated at solemn rites of requiem said over the lamented churchman's bier. Incidentally, Archbishop Siroonian took the occasion of his visit to Greece to visit the Armenian people of Thessalonica, and to deliver a lecture in Athens.

Archbishop Mazlemian's death, and the question of his successor, has projected once again one of the pressing problems confronting the Armenian community of Greece. Despite the fact that the Greek Government has allowed the Armenian inhabitants of the country to enjoy organization life, to sponsor their own schools, and to worship at their own churches, the rights of the Armenians have never been officially recognized by Governmental circles. Since official sanction is necessary before a new Prelate may be elected, Greek Armenians are wondering about the governmental attitude to the problem.

It is confidentially believed, however, that the Government of Greece will treat the problem in the same sympathetic manner in which it have always handled the affairs of the Armenians. Through beset by internal problems of important magnitude raised by the last war, the encroachment of the Communists, the Government has always found time to consider matters brought before them by the Greek Armenians. The latter feel that the time has come when the rights of Armenians in Greece should be defined by Greek authorities. Certain rights have been practiced for years; it remains for Government circles to delineate those rights officially.

Lebanon:

Beirut Armenians Celebrate 100th Anniversary of the Birth of Petros Tourian

In order to celebrate suitably the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great Armenian poet Petros Tourian, authorities of the Beirut Jemaran, the Armenian junior college in Lebanon, the supervisor of which is the venerable intellectual and educator Levon Chanth, recently sponsored a public function at which various well-known speakers held forth on the life and works of poet Tourian. This unusual educational evening was held April 21.

Aram Sahagian Returns Home, Having Completed His Mission in the U. S.

Beirut Armenians have welcomed back into their midst Mr. Aram Sahagian, a prominent member of the local patriotic Armenian community, who for two years has been absent from the Middle East on an intensive tour of the Armenian communities of the United States of America as a Field Worker of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. Mr. Sahagian attended the 58th ARF Convention in America, directly following which he sailed out of New York homeward. He is a well-known author.



SAMUEL

A Historical Novel *Of Armenia 366 - 400 A.D.*

By RAFFI

Translated from the Armenian

A SUMMARY OF WHAT HAS PRECEDED

The story begins in the latter half of the Fourth Century A.D. In his contest with Byzantium for the mastery of Armenia, King Sapor of Persia has treacherously seized King Arshak (Arsaces) of Armenia and his Commander-in-Chief, Prince Vasak Mamikonian, and has confined them in the Fortress of Anoush. Two powerful Armenian princes, Meroujan Artzrouni and Vahan Mamikonian, have gone over to the Persian side in return for promises, one the throne of Armenia, and the other, the post of Commander-in-Chief. Lady Mamikonian, the wife of Vahan, an ambitious woman of Persian sympathies, is a vigorous supporter of her husband's conspiracy. Samuel, her son, an intensely patriotic youth who is loyal to King Arshak, is shocked by his parents' infamous conduct. Four youthful leaders who are loyal to the Armenian King, Sahak, the son of the High Priest, Mesrop, the future inventor of the Armenian alphabet, Prince Mushegh, the son of Prince Vasak, and Samuel hold a secret conference to form an interim government and to organize the resistance against King Sapor. Mushegh, who has been appointed Commander, sets out to organize the army, while Samuel, with a retinue of 30, proceeds to meet his father who is expected to invade Armenia with a Persian army. Meroujan and Vahan, at the head of Persian armies, have ravaged the land of Armenia, while Queen Pharanztzem has taken refuge at the Castle of Artagers. Repulsed at the gates of Artagers, King Sapor retreats to Persia, leaving his lieutenants behind to complete the conquest of Armenia. Prince Mushegh surprises Sapor's army at the gates of Ctesiphon and inflicts upon it a crushing defeat. Elated by Mushegh's victory, and confident of holding the fort, Queen Pharanztzem, against the sane advice of her commander Mushegh, commits the fatal error of insisting on sending him to Byzantium to bring back her son, Crown Prince Pap. During Mushegh's absence, pestilence and famine decimate the Queen's forces and she herself is taken captive by Meroujan. However, Princess Vormizdoukht, the sister of King Sapor who has been held as a hostage, scorns Meroujan's love and takes the Queen under her protection. Meanwhile, Samuel has contacted his father in Armenia and has discovered that he and Meroujan, with a huge army of captives, are on their way to Persia to render a report to King Sapor and to receive their rewards. Prior to their departure, Vahan and Meroujan arrange a hunting party for the benefit of Samuel and his retinue in a small island of Arax River called "Princes' Island." During the hunting, Samuel kills his father, while his men finish off the attendants of his father and Meroujan. The latter is wounded but manages to cross the river and barely reaches the safety of his camp.

BOOK III
CHAPTER IV
The Mother

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.
—ST. MATTHEW

The stormy night was succeeded by a calm and radiant morning. Nature was at the height of her glory, revelling in her delight of early dawn. The birds were filling the air with their joyful warble, greeting the rise of the morning sun. Boundless and inexhaustable good will breathed everywhere, everywhere reigned fadeless joy and gladness. Only the Persian army was shrouded in a dark gloom of sorrow.

The tragic happenings of the preceding day were known to all. Every soldier knew what had happened on the "Princes' Island." The light had just dawned when they brought the body of Smauel's father — Vahan Mamikonian — and put it to rest in his resplendent crimson tent.

Meroujan's sky blue tent looked even more beautiful this morning under the first rays of the sun which shimmered caressingly on its guilt pillars. Nevertheless, this magnificent tent was far from presenting the customary luster and comeliness which it used to enjoy each morning after the sunrise when the chiefs and the top ranking officers of the army used to present themselves at the tent, would greet the morning of their mighty Commander, and each would give his report in regard to the dispositions of the army, after, which, they would be treated to a rich morning repast.

There was no one in sight this morning. The curtains of the tents were raised half way up, and the servants tiptoed around it silently. At times various officers approached the tent with cautious steps, and in a scarcely audible voice inquired of the

chamberlains in regard to the Prince's health, then they would retire silently.

The Prince was ill, the Prince was in bed. His silken bed was surrounded by a few physicians who were treating the wounds on his thigh with antiseptic lotions.

"Just tell me this," the patient said, "is the bone hurt?"

"May the malignant shafts of evil Ahri-man be far from thee, Illustrious Lord," the physicians replied in unison, "the bone is untouched and spotless as the very light of our eyes. If there was any harm we would not conceal it from thee."

"Whence then, is this insufferable pain, this wearing lassitude?"

"The wound is quite deep, Illustrious Lord. The faintness is caused by the loss of blood. It is quite some distance from 'Princes' Island' to here. You lost much blood on the way."

"But this fever which is burning me? I have been wounded many times but I have never had such a fever. Is it possible that the arrow was poisoned?"

"May the shining Aramazd disperse the evil, Illustrious Lord", — again the physicians replied in unison. — "If there is as much as a particle of poison in your wound, may all our bodies be infected with the poison. There is absolutely no such thing. The fever is the reaction of your chill. The icy waves of the Arax which you waded and the chilling wind of the night have lowered your temperature because you were wet. But all this, with the help of the Almighty, will surely pass, and very soon, Illustrious Lord."

There was a decanter of refreshing sherbet beside the patient which he constantly drank to cool off the fire of his heart. Although the assurances of the physicians did not put him entirely at rest, nevertheless he buried his face in his pillow and was silent. He was afraid of being poisoned; otherwise, being wounded was such a ordinary thing that it could not frighten him. In one night he had been completely transformed. His handsome face was pale; it was faded, and his manly brow was shrouded in a deep sad pallor, as if he had been sick for months.

One of the chamberlains announced that a few of the army chieftains wanted to see him.

"Let them come in," he ordered.

The physicians drew aside as Father-Mardpet, General Karen and several ranking officers entered in. The first two sat on his right and left hand while the others stood at a little distance. Before they could inquire about his health, he anticipated them, asking:

"Have the men returned?"

"They have returned," replied Father-Mardpet in a dejected voice — "They could not find Prince Mamikonian and we have no information about him as yet. As to the others, their bodies have already been brought over, they are in the army."

When the army had learned what had happened on the "Princes' Island" that very night they had sent a company of swift horsemen to their aid. But these had arrived on the scene when it was all over. At daybreak they had searched the island and had discovered the bodies of the dead and the wounded. They had found the body of Samuel's father where he had fallen, and with the rest, they had brought it to the camp. But Father-Mardpet concealed it from the patient in order to spare him the pain.

"I cannot understand it," the patient

said, "if the son, having enticed his father, drew him aside and raised his traitorous hand against him (of which I have not the slightest doubt), at least his body should have been found."

"The clash took place on the banks of Arax," one of the physicians observed. "Couldn't the patricide have thrown the body of his father in the waves of Arax and made it disappear?"

"He could not have been so cruel," the patient said, "he is capable of slaying, but not to dishonor the body of his father."

"I too am of the same opinion," said Father-Mardpet. — "It seems that quiet, gentle and melancholic youth combines in himself both the hardness and the chivalry of his father. None of the Persian youths has been injured. Samuel would not touch them. The youths themselves told me that, when Samuel's men had deployed in the island like wild beasts they made short shrift of everyone they met, but when they met the lads they let them escape."

"The thing which makes it doubtful is that his horse too hasn't been found," observed General Karen.

"There is nothing doubtful," replied Father-Mardpet. — "Perhaps one of Samuel's men in the general confusion mounted it and made away."

"It is very probable," General Karen said, "the same thing happened to me. I have never lost my horse in any battle, but I lost him on the island. Can you imagine how? I had an encounter with Samuel's guard-ian, that cunning old man who is called Arpak. He attacked me with unexpected audacity and with one stroke of the javelin overthrew my horse. I was left on foot. There was nothing left for me to do except dismount the miscreant and make use of his horse. But he was fighting me so ferociously that only after I had sent him to the next world did he leave his horse to me."

He began to describe his duel in detail in which, aside from his shameless lies, self-praise occupied the chief place. How deceitfully he had stolen old Arpak's horse, that we know. But very understandably, his return to the camp with a horse was sufficient proof to confirm an exploit which he had not executed.

The sick man was not listening to him. At the moment his head, inflamed with the fever, was busy with the disappearance of Prince Mamikonian which raised various conjectures in him. In concealing the details of the Prince's death and how his body had been brought into the camp, although Father-Mardpet had thought to spare him the pain, but nevertheless had plunged him into even more tormenting worries. Could it be that his son had charmed him, had driven him out of his wits, and the two had run away? What would be the consequences if this were true? Was it possible that Prince Mamikonian, who was tied to him with a firm and unbreakable vow, would be that faithless to him? Could he have betrayed his own friend and associate?

He was in the midst of these meditations when General Karen resumed the conversation, explaining to him their error in disregarding the warning of the Magi and going on a hunting expedition. And now, the warning of the Magi had come true, they had gone to the "Princes' Island" and had been trapped.

"The lads were not foreigners, Father-Mardpet, the lads were our own flesh and blood," he said angrily. "You yourself would gladly have joined them had they invited you. But they would not spoil the merriment of others by your presence."

The Prince's remark was quite strong. On any other occasion the haughty eunuch would not have kept his silence. But this time he spared the patient who instantly

turned his face away and would not look at him.

While this conversation was going on in Meroujan's tent where each man, lost in dismal doubts, did not know whether to blame his companion or to comfort him, where each one found himself in a sort of uncertain and incomprehensible dismay,—yes, at that very moment, away from the camp, on one of the escarpments near the city, on a long pole was waving a colorful object which resembled a banner. No one in the army had as yet noticed this sudden apparition although the morning dusk already was lifted and the sun was quite high, bathing the surrounding area in a sea of light. The new object was even more striking in the light of the sun's rays, being whipped by the morning gentle breeze, and like an evil spirit, spreading its colorful wings, striving, as it were, to soar on high, then to descend from its height on the army, and to crush and destroy it with all the might of its terror. The patient was the first to notice this strange apparition and for a long time his restless eyes were glued in its direction. The flag was bordered by a black frame, and as he instantly recognized the insignia in the center he was bodily shaken. Lightning could not have affected him as much as that colorful piece of cloth which struck into his intrepid heart.

"The cruel old woman has not stopped persecuting me," he thought, and his pale face was once again lit with that bitter smile which generally appeared in moments of crisis. Everything was perfectly plain to him now. All his doubts disappeared, especially when one of the chamberlains came in to announce the arrival of a delegation which wanted to see him.

"Let them come in," the patient said.

Father-Mardpet could stand it no longer when he saw the patient's indiscretion, that without asking what sort of delegation it

is, and without being formerly informed about the object of their call, he let them come near him.

"You have always been incautious, Meroujan," he said chidingly. "It is not seldom that your egotism has endangered your life. How can you receive a delegation without first learning who they are or the nature of their business? What if one of them should mortally wound you with a dagger at the cost of his life? Such things have happened more than once."

"They have happened more than once," the patient replied calmly. "But I already know the nature of this delegation."

"How do you know?"

"I know it from that spot. Look to that hill," he said, pointing with his hand to the flag which was waving.

"It is a flag," they said in one voice.

"Do you know what flag it is?"

"It is not plain, it is quite far."

"No one has been able to compete with my good eyesight. I see it plainly. Such a flag, with the sign of the dragon with the wings of the eagle, is waving now over my tent. That is the flag of the Artzrounis. After me, with the exception of my mother, no one has a right to display that flag. And now, suddenly it is being hoisted before us on that height. There is no doubt that my mother is there, supported by her army, and those messengers are hers. I must receive them."

His listeners were filled with astonishment and consternation.

His intense anger lent the patient new strength, as it were. A new, unexpected pain dispelled the insufferable pain of his wound, even as a new and more potent poison dispels another poison. He raised his head from his pillow into a sitting position in his bed. One of the attendants put on his shoulders his silken mantle. Then he turned to those around him and said:

"Do you see, estimable Lords, I was

away from the army just one day, I put my head on a pillow for one night, and you could not tell what was going on around your camp. We are surrounded by enemies. My greatest enemy is my mother."

His attendants hung their heads in shame, they could find no words in reply. He turned to his chamberlain and repeated:

"Tell the messengers to come in."

Three venerable old men, healthy and strong, with thick beards, and armed to the teeth, made their appearance at the entrance of the tent. They bowed low and stood there waiting. Meroujan recognized all three. They were old commanders of the Artzrounis.

Seeing them, the proud Prince was choked with chagrin that his mother's messengers found him wounded and in bed. But, at the same time his hardened and estranged heart felt an inner palpitation at the sight of old faces, old acquaintances who aroused in him memories of the past.

"Come in," he said cordially, "Sit down."

They came in and sat down near the patient's bed.

The patient took his hand to the decanter near him, filled a silver goblet, and touched it to his trembling lips, and after cooling off his parched throat, he turned to the newcomers, saying:

"Welcome, all of you. I hope your coming is for a good purpose."

"Both good and not so good, Oh brave Meroujan," said the spokesman of the three. "You, no doubt, recognize us. Ever since your childhood we have served the glorious house to which you have the honor of belonging. Each of us bear on our bodies hundreds of scars of the wounds which we received in countless battles which we fought throughout our lives, in order to uphold the honor and the glory of that house. Our fields were drenched

in blood, our cities have been smothered with ashes. The internal conflict, the internal war, having started as a general conflict, has now become a specific one — a domestic fight. The son has risen against his father and the father is at his son's throat. The mother denied her son pity and love, while the son no longer respects his mother. Weeping and wailing, tears and endless moans have become the lot of those hapless homes where once perpetual love and happiness reigned . . ."

The patient again took his hand to the cool drink and refreshed his burning throat. The old soldier continued:

"Such is the division which has befallen the peaceful dynasty of the Artzrounis, Oh brave Meroujan. You of course have not forgotten that tragic reception which your co-citizens accorded you when you entered Hadamakert and approached the imposing threshold of your ancestors' home. Your mother closed the door on your face. Your wife turned her face from you. Your children said to you, 'You are not our father.' And, crestfallen, you turned away from the threshold of that ancient home whose lord and prince you once were. Your family looked at your back and wept . . . Like afflicted friends, and afflicted members of the family, they gazed at you as if they were gazing at your bier on its way to the cemetery. The earth is turned, and the dark pit hides the deceased forever from the eyes of his loved ones. Your family looked upon you just as dead and buried, Oh brave Meroujan. Dead morally, dead spiritually . . . And that was the cause of that mourning which shrouded the whole of Hamadakert. The doors were draped with black strips, black banners hung from the walls. You were dead for your citizens. You had denied the holy religion which your ancestors worshipped. You had defied the very church in whose saving basin you were

born. You had betrayed the very fatherland for whose establishment your fathers had shed their blood. Yes, you were lost for your family and your fellow citizens. But the thing which hid you was neither the soil nor the darkness of the grave, but the shame, the insult, and the ineradicable stain which covered you, and with which you covered the glorious name of the Artzrounis."

The old soldier took his hand to his wrinkled forehead, and rubbed his thick brows which, it seemed, were shading the fire of his eyes, then he continued:

"To this just resentment of your family, to the righteous indignation of your citizens you retaliated with the brutal atrocities of your vengeance, Oh Meroujan. Instead of being contrite, instead of repenting, instead of recapturing their love and respect with goodness, you resumed your tyrannical acts. You burned ruthlessly the city of Van which belonged to you and your fathers. And ruthlessly you took into captivity your own subjects. What was their faults? Where were your citizens guilty? Because they would not obey you? Because they would not have an apostate for their Lord and Prince?"

Pointing with his hand the flag which was waving from the high hill, he continued:

"Look, Oh Meroujan, there floats the banner of your ancestors. Beside it stands your mother — The Lady of Vaspourakan. She offers you two things: her maternal love, and the arms of her loyal subjects. You can choose whichever you like. In the name of Christianity, in the name of parental pity, she is ready to forgive you, she is ready to forget the tragic past, if you will only disperse the Persian army, return the Armenian captives, and make a peaceful end to the internal war. If you do all this, she is ready to extend to you the maternal hand and kiss you, you

shall again become the Lord and the Prince of Vaspourakan, and your people will humbly bow before you. If not, let the battle, again let the blood decide the will of God."

All those who were present were gnashing their teeth in their anger, marvelling at Meroujan's patience. Father-Mardpet asked scornfully:

"Has the Lady of Vaspourakan brought many troops with her?"

The messenger looked at him sternly and said:

"She has brought with her the best braves of Vaspourakan, Oh Father-Mardpet. With her are the fleet-footed sons of Mok, the Sassountzis with the long bows, and the terrible Rushtounis. With her is the power of our worshipful Holy Cross."

Father-Mardpet said derisively:

"The Lady of Vaspourakan has assembled the motley of the neighboring mountaineers."

Meroujan was greatly displeased at this interruption, especially Father-Mardpet's scorn of his mother. Meroujan had great respect for his mother as an enemy with whom he could fight, but it was unpardonable for him to hate her. Besides, despite the hardness of his heart, he knew how to appreciate the exalted, the sublime, and the noble. That was the reason why he answered affectionately:

"I commend my mother's zeal in defending the interests of her country. And I commend your boldness, Oh brave Gourgen, that you have so frankly conveyed to me my mother's message. I trust, my message which you will convey to my mother will be equally sincere and frank. Go, tell her that she is my stubborn mother, and I am her stubborn son. The man who has sucked the lion's milk must have the qualities of the lion to a more or less degree. Let her not take away from me my ancestral qualities. I would not blame her

for her unpardonable treatment of me when I entered Hadamakert, neither will I try to justify my course of action. The time for such explanations is long since past. I will only say this much; if the Artzrounis have a laudable quality; that is their steadfastness. Let her not try to shake my will, let her not try to tempt me into weakness. What I have begun, I must carry on to the finish. Nothing can change my mind. As she wishes, let the battle decide as to which is the will of God."

"But you are sick, Oh brave Meroujan."

"My soldiers are quite healthy, Oh brave Gourgen."

The messengers rose to their feet, saying:

"We likewise wish you perfect health."

Saying it, they bowed and took their leave.

The ominous flag which had cast such a terror in the Persian army was floating at the top of one of those escarpments of Nakhjuvan which had been burnt to the ground by Meroujan. The unlucky city was still smouldering in fire and ashes, while the flag proudly waved over the ruins as a constantly flowing solace, dominating the Persian army from its heights. The formidable Persian army, on the other hand, filled the entire flat expanse at the base of the escarpment.

Beside the flag stood the Lady of Vaspourakan who was anxiously awaiting the answer of her emissaries. She was dressed, from head to foot, in black mourning apparel. She wore this dress from the day she heard the lamentable news of her son's apostacy. "He is dead for me," the virtuous Lady said with a deep sigh, and from that day she vowed she would never take off her mourning apparel until she had corrected the evil deeds of her son with her goodness.

She was surrounded by the chieftains of the mountaineers, among whom were

Samuel and old Arpak. The lad Artavazd was restlessly moving around, not knowing what to do. On one side of the Lady stood Garegin, the chieftain of the Rush-tounis, and on the other side, the Princes Vahram of the Moks and Nerseh of Sassoun.

The army was entrenched in various positions. The Vaspourakans held the heights where stood their Lady. The Rushtounis were hidden in the vineyards of the city, cutting off the road to Erinchak and the Bridge of Djougha. The warriors of Sassoun blocked the road to Artashat. The braves of Mok were perched on the heights which dominated the Arax. Thus, the Persian army was surrounded on all sides.

The messengers returned and announced to the Lady of Vaspourakan her son's answer. A cloud of sadness suddenly settled on her queenly face and her meek eyes were filled with tears.

"I expected no other answer," the afflicted mother said in a painful voice. "It would be a miracle if he repented. But he is sick, he is wounded."

Her last words trembled with all the anguish of her maternal heart and her accumulated grief. She still loved her son, would still spare him. She was ready to give all, if only she could reconcile herself with her conscience and her feelings without a fight and without bloodshed. She was even ready to leave her son to his will and his apostacy if only his conduct did not jeopardize the lives of thousands. He was taking with him a large army of captives, he was taking them in order to destroy them in the depths of Persia. Many of these captives were the Lady's subjects who had served her most loyally and whom she loved as her own children. How could she deprive herself of them. She was in the midst of these

thoughts when Prince Garegin of the Rush-tounis turned to her and said:

"We shall not spare him who did not spare my own, my wife, and hanged her from the tower of the fort of Van."

He reminded the Lady of the tragic end of unhappy Hamazaspouhie.

"We shall not spare him," added Prince Vahram of Mok, "who turned to ashes so many cities, who destroyed so many churches and monasteries, who sent into exile our beloved King and our worshipful Queen, and who covered the land of Armenia with fire and blood."

"Blood shall be washed with blood," interrupted Prince Nerseh of Sassoun.

"And evil with evil," put in the lad Artavazd.

Samuel was listening silently. Beside him stood old Arpak who observed sullenly:

"No matter how hard you try to wash the blood with water, and the evil with goodness, do you think you can cure the evil that way?"

"No, the evil will be all the more entrenched," Samuel replied. "It is the monstrous anti-Christ which has come to life in our land of Armenia, bringing with him famine, the sword, apostacy and ruin. What he could accomplish he already has accomplished. There is neither compunction nor repentance for him. He will still continue his abominations in our land. How can we spare him? He who has not left us as much as the space of a hair in which we could forgive him? There is nothing which he has not done. How can we spare him?"

"I too shall not spare him," the mournful mother said, turning her grief-stricken eyes to the angry princes. "I had hoped that my misled son would respect the tears of his mother and would turn away from his evil path. That is why I sent him my messengers. I had hoped that at least

now he would repent. But as it appears, all feeling toward his parents, toward his nation and his fatherland is dead in his heart. Therefore, he is dead for me. I feel sorry for him but I do not regret his fate. He is no longer my son. My sons are my beloved children, those countless captives who stand before us in chains by the Persian army. And just like the hapless Rachel, who once mourned, and would not be comforted because she had lost her children, likewise I, as a mother who has lost her son, shall have no rest until my children are rescued. These captives are my children. We must save them. We shall save not only their bodies but their souls. If they take them to Persia, the executioners of King Sapor are ready for them, to force them to worship the sun or be martyred. From the day we set out, we vowed to save these captives. We also vowed to punish the enemy within our borders. The Lord helped us and we came out of all these perils unscathed until we arrived here. And now, the enemy is at our feet. And now, it is up to your valor, Oh princes, to fulfill our wish which is also God's will."

"Blessed be the will of the Lord, all glory to His name," the princes shouted in unison.

While here the Armenian princes were in spirited animation, over there, in the sky-blue tent in the Persian camp, the spirit of disunity which had disrupted the land of Armenia, — Meroujan — was still in his magnificent silken bed. After dismissing his mother's emissaries, for a long time he was in a sort of feverish crisis the like of which had never weighed down on his intrepid heart. He was about to lose his entire gamble in the space of a few moments. He was about to lose his entire fortune. After those brilliant gains, after those impossible successes, suddenly to be defeated, and that at the hands of an

old woman, — the idea shook him to the marrow. He would not have been dismayed nor stormed by such worries had he been bodily well. To commit his fate and the fate of his soldiers into the hands of his commanders whose ability he did not completely trust, — he thought the idea was altogether too dangerous. If at least Prince Mamikonian were alive he would have been free of such worries. But now he was deprived of his best friend and a brave associate in whom he had complete trust. What was he to do now?

Father Mardpet, General Karen and the Persian high ranking officers were still seated near his bed, impatiently awaiting his orders. He turned to them and said:

"I understand now completely both Samuel's coming to us under the guise of friendship and his cruel conduct on the 'Princes' Island.' He came to us in order to scout the position and the strength of our army, and before launching the war which had been prepared against us, to destroy the leaders of the army and render the army headless, in order to win the victory all the more easily. I haven't the slightest doubt that he killed his father and that he is with his mother this moment."

"Do you think Samuel plotted his treason at the advice of your mother?" asked Father-Mardpet.

"I do not think that. My mother is such a noble woman that she would never resort to devious means to plot against us, nor would Samuel assume such a base role. Nevertheless I have no doubt that his coming to us, if not with the direct order of my mother, at least she was aware of it. Samuel came to us with two objects in mind: first, to try to convince his father and me to desist from our course and join the princes who are loyal to the King and the old status. If he should fail in convincing us, then he would resort to

the sword. And that is what he did. He came to us as someone to be sacrificed for a purpose, and I cannot help envying his zeal which is characteristic only of noble and heroic souls. I would be very fortunate indeed if I had a few men like him."

He again sank into deep meditation. However, his last words offended Father-Mardpet. Also offended were the Persian officers.

"Your fever has upset your equanimity, Meroujan," said Father-Mardpet in a firm imperious voice. "You do not weigh your words. Don't we rate with you as much as this inexperienced dreamy youth? You rest easy in your soft silken bed and let the physicians heal your wound. We will go and settle this business with your enemies. Do you think the King of King's brave and trained troops will tremble before a few wild mountaineers?"

"Go," the patient spoke, flushed with anger, "order them to sound the trumpets, get the army ready for battle".

Then he turned to his chamberlain and said:

"Tell them to make my horse and my armour ready."

Father-Mardpet regretted that he had excited the patient. He held him by the hand and importuned:

"Spare yourself, Meroujan. You are a sick man and quite weak. You are wasting yourself. Just now you take it easy in your bed and at least today let us have the command of the army. You will have offended the officers if you deprive them of this service."

The Persian officers likewise began to importune him not to come out of his tent and each expressed his displeasure for his lack of faith in their service.

"I thank you for your sympathy and especially for your loyalty," the patient replied. "But I feel perfectly well just now.

My soldiers are so used to me that even if I should die I would again order you to carry my casket before them. That would be enough to inspire them to fight."

And of a truth, the Persian army already was in a deep turmoil. Each soldier knew that he was surrounded by enemies. The first bad news was sounded by the muleteers who were grazing their herds away from the camp. The minute they noticed the enemy's approach they instantly herded their animals and made for the army camp. At that time the sun was not yet up, it was quite dark.

The news of the enemy's attack had spread also in the caravan of the captives, but far from being bad news, it was a tidings of their salvation. The joy and the tears of these unfortunates had no bounds. Like chained animals they were shaking their iron shackles and, turning their prayerful gaze to heaven, they were impatiently waiting for the arrival of their liberators.

At that moment there loomed on the public square the figure of the white horseman — Meroujan. He again was in his majesty, again his formidable armour shone in its epic glory. No one could tell that he was sick. His appearance instantly transformed the army's morale. The soldiers liked him. There was not a commander who rewarded the valor of his soldiers as generously as he did. He was at once a good friend and a terrible commander of his soldiers.

The army was lined up on the square, trim and ready. He turned to his soldiers with a few cheering words. His voice rang with its wonted firmness, and his words flowed like the telling sermons of the inflamed heart:

"Soldiers," he said, "to this day you have fully justified the hopes which our Lord and King, the resplendent King of Kings reposed in you when, with his paternal blessing, he set you out from Ctesiphon to

Armenia. Those mighty cities which we destroyed in the land of Armenia are the glorious result of your valorous deeds. Thanks to your valor we have that vast army of captives, and the countless loot and wealth which we will take with us to Persia. The resplendent Aramazd has helped us, and we shall leave the land of Armenia with our wondrous victories, the land which soon shall belong to us. Our army is on the border of that land and we were about to depart in a few days. But suddenly the unexpected enemy has blocked our road. We are now surrounded by a ferocious army of the mountaineers. All our gains, all our glory and pride will be lost if we fail to punish that audacious enemy, if we do not crush his insolence. I am confident that you, O brave soldiers, as always, even today will demonstrate your invincible power. I am confident that you will carve a path for yourselves over the corpses of the enemy, thus meriting the blessing of the resplendent Aramazd and the grace of our divine King of Kings whose humble servants we all are."

The army thundered in one voice:

"Blessed be the resplendent Aramazd, glory to the resplendent King."

Yonder, the mother was encouraging her braves, and here, the son. There, they were preparing to rescue the captives, here, they were getting ready to drive them to a foreign land. The fight was between the mother and the son. The mother was leading the devoted sons of the land of Armenia. The son was leading the blood-thirsty enemies of Armenia. One had raised the saving Cross of Jesus Christ; the other, the shining sun of Zoroaster. Religion was fighting against religion, the braves against the braves.

Although Meroujan had a low opinion of the high ranking officers of the Persian army, such as General Karen, who had

been promoted by virtue of their tribal heredity and acquired privileges, rather than personal merits, nevertheless, among the lower ranks of officers there were many good captains and brave fighters. Meroujan had full confidence in these men. His chief difficulty lay in the fact the army was located in such a place which was suited for temporary camping, rather than being fortified for military operations. That alone of course would not have dismayed Meroujan if it were not for the threat of another danger — the internal danger. That was the reason why when he should have taken the offensive he ordered at first to take a defensive position.

Father-Mardpet vehemently opposed him, insisting that she should take the offensive and scatter the enemy.

"It would be a great shame," he said, "that we should hide behind our shields and patiently wait until the enemy shewen us with his arrows. True, they have besieged us, but it is not difficult to turn the tables and put them in the position of the besieged. The enemy's forces consist chiefly of infantry. It will be a very easy thing for our cavalry to surround them."

"How can the cavalry be deployed, Father-Mardpet?" Meroujan replied deeply concerned. "Our most dangerous enemy is right in the midst of the army."

"What enemy?"

"That army of captives. They will turn against us."

"With what?"

"They will massacre the guards with their chains."

"If they try such a thing we will immediately order to massacre them all."

"How many will you massacre? Their number is no less than that of our army."

Father-Mardpet was thoughtful. Meroujan pressed his point, saying:

"We have two things to do. First, to

restrain the captives so they will not rise against us. The other is to fight the enemy. For that reason, at the outset, a defensive position is advantageous for us."

Father-Mardpet was unmoved, nevertheless he did not oppose Meroujan.

While this debate was going on, on the other side, the princes and the tribal patriarchs who were with the Lady of Vaspourakan, without any consultation and without any premeditation, delivered themselves to the will of God, and kissing the hand of Meroujan's mother, received her blessing, then each hastened to his company. The Lady was left with the attendants of the house of Artzrounis and a company of armed braves of Hadamakert.

She was seated on a small portable throne while four chamberlains, holding four poles, kept over her head a gorgeous canopy which was adorned with golden tassels. The sun already was up and the heat gradually became unbearable.

Suddenly the lad Artavazd threw himself into the Lady's lap, and wrapping his arms around her neck, he began to beseech her:

"Mother, I beseech you, let me go with them, let me too take part in the fight."

"Take it easy, my child," the Lady replied, caressing his golden helmet. "You are too young yet to fight. By God's will when you grow up you will have many chances to fight."

Tears began to trickle down from the lad's flaming eyes.

"What have the others got that I haven't got?" he whimpered. "They always tell me 'you will grow,' 'you will grow.' I am not a child after all. I am quite a man."

The Lady's eyes were filled with tears. "Innocent child," she mused, "it is possible that the plight of the fatherland is tormenting you too? It is possible that you too are beginning to feel the evil which has befallen us?"

"Take it easy, my child," she repeated, kissing the face of the irrepressible lad. "You will stay with me, my dear, We shall pray and watch while the others fight."

Artavazd's lips, swollen from anger, began to tremble. He scarcely repressed himself from giving out his secret. How he had wounded the Lady's son, the mighty Commander of the Persian army, with his arrows. But he controlled the agitation of his childish heart and stayed with the Lady.

The Lady's sad gaze turned to the Persian army where, after a few hours, the fate of countless captives would be decided. They had fathers, mothers, homes and children. Thousands of hearts would rejoice at their liberation, thousands of mourners would be comforted by their return. The thought filled her heart with boundless bliss and she awaited the end with a palpitating heart.

But, at the same moment, there loomed before her mournful eyes her son — sick and wounded. He was sick bodily, sick spiritually. How could she heal him? What was there which could soften his stony heart, and turn his soul which had been infected by the Persian disease in the right direction?

As yet, she had no definite information about the causes of her son's sickness. Samuel had said nothing about it as yet. All she knew was that, during the hunting, and in the general turmoil of the storm, a stray arrow had hit him. As to the death of Prince Mamikonian, as yet she knew nothing.

Beside the mother stood the same messenger she had sent to her son. She turned to him and asked:

"Did you take a good look at him, Gourgen?"

"How not, Milady? Our conversation

lasted about an hour. I was looking at him all this while."

"Had he lost much weight?"

"Not so much. He only was quite pale."

"Didn't he ask anything about me?"

"Nothing, nothing at all."

"How about his wife and children?"

"Again absolutely nothing."

"The stony heart," the suffering mother exclaimed, shaking her mournful head.

"He has forgotten everything, he has denied all."

The hapless woman again sank into her sad meditations, again the tears started to flow. She next turned to her trusty General and asked:

"Why didn't you join the warriors, Gourgen, why did you stay behind?"

"I stayed behind so that, with my men,

I can defend you, Milady," the old commander replied.

"Do you think he will attack his own mother?"

"There is no question about it. His first effort will be to seize this fortress and take you captive, Milady. I will cut off my hand if he does not do this."

"What will he gain by taking me captive?"

"Plenty, Milady. He regards you as his most dangerous foe."

At this, the lad Artavazd interrupted:

"If he dares to set foot on this height, I will be the first to shower him with my arrows."

The Lady embraced the lad and kissed him.

(To Be Continued)



By
one
60th
ian
versat
anniv
Arme
severn
Arme
to de
An
of th
Beiru
saper
and
old
to th
great
ganiz
tion.
vario
try t
tion,
Nine
in th
ian;
pario
gani
tion
dire
ple
the
the
as,
Fran
T
of p
in th
ende
and
Fro
poim
I
neco
iden
men
may
inse
und
ity,
ian
2

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

H. Kurdian, Reviewing Editor

SPECIAL ISSUES

By KOURKEN MEKHITARIAN

By a unique coincidence there were more than one anniversary celebrations this year — the 60th anniversary of the founding of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, the 1500th anniversary of the War of Vardanantz, and the 100th anniversary of the birth of Narek, the classical Armenian poet of the Tenth Century. On these several occasions the organs of freedom-loving Armenians dedicated special issues, and continue to dedicate almost everywhere.

Among those dedicated to the 60th anniversary of the ARF are the special issue of "Azdak" of Beirut, "Armenia" of Buenos Ayres, and "Hous-saper" of Egypt, the latter the most luxurious and voluminous of all. Several scores of writers, old and young, have made their contributions to these issues in delineating the portrait of the great Armenian political and revolutionary organization — the Armenian Revolutionary Federation. All of them approach their subject from various angles with conviction and faith. Some try to sketch broadly the birth of the organization, recapitulating the stormy period of the Nineties. Others describe the Federation's role in the political and cultural life of the Armenian; many stress its revolutionary activity, comparing it with the activity of other similar organizations, and quite justly, giving the Federation the greater share of the credit in view of the dire circumstances which beset the Armenian people at the time. And still others concentrate on the Federation's diplomatic activity, recounting the role of foremost European intellectuals, such as, Jaures, Presance, Pierre Quillard, Anatole France, Victor Berard and others.

There are those who have contributed memoirs of past events and figures who are always alive in their work and charm. In short, all the writers endeavor to cover the Federation's past history and its role in all the phases of Armenian life. From this mass of writing several important points stand out in bold relief.

1 — That the Federation was born of the necessities of Armenian history with which it was identified during the most fateful and critical moments. Whatever the Federation's opponents may say, the Federation's history constitutes an inseparable part of Armenian history. Without underscoring the Federation's 60 year old activity, no one can write the history of the Armenians.

2 — The Federation introduced a profound

transformation in Armenian life, moulding the Armenian political mentality, and rendering the Armenian a conscious and active agent, spiritually independent and revolutionary. During the past 60 years the psychology and the mode of thinking of the Armenian were completely revolutionized, giving him dignity, and making him worthy of the proudest and most insurgent periods of Armenian history.

3 — The ideal of a free, united and independent Armenia was revived among the Armenian people, an ideal which, not only has become the pivotal point of one organization — the Federation —, but it has become the basic concept of Armenian existence, the driving force of the perpetuation of Armenia's history.

4 — By virtue of its ideal, its inspirational faith, and its spirit of sacrifice, the Federation has created patriotic and idealistic generations who are waging a dauntless fight not only for the fatherland's geographical liberation, but also for the independence of our spiritual fatherland, with their creative work in all the phases of Armenian life.

5 — Together with these generations, the Federation has nurtured and matured distinguished leaders who, in cooperation with the masses, are making history and are reshaping the history of the Armenian people.

The publication of these special issues is a most bracing and reassuring phenomenon because it gives us the assurance that the Armenian mind, political or cultural, is not at a standstill. Despite the loss of a large number of distinguished national leaders, the Armenian spirit is virile and healthy, the Armenian mind is creative, and the Armenian faith in the future remains indomitable.

The following writers are authors of outstanding articles in the special issue of Azdak: Levon Chanth (From Words to Deeds), Gaspar Ipekian (The Diplomatic Activity of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation), Garo Sassouni (The ARF is the Will of the Armenian People), Koms (The Fedayis), A. Dzarookian (The Lost Opportunity), Simon Vratzian (The Power of the ARF), M. Ishkhan (The Morale Role), V. Valat-ian (60 Years), H. Amirian (The Lioness), B. Charik (We Are Not to Blame), Haik Balian (The 60 Year-old Press) etc. Other interesting articles which are pertinent to the day are: "The Martyrdom of the ARF", a chronological album of outstanding Dashnak figures, and "The 60-Year-old Activity of the ARF" which gives a brief account of the notable ARF episodes, such as: The

Googoonian Expedition, The seizure of Bank Otoman, The Yildiz Explosion, The Expedition, of Khanasor, The Armeno-Tartar Encounters, The creation of the Independent Republic of Armenia, The February Uprising, etc.

In the special issue of "Houssaper" (94 pages) more than 50 writers have brought in their contributions among which are: Simon Vratzian (Great is the God of the ARF), Reuben Darbinian (Rosdom's First Speech), Koms (Hovanness Yousoufian), A. Asdvadzaturian (Separatist Movement), H. Irazek (The Emancipatory Idea of Armenia and the Armenian Revolutionary Federation), M. Herartian (What did the ARF Accomplish), A. Abeghian (The Armenian Culture and the ARF), Vardan Gevorgian (Kegham Barseghian), K. Lazian (The Federation and the Idea of the Fatherland), James Mandalian (The Secret), H. Amirian (Vahagan Dadevian), A. Arshakouni (The Dashnak Khevo), Dr. Ye. Khatanasian (Simon Zavarian), S. Geonjian (Nicol Aghbalian in Alexandria), S. Ter Thovmasian (The Dashnak Armenian), and B. Tashian (The Armenian Revolution Before the Advent of the Federation).

It is gratifying to note a number of new young writers who have made contributions to the last two special issues. These are: A. Ourfalian, Ye. Boyadjian, N. Beglar, T. Voskooni, V. Ter Kara-

petian, H. H. Yapoojian, K. Kantarjian, S. Balian and others, writing in Azdak, while in Houssaper, among others, appear the following young writers: N. Beglar, H. K. Boursalian, Nuvard, H. Karvarentz, V. Ohanchanian, K. Balukjian, K. Karbajian, Berj, and others.

These far flung ARF organs are worthy of our gratitude for having published such distinguished special issues, inspite of the difficult circumstances in which they live, inspite of the grinding economic pressure under which they operate, — an imposing and impressive produce which will be a valuable contribution to the future historian, as well as to our young generation. By reading these articles our young people can gain a knowledge of the stormy period of our contemporary history of the past 60 years, inevitably being infected by the spirit of those patriotic men who led the nation in that critical period.

It goes without saying that these same periodicals, and Haratch, the ARF newspaper of Paris, published highly interesting special issues dedicated to the 1500th Anniversary of the War of Vardanantz, as well as to the 1000th Anniversary of Narek, with prolific literary and historical articles on the several subjects. In this connection, worthy of notice are the Speech of Nardouni on Narek in Haratch, the two editorials in Houssaper the beginning of February, 1951, and a number of valuable articles dedicated to Vardanantz.



COMPLIMENTS OF

ALEX PILIBOS

PILIBOS

MISSION BELL

Imperial Garden Growers

Growers and Shippers

EL CENTRO

CALIFORNIA

**THIS IS THE
FIFTEENTH ISSUE**



Tell your friends about this publication
and urge them to subscribe NOW
to it.

RATES:

United States: Yearly subscription \$5.00

Canada and Foreign: Yearly subscription 6.00

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912

OF ARMENIAN REVIEW

Boston, Massachusetts, October 1, 1951

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Armen Vahe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of the ARMENIAN REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—Hairenik Association, Inc.	212 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.
Editor—R. Darbinian	212 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.
Managing Editor—R. Darbinian	212 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.
Business Manager—Armen Vahe	212 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.
	J. D. Hovhanesian, Pres.
	T. Pashalian, Sec.
	H. A. Tarbassian, Treas.

2. That the owner is:
Hairenik Association, Inc.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (None).

This corporation has no stockholders or bondholders.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily and weekly publications only).

Business Manager—ARMEN VAHE

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1951

SARKIS CHUTCHIAN

(Notary Public)

Seal

(My commission expires Sept. 21, 1952.)

